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NOSSA SENORA DA BOA MORTE.

See page 328.

Engraved by Croome.

Original by M. Eugene Giraud.



Engraved by Linton.

THE LESSON

Original by F. Stone.

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VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1852.

No. 4.

RHINE-WEIN—FLAGON FIRST.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

(See Engraving.)

BRUNHILDA, sleeping by the river Rhine,
Saw, in a dream, arise before her eyes
A form arrayed in royal robes, whose hues had
all the diamond's dyes.

A regal crown reclined upon his brow,
His Tyrian tunic kissed his naked knees,
And golden as the glow of stars, his ringlets
flickered on the breeze.

He stood—thus dreamed the spell-encircled
girl—
Regarding her with looks, so full of fire,
Her maiden heart replied in song, attuned to ex-
quisite desire.

Sighs, delicate as the virgin breath of flowers,
Rose from her lips, and made the amorous
air,
Breathing their perfumed tenderness, respond in
passionate despair:

For she was lovely as the evening star,
Whose image dreamed of beauty in the
stream,
Which, as it rolled melodiously on, was portion
of her dream.—

O beautiful ASTARTE—Star of Love,—
Mistress of Passion,—Queen of all delights,
Inciting us by day, and making bright the dark-
ness of our nights.

O Planet full of tenderness and hope,
And song, whose echo on the burning brain
Falls, like the pitying tears of angel eyes that
mourn o'er mortal pain.

VOL. X.

O Being whom the sacred ancients drew,
Deeming her fairer than all things that move,
As *Woman*,—Mistress of the trembling soul,—
Mother, and God of Love!—

How like the dew on flowers its lustre fell
In mystic beauty on Brunhilda's eyes,
And on Brunhilda's heart, which until then felt
only maiden-wise.

As if some envious demon, angry-eyed
And jealous, saw the scene, with power to
blight
The sleeper's bliss, a sullen gloom obscured the
starry world of night.

And suddenly, the tall primeval trees
Shook in the wind, and through the ebon
skies
The quivering vivid lightning leapt athwart
Brunhilda's dazzled eyes!

Startled, the girl awoke, and like a roe,
Seeking its covert, fled—with look askance,
Searching the spot made sacred by the Shape,
whose beauty filled her trance.

In vain; the Form had flown; yet in her heart
She saw it still, imploring in its mien,
Bowing to her as passionate Antony bowed to
Egypt's black-eyed queen.

A few short seconds brought her to her bower,
A haughty castle, frowning on the plains,
A long, ancestral line by glorious deeds had made
the maid's domains.

That night, while pillowed on her satin couch,
The vision of the eve, with star and stream
Came back, remaining with her until morn dis-
pelled the glowing dream.

Next day, and day by day, and week by week
She held his image to her panting breast
Even as a mother clasps her child, and sighed,
and wept in strange unrest.

And night by night, but never once by day,
Her vision swam in moonlight on her brain;
She saw her airy lover at her side, and sighed to
see his pain.

Those were the days when sorcery had sway,
When witches trolled their nightly round-
lays,
Whirling in mystic dance with Hecaté around
the cauldron's blaze.

So young Brunhilda, frantic with her love,
Sought from all sources, howsoe'er abhorred,
To trace whence came her dream, and learn the
name of Him she so adored;—

In vain, while night by night the Vision came,
Tenderly watching her with luminous eyes,
And pitiful looks, that said his loving soul was
wounded with her sighs.

At last the lady donned a page's dress,
Forsaking evermore her castle walls,
Like a free hawk that feels his wings, and soars,
scorning the falconer's calls.

From town to town, from court to court, she
went,
Seeking her lover both in sun and rain,
And sun and rain defiled her dainty cheek with
many a dappled stain.

And autumn, with its bleak and boisterous
winds,
Having no pity on the maiden's pains,
Sent many an agony to her fervent heart, and
filled her limbs with pains.

Brunhilda still pursued her pilgrimage;—
The fever of her passion kept her warm;—
Love lit her steps, as, like a child, she leant on
Hope's supporting arm.

One wintry night—the blast was very keen,
And whistled coldly through the naked trees,
Which groaned and moaned, like meeting ice-
bergs tossed on frozen, Polar seas,—

Brunhilda, through the darkness and the storm,
Pursued her silent, unprotected way,
When, like the gift of manna, sent from God, a
light fell on her way.

She followed it, and found a hermit's cave,—
A dreary dwelling in a desert place,—
Which scarcely in the memory of man had seen
a human face.

She entered, pausing humbly where she stood,
For, like a Druid of dead centuries,
An old, old man—old as the trees around, stood
in her wondering eyes.

"Enter, and fear not," quoth the snowy sage;
"For I have tarried for thee in my tears,
When those I loved a thousand years ago, lay
cold along their biers."

"Father, thou hintest darkly at dark things,
Seeming to know me! Who, and what art
thou?
Age, like the snow on icy Hecla, crowns thy bald
and rifted brow.

"Thy piercing eyes contain the mountain's
fires:—
Speak, and that quickly, ere I turn and flee
Out in the storm: better to dare its strength than
to abide with thee."

"Daughter," replied the sage, "my simplest
word
Might make thee marble; I possess the
skill;—
Nay, start not, tremble not; I own the power to
serve thee, and the will.

"Sit down, compose thyself, and eat, and
sleep;
Food and repose will arm thee for the hour
Of awful mystery, when the dead and damned,
—angels and fiends,—have power."

"Brunhilda," (how she started at her name!)
"Obey!" and she obeyed, and lay at rest,
Composed in all her limbs: not calmer sleeps the
halcyon on its nest.

It was a huge, dark cave where she lay down,
With awful chambers, full of midnight gloom,
But regular as summer seas her wave-like breath
went through the room.

"Maiden, awake," exclaimed the Eremite;
"The hour is nigh—arise, unveil thine eyes;
Already morning breaks the murky gloom of
distant Indian skies.

"Still we have time." Brunhilda stood erect.
"Now, maid, thy will?" "Give me to see
his face,
And learn his name, that I may seek him out if
he abide in space.

"He is a king (I know it by his crown);
And of some glorious land, whose wealth
as far
Excels our own, as Saturn's rays transcend each
other meaner star."

"Maiden, not so. There are in earth and air,
In fire and water, spirits of various forms;
Some hideous as the goat-like Fauns of old; others,
of angel charms;

"And all of these at times have power on
man:—
Thus, on the eve, when sleeping by the
stream,
One of these Wanderers of the Night came down
and entered in thy dream.

"If thou hast courage, I will call them forth;
Some, from the woods, where they abide;
from glens
Hidden in hoary forests; from the streams; from
caves and granite dens;"

"Even from the farthest star of night, that
shines
On the remotest verge of polar skies,
They shall attend my summons:—once again his
form shall fill thine eyes.

"Thou wilt see hideous sights,—terrific shapes;
Beings existing ere the world was made,—
Horrors innumerable,—forms to freeze thy soul—
still, still be not afraid.

"These things must thou endure, and many
more,
To crown thy love—pause, ere it be too
late!"—

"I am the daughter of a race of kings, and will
pursue my fate:

"Mortal or spirit, I will make him mine;—
He loves me, *that* I know: pass earth, come
air,"
Exclaimed the maid; "better a myriad deaths
than this confirmed despair!"

"Sit in this circle; speak not; hold thy breath.
Whatever terrors may afflict thine eyes,
Be firm, be calm, for after darkest storms are
seen serenest skies.

"Behold!" and lo, the Hermit took his wand,
And waved it, when the cavern rolled apart,
And like a burning sun, a mirror shone,—the
wonder of his art.

The Eremite stepped within the mystic ring,
And solemnly commenced to chaunt a strain,
Whose echoes filled the cave, and died in gloom,
moaning, like one in pain.

Slowly a cloud disturbed the shining glass,
Flowing and floating, and strange shadows
passed;
Now rose the music of the lute and flute; now
rolled the clarion's blast.

And after, lands where never mortal trod,
Filled with ideal forms to mortal eyes,
Whose glorious hues of flower and leaf and fruit
betrayed immortal skies,

Came, like a dream, and died; then, azure
seas
With emerald isles, enclosed by golden
strands,
Arose, camera-like, with stately shapes, stalking
the shining sands.

And all was gloom; and then, cloud followed
cloud,
Through which appeared the light of many
stars;
And shadowy figures rolled across the skies in
still more shadowy cars.

Then all was glorious light and burning flame,
And salamandrine forms ran to and fro,
And tossed the fires toward heaven, and leapt,
and danced in their volcanic glow.

And now, huge caverns, filled with sparkling
spar,
Columns and friezes, formed of precious
gems,
And floored with jewels, such as never shone in
earthly diadems,

Played in her eyes; with Arabesque-like shapes
Toiling at sooty furnaces, whose fires
Leapt to the dome, now shaped like human
tongues, now sharp, like gilded spires.

Some figures stood a thousand feet in height;
Others were dwarfish; some had bat-like
wings;
Some seemed like slaves, while others wore the
crowns and robes of demon kings.

With them, the Monarch of that central world,
His large, full orbs compressed in silent
thought,
Sat swathed with jewelled stars which flashed
and fell from where his goblins wrought.

The wealth of all the world within her glance,
Brunhilda stood, gazing with eyes that wore
The antique earnestness of marble orbs sculpt-
ured in years of yore,—

Herself a statue,—Rapture personate!
The Eremite saw, and waved his magic
wand
Thrice through the midnight air, while stern
command sat on his outstretched hand.

"Spirit," he sang, "whose shade I see, appear,—
Awhile forsake thy caverns and appear,
Living before me: by the name of Him who
made all things, appear!

"Maiden," the Eremite said, "he comes in
peace;
Else stunning thunders would afflict our
ears,
And night and earth be shaken with the fall of
countless ruined spheres."

The air was full of music; everywhere
The sound of song swam, like a floating
swan,
Who hymns his farewell to the dying moon at
the approach of dawn.

And rising, like a God, the Being stood
In all his grandeur, by the enchanted ring:
Not nobler to Seméle's eyes the splendour of the
Olympian king!

"Monarch," continued the old Eremite,
"A mortal maiden, who adores in dreams
Thy glorious beauty, and has left for thee her
native hills and streams,

"Would break with daring hands the adamant
bars
That separate spirit and matter, and would
be—
Scorning the chains of sense and flesh, an Ele-
ment with thee."

"Father," replied the king, "her love has lain,
For many months, like lead, upon my breast;
Hers is a royal soul and eagle-like, and seeks an
eagle's nest.

"Tell her, for I cannot,—Fate makes me dumb;
For spirits have a language of their own,—
To seek me in my inner realm, and claim my
hand, and love, and throne.

"Direct her, and if she proceed—she will,
I feel it in my heart—thy task is done:
Lethe for thee will flow, and evermore thy
mortal race be run.

"Look to her, sage, for her projecting eyes,
And parted lips, and pallid cheeks, betray
An earnestness of feeling that may end in maniac
dismay."

And slowly, like a vapour born at night
And fading with the day, his form declined,
Passing, till lost, as river-mists disperse before
a rising wind.

"Maiden," exclaimed the Hermit, "all is well;
Thy goal stands goldenly within thy gaze:
Not brighter glows the summit of the Hartz in
morning's rosy rays.

"Deep in the dark recesses of its hills
A ruined abbey lifts its holy head:
The place is lorn; its monks are gone; they
slumber with the silent dead.

"There must thou go. Spirits will haunt thy
steps,
Demons pursue thee, Water, Air, and Fire
Oppose thy passage; even the gnomes of Earth
to crush thee will aspire.

"Explore its vaults at midnight. Thou wilt
see
An open grave: enter its sullen gloom,
Defying death; for immortality commences with
the tomb.

"This magic lute will guard thee, like a shield.
Take it, my child, and hasten on thy way.
Strike it when danger compasses thy steps: now
benedicite."

Brunhilda started with the early dawn,
And, after many days, approached the glen
Where stood the abbey. Far before her lay a
desolate, rushy fen.

Quicksands and quagmires trembled in her
path;
Before, a dark, tempestuous river rolled
Between the shivering reeds, that seemed to
moan in agony with the cold.

Brunhilda gathered masses of the reed,
And made a buoyant raft, and, with an oar
Formed from a fragment of a fallen pine, steered
for the distant shore.

The waters rolled, and roared, and broke in
foam;
The water-spirits shrieked to see her glide,
Swan-like, defyingly, triumphantly, athwart the
turbid tide.

Above her, as she touched the savage strand
Brunhilda saw the beetling cliffs arise,
Until her questioning eyes grew dim and damp,
following them toward the skies.

Slowly she made the terrible ascent,
Clinging, like ivy, to the jagged crags,
Which never foot had trod, throughout all time,
except the hunted stag's.

Soughing, at first, with low and sullen moans,
And, afterward, with shrieks, a sudden blast
Eddied around the lion-hearted girl, hurrying and
hurtling past.

She felt the presence of the Sons of Air;
And, pausing where she clung, with single
hand,
Awoke her mystic lute, when silence fell on
wind, and wave, and land.

At last she stood in triumph on the plain.
Around her rose innumerable trees,
Naked as death, stretching their withered arms
athwart the leafy leas.

Slowly the sun declined, and swarthy Night,
Whose herald is the fear-creating owl,
Came down; while through the silent forest
broke the wehr-wolf's hollow howl.

A spark at first,—a flash,—and in her path
Arose a vivid wall of crimson fire,
Which leapt with forked tongue toward sky and
stars, aspiring to leap higher.

Brunhilda once more struck her golden lute,
And, like a guardian saint, the angel moon
Hovered above her, and the daring flames died
with the magic tune.

But ever and anon, unearthly forms
Arose before her, or, on either hand,
Peered from the laurels, or grasped her from
behind with gaunt and sinewy hand.

Sustained by love, the maid pursued her way,
And, long ere midnight, reached the rocky
glen
Where ancient sanctity had made its home, re-
mote from eyes of men.

Awe-struck, she entered its deserted courts,
And stood within the pile. In niches shone
The sculptured forms of many sacred saints,
carven from snowy stone.

The sanctity, the solemn solitude,
Which filled the place, fell, cloud-like, on her
chest,
And deathly dread with reverential faith com-
bated in her breast.

She knelt, and prayed for the departed souls
Of those who sought to vanquish Paradise,
And sang a mass,—the last which in those walls
was ever known to rise.

At midnight she descended to the vault,
Bearing a torch which barely lit the gloom,
And saw before her, shining in its light, the
pallor of a tomb.

Its ponderous valves lay broken on the ground;
The gloom within opposed the torch's light,
And, like a wall, rose blackly in her eyes,—black
as a Stygian night.

Brunhilda paused not. With courageous heart,
She passed the portal, and, with hasty breath,
Entered the dreary, dark, and desolate realms of
unrelenting Death.

A single step, and, like a falling star,
The maiden fell, down, down, till with a
bound
Reaching the earth, she sank again, and lay—a
corpse along the ground.

When she returned to seeming consciousness,
She lay in Paradise, and in her eyes
Were jewelled columns stretching far away till
lost in jewelled skies;

And in her ears—a voice—how sweet it was!
The love-lorn nightingale, when first it
breathed
Its flame in cadences of fiery song, such concords
never wreathed!

"Sweet love," it sang, "whose passion, born of
heaven,
Has borne thee to me through the realms of
death,
Not vainly didst thou strive with fate, nor foolishly
yield up thy breath:

"For matter has its bounds, which none may
pass;
Nor may our race, who are of kin with God,
Spirits, like Him, contaminate themselves by con-
tact with a clod!

"Soul of Brunhilda, with this hallowing kiss,
I make thee—angel: quit thy home of clay,
And gaze with me as spirit on the abodes of
everlasting day!"

And naked as a seraph, and as fair,
The maiden's soul arose and gazed around
With wondering orbs, like one who wakes from
sleep on an enchanted ground.

Beneath her lay the faded form she left,
Above her spread the glistening, jewelled
skies,
Before her stood her glorious, mystic Love, devo-
tion in his eyes.

"Come to my heart, my queen," the Being cried:
"Here, in this Eden, evermore abide,
Immortal like myself, my passionate one, my
beautiful, my bride!"

* * * * *

A castled ruin frowns upon the Rhine;
Its walls are crumbling and its roof decayed,
And glistening like fallen stars its shards of case-
ments line the glade.

The peasant pauses, passing by the spot,
And prays for one who once was mistress
there,
And who (so saith the legend) long ago perished
in fond despair.

She loved a Gnome, so runs the rustic tale,
And on a day, when seeking for a stag,
A huntsman found her, still, and cold, and dead,
beneath a giant crag.

He took her form and bore it to her bower,
And laid it in her old ancestral tomb;
But ever since that hour her father's hall remains
in lonely gloom.

The owl abideth always in its towers,
The hairy bat flits nightly through its halls,
And like a sage the silent lizard sits and muses
on its walls.

VIEWS FROM A CORNER.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

III.

OF MERCURY, HUMAN AND MINERAL.

THE depression of mercury, in the thermo-
meter, is by no means a measure of the vital de-
pression in mercurial temperaments. These lack
occasion in sunny and flowering months, and
something of the better incitement which snow
and winter moons can lend; for though your star
Mercury is a hot-tempered god, his children love
the icy keenness of a bracing air, better than the
enervating glow of his favourite sun.

Old Burton, anatomizing melancholy, says,
"Mercurialists are solitary, much in contempla-
tion, subtle, philosophers, and musing much
about such matters;" which, better than Acres'
mental analysis, is about half right. Subtle, in-
deed, should be the element which takes its
name from either quicksilver or the thief-god;
but solitude and contemplation are not so obvious
consequences. In the more *Frenchy* sense of

humour and fantasticality, and general wide-
awakeness, we find it developed among us, and
keen winds develope it more than the dog-star
can.

As the subtle, almost spiritual, metal goes down,
this subtler, and more intangible essence goes up,
steadily up, till it overflows in a Christmas or
New Year's ball, a sleigh-ride, or the less noisy,
but not less joyous, evening circle of country
neighbours, uninvited but always welcome.
Cracking nuts and jokes, and entering so far into
the hosiery business, as to retail *yarns* of the
brightest kind, they can crowd a world of com-
fort into the three hours of a winter evening;
then regularly at the first stroke of the nine-o'clock
curfew-bell, make as many several packages of
themselves as there are persons, all safely folded,
and directed home.

Among the younger fry, which, like all very
precious goods, are packed in smaller parcels, the
proper precaution of "this side up with care," is

not always attended to, which often results in an overturning of the "cutter," and spilling the budgets. As the only breakage is a general burst of laughter, which of course is far from being a serious damage, the event passes for what is called a "happy accident."

Not so happy is the result, when, to the inspirations of the subtle god Mercury, the deluded votaries add those of the vulgarized Bacchus. A very excellent sort of heathen god is he, in his way, when his intoxication is but the exhilarant pulsation of beauty and life, from Nature's heart, through man's; but quite below all heathen decency, to say nothing of Christian virtue, when his godship is so spelled backwards into *dog-ship*, that hard-cider and brandy, with drugs to season them, displace the Hebean dew-draughts of fresh Nature, with their maudlin inspiration.

To be born under the planet Mercury, makes one no *worse* than a thief, and may mean only jollity; but this interloper in the scenes of gayety, means mischief, too entirely coarse to mention here, or endure anywhere; accordingly, he is getting pushed out from our true circles of the sons of Mercury—the subtle and lively.

There is another phase of the mercurial temperament in which the mercury rises to another purpose, not less surely against frost than the first, for it generates its own heat. Natures, not like old Burton's "mercurialists," poets, philosophers, nor even "solitary" except by compulsion, whose pulses beat quick, but so unequally that great internal friction follows, make striking examples. One with too much life for his little field of action is liable to bruise his elbows, and hurt his knuckles by too vigorous, and too circumscribed activity; and still in obstinate contradiction of scientific data, the more dampers you cast on him, the higher will the mercury rise in his system—if anything so disordered may be called a "system."

When the case is that of a solitary wife, whose worser half leaves her alone, where she has no choice about staying, the matter is too serious for jesting, and only truth and science—those inveterate apologies for doing as you please—could warrant its introduction here. But there's a law of Nature contradicted by these mercurialists, and Nature must be justified. The effect of the climate on the mercury of the human system, apparently so opposite to that which it produces in the mineral kingdom, demands at least an opposing fact, for the honour of science, if it cannot be thoroughly reconciled with established laws. The Mercury of the solar system, with all its ups and downs, can throw no light upon its namesake in the human system, for that divine cow-stealer's midwinter would suffice, in heat, to roast the beef he stole. Let me, then, without being accused of "telling tales out of school," introduce you, gentles, to a pair more of my neighbours; terrestrial neighbours, since the celestial will not serve us now; so to demonstrate that even human mercury *can* be brought down by cold, and give us hope that a consistent philosophy can yet be maintained.

UNCLE LEVI was a good, serious, sometimes moody, but always a patient, long-suffering man. He was blest and afflicted by a rather affectionate, but decidedly irascible wife; which accounts for Uncle Levi's *suffering*, to any conceivable lengths, but not so readily for his patience. Both

his patience and his wife may have been, for aught I know, a paraphrase from Job,—a sort of plagiarism in real (prose) life, from that sacred poem. Certainly her character was not original. It might have been a Xantippe diluted; or a Mrs. Milton and water; rather strong, but palatable.

Aunt Lois had her good vein, under a deep ridge of vanity, pretension, and excitability of temper. She was not an untameable Kate, though her Petruchio was one of the mildest of men.

Having, by accident, been made acquainted with the private rehearsal of the taming of that shrew, I am furnished with my philosophical illustration of the effects of climate on the mercury of different kingdoms and temperaments, ready at hand.

There was nothing intentionally unkind in Uncle Levi; nothing tending to dissipation, or even *levity*, as those cruel creatures, the punsters, might suspect from his name; it even required a stretching of his wits, enough to crack the temper of common men, to clear them of their habitual opacity, and let out a gleam of their latent brightness. There was no getting brightness out of him, except as you would from a flint, by hard knocks. Like rusty brass, he needed to be rubbed hard to make him bright. Only once in his life he shone with a remarkable brilliancy—but of that anon.

His one weakness, his *fault*, let me say, since there was but one,—a desire to sit with his feet on the mantel,—was an offence to the good taste, as well as the genteel pretension of his wife, and cost him many a free lecture from that dear speaker. In the end, he was so far moved, as to take his legs down, and carry them, or be carried by them, to other quarters, where he could enjoy, undisturbed, the evening's luxury of sighting dozily across his nose and toes, towards the heaven of his honest aspiration.

I cannot blame the lady for her taste in the matter; for among the curious shells, vases, plaster dogs, and plaster saints, which adorned her fire-piece, a pair of great human feet, with boots as thick as the 'shoes' of an ox-sled, would obviously be out of place; to say nothing of its turning half the house upside down, for a sole partner to put himself in that position. A mantel is not a pedestal for full-sized *tableaux vivants*, nor a proper step in the march of any reasonable aspiration.

Neither can I blame, very severely, our Uncle Levi, for taking his position (which has been so thoroughly 'defined' by Mrs. Trollope), or for changing it, the better to maintain it. In deep meditation, almost imperceptible associations have much to do with direction and continuity of thought. A man gets very comfortable, and full of home fancies, in the choir of crickets and tree-toads, without being aware of what is really the thread of his reverie, till it is suddenly broken off; then he recollects what was so subtle that it carried him away from itself; and he feels that his tree-toad is not a whit less excellent than a nightgale.

There is a desire in the body to follow the upward tendency of the soul, and in some way or other make itself partner of the mental action. Boys, in deep study at school, wriggle their knees as a cosset lamb shakes his tail when he drinks milk. How far it would destroy the lamb's de-

light in his dinner to lop off his superfluous organ, I cannot say, but am sure, from experience, if the boy's knees were tied, his lesson would be a failure. His Pierian spring needs a pump, the play of whose handle, in some fashion, insures a draught; so with your mercurialists, philosophers, and musing much; the legs *will* rise as thought gets far up over the earth, and the most temperate thinker, with his heavier body held down to his arm-chair, will find himself "heels over head" in his subject if he allows himself an evening reverie.

Alas for his dreams, if, when he is so deliciously immersed and *inversed* in them, his wife shall use those fatal legs of his for handles, wherewith to pluck him back to the *terra firma* of common propriety! Alas, then, for our Uncle Levi! whom, since my pursuit is philosophy, you must not think I have forgotten in my philosophizing. I would that the lead which unluckily was lodged in his brain, had been in his boot-soles, then would his tendency to topsy-turvy abstraction have been neutralized, and his standing and understanding, with his wife, been vastly improved. But the lead in his head, tossing his heels up like the light end of a fisherman's "bob," led also to the necessity of finding another place where to bestow his heels with more peace to his head—the result was unpleasant, at home. A house divided cannot stand, at least the home half, in this case, could not stand it, and resolved to limit the evil she was unable to cure.

"I tell you now, husband, once for all," said Aunt Lois, one winter night, to her belated lord, "I don't approve of keeping the house open all night at *all*, and being broke of my rest. I'll lock the door every night at nine o'clock precisely, and nobody comes in after that time, for my letting, I can tell you?"

This was a warm welcome for a cold night, to be sure, but Uncle Levi answered meekly, "My dear, I'll try to be in in season; I was just a little hindered by calling at Widow Brown's."

It was Uncle Levi's honesty and obtuseness which led him to mention the handsome widow to his rather faded wife; and scarcely were his senses quickened by the tone of her retort—

"O yes, you can spend your evenings where you please; la, who cares *where* you go? if your own home is not so agreeable as *somebody's* else, you can leave me alone, to be sure you can; but I say I'll shut the door at nine, and open it for nobody!"

Aunt Lois let him in "for once," and during a week, or more, had not the expected pleasure of locking him out. Once or twice her attention was called to the clock by the signal click for nine, and she watched the progress of the two or three intervening minutes before its striking with a grim satisfaction, which was doomed to be disturbed by the rasping of her husband's feet on the scraper. His opportune return deprived her of a near prospect of making an impressive application of her new law. Poor woman! she had not sounded her own heart to see if there was enough ungentleness, unlove, and sternness to execute her threat.

One bitter cold night in January, when the still air stung like a thousand needles, and the moving air was harsh as a hatchet, our unlucky Uncle, at the warm fireside of a neighbour, over-dreamed himself, or got his heels so extremely

high, that he lost time in recovering them for earthly use; for, on reaching his own house, he found all fast and dark. The usual curfew had forgotten to sound its iron alarum, or, more probably, our friend was too deep in Elysium to notice it, and now he stood at his threshold a half hour too late! He knocked, but a hollow echo was all that answered. He called, but received less response than before. Cold enough welcome this time, certainly.

He proceeded to the window of the chamber, where his good wife was so heavily asleep you would say her last sleep would be but a "cat-nap" to it; and so might he have thought, if a laborious snore, unusual with her, had not made even his slow wits, now sharpened by the frosty air, suspect that it was feigned;—in short, that she was at the game politely designated as "playing possum."

Uncle Levi was a little nettled. The keen air, by that contradictory effect which was noticed before in this philosophical essay, began to warm him up, and he beat at the window with a vigour which brought an involuntary screech from the snorer. But to his summons for admittance he received only that inexorable "*No!*" which had been waiting long for just this opportunity to get uttered.

"But, wife, it's biting cold; I'm freezing!" remonstrated Uncle Levi, with vehemence.

"Can't help it; I've told you I'd not open the door after I've retired, so don't disturb *me*."

He pleaded cold in vain, though with increasing signs of heat: his wife still answered with that obstinate "*No!*" or, worse, fell back to dignified silence. Another than our Uncle would have committed burglary on his own house at once; but he was naturally mild, and possessed his soul in growing patience. Any excitement left him gloomy, rather than angry. This the careful woman knew, but, alas! little expected so sudden a revulsion of feeling as followed, or so fatal a consequence of this very mood on which she grounded her security. Pleading in vain for admission to his own door, the wrong done him seemed to strike deeper than common anger into the settled gloom which pervaded the depths of his being.

"My blood be upon you, unkind woman!" he said, mournfully. "I go to drown myself in the well."

She scarcely credited the serious tone of the threat, yet, knowing his occasional depression of spirits, she could not help shuddering at the idea, and placed her head close to the window, to listen to the direction of his footsteps. Sure enough, they were towards the well!

Terror overcame her pride and self-will, and she leaped to the door in an instant; but, before she could undo the lock, she heard the fatal plunge and gurgle, and would have fainted, but for the shock of the icy air, as she flung open the door and rushed out.

"Oh, husband, husband, don't drown! don't drown! don't die now!" she shrieked, in remorse and terror, as she ran to the well.

"Not immediately, I hope, my dear!" answered Uncle Levi, from the doorway, as he slipped in, and bolted the door after him. He had tossed a heavy log into the well, and dodged round the corner of the house till his wife passed, and then took her place within, to enforce discipline.

It was a most astonishing manœuvre of Uncle Levi's;—astonishing, whether you view it from the comfortable stand-point of a mere observer and chronicler of human nature and events, or from the cooler, but not more dispassionate, stand-point of Aunt Lois,—if, indeed, hers could be called a *stand-point*, when she did nothing but hop and dance all about, for the space of two minutes and a half, to speak with accuracy. She was too completely overcome with anger at the stratagem to find words, and, though at the freezing-point, couldn't keep cool enough to command utterance. The animal mercury was too high for one short human thermometer to mark its degrees. What might have happened if the

metallic mercury had stood at 80 degrees above zero, instead of 10 degrees *below* it, I dare not imagine. But, fortunately for the consistency of scientific facts, and the peace of the domestic circle, the metal of Aunt Lois's blood fell in the bitter frost, for her tormentor had her at a fatal disadvantage, and *dishabille*,—things which, in this case, were identical.

She was willing to treat, on reasonable terms, after a dubitation of about four minutes; when she was admitted to the bosom of her family, much in the condition of a November "greening,"—not quite frozen, but just enough touched with frost to make it *mellow*.

DORA LEE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M.D.

THE brown log-cabin, in the sandy valley,
Built at the base of White Top Mountain tall,—
Mountain, from whence the winds at morning
sally,
To hold harsh converse with the waterfall;—
The waterfall, that o'er the rock is pouring
Its sheeted glory to the pool below;
While overhead, arrested by its roaring,
The eagle floats, self-balanced, sailing slow;—
The yellow-beaked and mighty-taloned eagle,
With sunk, keen eye, and forest-scaring scream,
Self-borne aloft, with manner more than regal,
And heart undaunted, o'er the brawling
stream;—
The stream, that moves along in rapid motion,
Of kisses rudely ravishing the shore,
Then hurrying on to seek the distant ocean,
In which it shall be lost for evermore.
Cabin and mountain, waterfall and eagle,
Stream, shore, and mighty trees that line the
shore,—
What demons of my fate combine and league ill
That I may see ye never—never more!

That I have loved ye with an earnest feeling,
Even as a mother loves the child she nurst;
That in your presence joy was o'er me stealing,
To my last glance from when I saw ye first;
That ye were dear to me, as to a lover
The form whereon his vision loves to dwell,—
It needed not to any to discover,
It needed not these words the truth to tell.
My early thoughts, my earliest—yea! my only,—
Were on your beauties and your simple truth;
And here, in this filled city, I am lonely,
Apart from you—from you, dear scenes of
youth!
Around you cling those deep-hued recollections,
Whose tendrils grasp the gray cliffs of the past,
And climb to where the hovering reflections—
Dark, lowering clouds—the sky have overcast.
Ye are so dear from scenes of early gladness,
Gladness I fear no more on earth for me;
Dearer from many memories tinged with sadness;
And dearest from the thoughts of Dora Lee.

Sweet Dora Lee—thy name is not for singing,
No music in the words, save to mine ears;
Yet my life's poetry around it clinging,
Made rhythm to my soul for many years.
Thine was a spirit sweet and pure and holy.
Thy delicate form a wood-nymph's—as it
should
By right have been—for though of lineage lowly,
Thy heir-loom was the beauty of the wood.
The glory of the mountain on thee streaming,
Became thy garment; and thine eyes were
born
Of the sun's rays, through boughs above thee
gleaming,
Warm, bright, and genial, in the early morn.
The quiet of the deep old woods around thee
Had crept into and nestled in thy heart;
And guilelessness as his own monarch crowned
thee,—
To win my fondness being thy only art.
Thy soul sank into mine, and tender yearning
Went from our mingled spirits, each to each,
To show what shows not in a scholar's learning,—
That feelings speak more audibly than speech.

Oh, cabin brown! low-roofed and fast decaying!
No kin of mine now dwells within your walls;
Around your ruins now the gray fox straying,
His step arrests, and to his fellow calls.
The waterfall still roars; the stream is flowing
As wildly as it did in other days;
The trees around as loftily are growing;
The mountain seems as mighty to the gaze.
The eagle soars as he was wont, his screaming
Is heard o'erhead, as loudly as when I,
Shading my vision from the sun's hot beaming,
Looked up to note his dark form on the sky.
Yet I shall see him not; nor hill, nor valley,
Nor waterfall, nor river rushing on;
And though they rise around continually,
'Tis that they are on constant memory drawn.
There are they figured, deeply as an etching,
Marked on soft metal by strong hands, could be;
And in the foreground of that life-like sketching,
She stands most life-like,—long-lost Dora Lee.

NUREMBERG.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

² Oh Nürnberg, du edler Fleck!
Deiner Ehren Bolz steckt am zweck,
Den hat die Weisheit daran geschlossen,
Die Wahrheit ist in dir entsprossen!"

PATER ROSENBLUTH.

Nürnberg's Hand,
Geht durch jeden Land.

Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land.
OLD GERMAN PROVERB.

"**THERE** is much to be done, my friends," said I to my travelling companions, as we approached that "Pompeii of the Middle Ages," Nuremberg.

"And little enough time to do it in," replied **THE WOLF**, snapping the lid of his meerschaum like a pistol lock, "even if we pass a year in yonder colossal old curiosity-shop. By the ghost of Albert Dürer! I begin, even from this distance, to feel as the Spanish adventurer did, when he landed on the ancient Atlantis Land, of Saint Brandon, where everything was exactly five centuries behind time, clocks included. They say that all the sour-crout in Nuremberg was made three hundred years ago!"

The reader who remembers the feelings of Con-
tarini Fleming when he approached Venice, may form some idea of my own sensations on arriving at the quaint old Gothic city of Nuremberg; *Gothic*, I say, though that learned antiquarian, Hippolyte Fortoul, has written a formidable chapter to prove that it has nothing Ogival about it, but is on the contrary, altogether Romanesque. For to all who have studied the history and philosophy of plastic and literary art, in the galleries, libraries, and lecture-rooms of the continent, until Dürer becomes elevated in their eyes to a German Raphael, and till the honourable names of Hans Sachs, Veit Stoss, Peter Vischer, Pancras Labenwolf, and Willibald Pirkheimer, are familiar to their ears as household words, Nuremberg will always be romantic—pointed-arched—and very reverend.

I had recently qualified myself for this visit, by a tolerably thorough course of Hoffman, Tieck, Scheffer, and other romance-writers, who have done their best to set forth the intense queerity and remarkable romanticism of this city. So that in the first strokes of a hammer which met my ears, I at once naturally recognised the blows of the giant apprentice of **MEISTER MARTIN**—the first notes of a song resounding from a beer-house were in the sword-cut measure of that sweet poet **OLD HOLLENFEUER**, and the first jeweller's shop which I beheld, at once occurred to me must be the veritable establishment of that far-renowned worker in "orfeverie," **WENZEL JAMNISTER**.

I expected *much* and found *more*. Of a verity, I was *not* disappointed. My geese and ugly ducks all turned out swans, my swans, birds of Paradise, and my birds of Paradise, phoenixes. But I regret and shame myself to say, that the first lion visited, was neither the exquisite Gothic church of Saint Sebaldus, nor the fairy-like *Schoenbrunnen* or "beautiful fountain," but simply a venerable and highly respectable ale-house. For

that incorrigible beer-hen, my friend and ally, **WOLF SHORT**, having learned on the road, from a travelling student, that there was in Nuremberg a remarkably curious Malt Institute, which no true member of the ancient and honourable Order of Good Fellows could neglect without risking loss of reputation, at once determined on looking it up, after we had found a hotel, and taken dinner. Nor was the place, indeed, without interest, it having been, according to our informant's account, the rendezvous for innumerable centuries, if not Aeons, of all jovial *studios* and artists, in passing through the city. In which it corresponded to

The Café del Greco, in Rome,
The Wagner Brei, in Munich,
The Cafés, Rotonde and Procope, in Paris,
Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig,
Gast Haus zum Ritter, in Heidelberg,
Trattorie dei Capelli, in Venice,
Oestreichische Brauerei, in the same city,
The Café Doney, in Florence,

And many more, which, as Panurge said, when he spoke high German, would weary me to repeat, and yourself to listen to. But this beer-house, to which the Wolf insisted on taking me, was called the **JAMMER-THAL**, or Vale of Misery, —a highly promising and cheerfully encouraging title or sign, for any house of entertainment whatever. But it derives the name from the fact that the original public room of the establishment, in which the guests were wont to make merry, is so remarkably small, that it is with difficulty that more than four persons can find room around the little table in its centre. Of late years, owing to a greatly increased run of custom, attracted by the superior quality of his brew, the proprietor has enlarged his ideas, and now receives guests in an adjoining room, capable of holding about two hundred, *Sic itur ad astra!* A similar establishment, differing, however, in the size of its rooms, and which, for some unknown reason, must also be visited, bears the name of **HIMMELS-LEITER**, or Jacob's Ladder.

Having performed these important duties, I had time to cast my eyes about me, and learn something of the town. I know not how often I have had occasion during my life, when speaking of Romanesque or Gothic objects, to employ such adjectives as "odd," "quaint," "weird," "strange," "wild," "freakish," "antique," and "irregular;" but I am very certain that if they could, according to my good old friend **JUSTINUS KERNER**'s idea of experiences, be concentrated

or monogrammatized into a single word, it would be exactly the one needed to describe the rare old town of Nuremberg. There is a picturesque disorder—a lyrical confusion—about the entire place, which is perfectly irresistible. Turrets shoot up in all sorts of ways, on all sorts of occasions, upon all sorts of houses; and little boxes, with delicate Gothic windows, cling to their sides and to one another like barnacles to a ship; while the houses themselves are turned around and about in so many positions, that you wonder that a few are not upside down, or lying on their sides, by way of completing the original arrangement of no arrangement at all. It always seemed to me as if the buildings in Nuremberg had, like the furniture in Irving's tale, been indulging overnight in a very irregular dance, and suddenly stopped in the most complicated part of a confusion worse confounded. Galleries, quaint staircases and towers, with projecting upper stories, as well as eccentric chimneys, demented doorways, insane weather-vanes, and highly original steeples, form the most commonplace materials in building; and it has more than once occurred to me, that the architects of this city, even at the present day, must have imbibed their principles, not from the lecture-room, or the works of Vitruvius, Hope, Whewell, Berty, Hübsch, or Baumgartner, but from the most remarkable inspirations of some romantic scene-painter. During the last two centuries, men appear to have striven, with a most uncommendable zeal, all over Christendom, to root out and extirpate every trace of the Gothic. In Nuremberg alone, they have religiously preserved what little they originally had in *domestic architecture*, and added to it (of late years especially) with so much earnestness, that Monsieur Fortoul, after declaring that the private houses of this city exhibit few or no traces of *ancient Gothicism*, adds: "But, recently, they scatter pointed arches in their *façades*, and put them even into dormer windows, to such an extent that, if you should chance to visit Nuremberg ten years hence, you will find the Gothic everywhere, and perhaps feel inclined to accuse me of indulging in false assertions."

One of the most exquisite artistic features which greets the eye of the stranger in Nuremberg, is the profusion of statues, and, indeed, sculptured ornament of every description, which is lavished with unsparing hand, often in the oddest and most unexpected situations. Among the former, we must cite many beautiful Madonnas of the Middle Ages. Throughout Southern Germany and Italy, there is indeed no work of Art which more frequently attracts our attention, but there are few places where we so frequently behold it developed in such grace and purity as Nuremberg. "The superior workmanship of these figures," says Mrs. Jameson, in an article on "The Nuremberg Madonnas," "show the influence of that excellent school of Art which flourished at Nuremberg during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and down to the middle of the sixteenth century;—the period in which Schönhöfer, Peter Vischer, Beham, Burgmaier, Adam Kraft, Albert Durer, and many admirable artists with less celebrated names, lived and worked, and gave to this particular school that strong impress of individuality, truthfulness, and deep feeling, which make amends for the want of

knowledge in some instances, and the want of grace in others."

But I leave to Mrs. Jameson the task of setting forth the artistic merits of these exquisite productions. What I propose to narrate regarding one of them savours rather of legendary Art. I will preach criticism and æsthetics, friend reader, with any one; but let me once get scent of a legend or an old ballad, and I bolt at once from the track, and, until the game is fairly run down, can only be found careering idly over the cloudy fields of *Fantasie*.

Long, long ago, it was proposed by the Council of the goodly city of Nuremberg to erect a statue to Our Lady, which, by its superior beauty, should bring great honour to them, and raise in all hearts great wonder and love. Thereto, they bade it be proclaimed that, on a certain day, inspection would be held of such images or carved effigies of OUR LADY, the Mother of God, as might be brought before them,—the artist, in every case, to receive from the public treasury befitting reward and aidance. The said effigies to be made, at the carver's good-will, from stone, ivory, metal, or woods reliquary and consecrated (*ex lignis mirabilibus*).

Now there was lately deceased in sleep, in the city of Nuremberg, a maiden of rarest beauty, named LIDA VON VELDENSTEIN, well known for her great love to all things holy, and especially for her constant and loving service to the Sweet Mother of God, ever affirming that the only wish of her heart, and the only thought of her life was in some degree to resemble that Most Serene Soul and Pure Sea of Sanctity, OUR LADY, deeming all time lost not spent in her gentle service, and desiring only by her death to promote her glory on earth, having often affirmed to her friends that it had been revealed to her that, even after her departure from life, she would on earth effect pious works among men.

And on the day appointed, there appeared, among other competitors, a stranger, of noble bearing, who submitted to the Council a stone image of the HOLY MOTHER, of such rare and exquisite beauty that no question was held of its superiority. Thereon they, the Councillors, thanking God, bade the artist receive his reward; which he did there refuse, bidding them bestow it for the honour of OUR LADY, on the poor. And then forthwith departed.

Nor had he been long gone, ere it was strangely reported that the statue in all its features was identical with the lately-departed maiden, Lida von Veldenstein; differing in no wise either in face or figure, save that indeed a beauty of sanctity now rested on all which no earthly form hath ever retained. And search being made in the tomb, the body of Lida von Veldenstein was indeed wanting, there remaining only the death-garment in which it had been enfolded. But around the statue was a mantle in no wise the same.

From that day forth it hath been commonly reported, that this image of THE MOTHER OF GOD was of a truth none other than the body of the maiden LIDA, who, for her great goodness, had been indeed transformed to the likeness of HER whom she so loved to imitate, and whom by her beauty, given of God, she now honoured even after death. And this statue is the same which now stands upon the house of that upright man, JOHANNES VON ROHRBACH, who dwelleth in the

Binder-Gasse of the ancient and notable city of Nuremberg.

NUREMBERG, like Avignon, is one of the very few cities which have retained in an almost perfect state the feudal walls and turrets with which they were invested by the Middle Ages. At regular intervals along these walls occur little towers, for their defence; reminding one of beads strung as a rosary; the great watch-tower at the gate, with its projecting machicolation, forming the pendant cross, the whole serving to guard the town within from the dangers of war, even as the rosary protects the city of Mansoul from the attacks and strategies of Sin and Death—though, sooth to say, since the invention of gunpowder and the Reformation, both the one and the other appear to have lost much of their former efficacy. Directly through the centre of the town runs a small stream, called the Pegnitz, "dividing the town into two nearly equal halves, named after the two great churches situated within them; the northern being termed Saint Sebald's, and the southern, St. Laurence's side."

In the northern part of the division of Saint Sebaldus, rises a high hill, formed at the summit of vast rocks, on which is situated the ancient Reichsveste, or Imperial Castle; whose origin is fairly lost in the dark old days of Heathenesse. From it the traveller can obtain an admirable view of the romantic town below. In regarding it, I was irresistibly reminded of the remarkable resemblance existing between most of its buildings and the children's toys manufactured by the ingenious artisans of Nuremberg and its vicinity. In one squab little mansion, capped with peaked tower and eye-like windows, I distinctly recognised the original model of a fascinating little vermilion-coloured edifice, which had, long years ago, well-nigh thrown me into a convulsion of delight, when first extracted one Christmas morning from the Krisskingle stocking; while a circular building of modern date, with a primrose roof, had evidently been formed after the same model as a certain "round tower of other days," with which I had whilom delighted my juvenile optics. Well do I remember that "jolly round house," whose door on opening, displayed to the astonished vision, a wooden young lady with a very short waist, holding over her bonnetless head, with commendable perpendicularity, an opened parasol; while by her side an aged, but (to judge from a red feather which grew from the centre of her head) apparently respectable female, was busily engaged in roasting a goose at a fire, consisting of three glowing strips of tinsel. It was a mooted question with Lady Bulwer, as to whether Shakspeare was born to write for Charles Kean, or Charles Kean to act Shakspeare, and I for my part am unable to decide, whether the "*Dutch toy*"-makers of Nuremberg obtain their designs from its architects, or whether the architects copy after their toys.

One of the most striking portions of the Imperial Castle is the *Heidenthurm*, or Heathen Tower, so called from several very singular carved figures upon it, which served as idols previous to the introduction of Christianity. This tower contains two remarkably interesting old chapels, in the Romanesque or transition style of architecture, one of which, called the Chapel of Saint Margaret, dates from the ninth or tenth century. Its

massy columns, short and bulky, readily bring us back to the time when the heavy force of the dark ages was not as yet lost in the more romantic grace of a subsequent era. There is something incredible, mysterious, and Cyclopean in every part of this Castle. They may tell us, if they will, that Conrad the First, the last Emperor of the blood of Charlemagne, founded the pile; but there is a fearful, giant-like air in the *immense* stones of which it is formed, "seeming to rival the rocks upon which they are placed," which gives the lie to history when it asserts them to be the erections of ordinary mortals. Like the fearful caves of the antique Cimmericians, which the traveller beholds about Naples, they whisper of far-off busy races long since passed away in the early morning-time, when there were giants in the world. The images of the grim old idols on the Heathen Tower contribute not a little to the feeling of antiquity and mystery which the place inspires. Relics of a long-forgotten and wild religion, what deities or demons do ye represent?—Are ye TSCHERNOBOG, the God of Death and Sin, or BJELBOG, the Divinity of Light and Joy? Or Zslotababa, the Golden Wife, or Makosch or Woloss—"Bog chranitel skota u drevnih slavyan"—"the protector of domestic animals among the antique Slavi?"* Or Daschba, the God of Wealth, or the sweetly named Dshidshislado, the gentle Goddess of Love? Or Gonda, or Korscha, or Gordoaitis, or Ligitschios, or Goniglidewos, or Koljada, or Rodomuessl, or Rugewith, or *Swantewid*, the highest of all? Perhaps, old Idol, I aim too high. Wert thou *Simergla*, the mild Goddess of Spring, or *Krodo*, the Slavonic Saturn? What, *lower* still! Confound you, then, were you *Kremara*, the Lithuanian God of Swine? No answer—the oracles are dumb, and Baal refuseth to answer. Interrogate the past, oh traveller, and see what you'll get by it! As much as nothing. "I walked through the gloomy halls of my ancestors—they were shabby and desolate. I cried aloud, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and echo answered and said—'*Really, I don't know!*'"

The chapel of the castle is highly interesting, being probably one of the earliest specimens of Romanesque Art in Germany. It has the square form of the first churches which the Greeks constructed on the model of the Pagan temples. Four columns, of great height, placed in the centre of the hall, divide it into three parts, and support the bases of nine arches, without mouldings, while the choir, placed at the extremity of the plan of the chapel, forms *out of it* a square projection, equal to the space comprised between the four columns, and a very irregular tribune, supported by two enormous pillars, opens in the face of the choir to the interior apartments. For many of the ornaments in these chapels, as well as in other parts of Nuremberg, the reader may consult Heidehoff's Architectural Ornaments of the Middle Ages—one of the most exquisite works in existence. A church, *precisely similar* in every respect to this chapel, is said to exist on the Bohemian frontier, in the little town of *Egra*, where Charles the Fifth, and subsequently Wallenstein, once encamped.

* The reader learned in Mythology will excuse the liberties I have taken. The influence of the Slavie Mythology was, however, very great in this region (par ex. Tschernobog, or Zerneboch)—though not to the extent here imagined.

But, reader mine, ere we leave this Castle Chapel, let me first narrate a gossiping old legend of the Middle Ages, which has floated and hummed around it for many a century. There are many strange old stories extant in Nuremberg, and this is one of them. But ere I tell my legend, let me first beg of thee to glance at those four slender pillars, and observe on one of them an iron ring. Good!—you see it? And now, over the arch before the altar you see carved in the stone a human head. And thereby hangs a tale.

When the Castle was building,—far back in the days of King Conrad, says my chronicler,—there came the Devil, to inspect the work, and do what harm he could. And he nosed and poked around (*sit verbo venia!*), until he saw the fat and jolly priest who was, for the time, *Burg-Pfaff*, or Castle Chaplain. And with the sight came a vehement and inexpressible longing for the soul of that clergyman. It was a case of incurable love at first sight.

"Have thee I must," thought SIR URIAN. Now Sir Urian is The Old Scratch; and The Old Scratch, as you all know, is the Devil. So, without more ado, he went at once to the Chaplain, and, with an irresistible leer, smoothing his hand over his chin, declared, with a pleasing *naïveté*, that he would fain have his soul,—or, at least, the refusal of it.

Now the Chaplain was a man of singular piety,—very singular, indeed, if we may believe the legend; for, instead of fleeing the Evil One, he at once resolved, if possible, to flay him,—or, at least, "draw the wool over his eyes." So, without fear, he replied:

"*Salve Sathanas!* Nothing for nothing is goodly wisdom. Give thee my soul I may not, sell it I will not. But, behold, there are yet wanting four columns to this most admirable chapel; and if thou canst hew, cut, shape, and duly set in place, those four columns, ere I have finished reading a mass, then I am thine, even to the soles of my last year's sandals."

The one who rejoiced at hearing this speech was the Devil. "*Monsieur est bien bon,*" quoth he. "Let us begin. Midnight is at hand."

"Quickly stood the first column in its place," says the chronicle. "At the *Credo*, lo! there was the second, and, at the *Evangelium*, the third. But while the Enemy was coming up, bringing the fourth under his arm, the priest roared out, giving the desk a most orthodox thump,

"*ITE MISSA EST!*"

These are the concluding words of the Roman mass, and signify, "*Get along with you!*" And Satan did get along. Out he thundered, amid smoke and yells, white fire, the rattling of copper sheets and the roar of Chinese gongs, the clanking of trace-chains and the shouts of supernumeraries, as he has been accustomed to do from time immemorial. And while departing, in his rage, he dashed down the pillar, which broke in twain with a mighty and solemn clang. But the priest had it mended.

That jovial head, carved on the arch, is an excellent likeness of the fearless Chaplain. And the iron ring indicates the spot where the broken pillar was joined together.

In another part of the Castle there is a suite of

rooms, employed as a picture gallery. Here, in place of the original, the visiter may see the copy of the portrait of ALBERT DÜRER, so singularly stolen, not many years ago, by an artist-thief. While in Munich, I had frequently admired, in its Royal Gallery, the beautiful, Christ-like portrait of Dürer, painted by himself on panel. This picture was originally in the Castle of Nuremberg; but a certain scamp (though a first-rate artist withal), named KÜFFER (or Cooper), having obtained permission to copy it, did the thing so neatly, that the most practised eye could scarcely have detected any difference "between his portrait or th' original." Which done, Herr Küffer, acting on the principle of exchange being no robbery, sawed out, on the sly, the genuine Albert, and, neatly inserting his own copy, went off with the original to Munich, and sold it to King Louis (the Lola Montes monarch) for five hundred and fifty florins, or two hundred and twenty dollars,—a cheap enough price, even for stolen goods.

In this gallery are many curious old German paintings, flippantly described by that most treacherous of all guide-books for the true scholar, John Murray, as "a heap of rubbish;" but which the learned and keen-witted KUGLER finds remarkably curious, as illustrating in many instances the sharp and formal design of the early Norimbergian school, and wonders "that these documents, which are of such importance in the history of the development of Art (*Entwicklungsgeschichte der Kunst*), should have attracted so little attention among the learned in Nuremberg." Among others we may notice an exquisite Crucifixion, by ALBRECHT ALTDÖRFER, an artist of whom it has been truly said, that "he blended the wild and fantastic element of his own time, with the richest and loveliest spirit of Poesy, developing both in a bloom of Romance, the like of which can be found in no other artist." Those who are acquainted with the genius of this artist, though only from his copper-plate engravings, will bear witness that this tribute to his genius is not exaggerated.

The stiff and harsh, but at times fantastic pictures, of HANS BURKMAYER, the friend, and it is said, pupil of Dürer—which abound in this gallery, are also not without interest. A certain solemn dignity in his countenance not unfrequently elevates us, in contemplating them, to a lofty and romantic state of mind. I also noted works by Hans Holbein, Wohlgemuth, and Joachim von Sandrart, which well repaid attention and study.

In the courtyard of the castle are two curiosities worth notice, the one being a lime tree, said to be planted by Queen Kunegonda, and which, at four feet from the ground, measures fifteen feet in circumference, and the other, an ancient well, three hundred and eighteen feet in depth.

In descending from the *Burg* or Castle, "where the Art of the Middle Ages is mingled with ancient Greek and Roman forms," the traveller should stop at St. Sebaldus. This church has been keenly abused by more than one architectural critic, yet, notwithstanding their antiquarian fury, the traveller, whose eye is trained rather to picturesque effect than architectural purism, will, with his guide-book, be quite willing to pronounce it "an extremely beautiful Gothic edifice, exhibiting great elegance, externally and

internally, *especially in the choir!*" Reader mine, how little would there be to enjoy in this world, if we limited our admiration solely to that which is perfectly and absolutely correct. But whatever defects there may be in the building of this church, they are all amply atoned for by the exquisite ornaments with which it is profusely decorated, its principal attraction being the celebrated, I might say world-renowned Tabernacle or Shrine of Saint Sebaldus, which stands in the centre of the church, albeit, the congregation is now no longer Catholic but Lutheran. "It is the masterpiece of the distinguished artist, PETER VISCHER (b. 1460, d. 1529), who was assisted in its construction by his five sons; he employed upon it *thirteen years* of labour, and finished it in 1519."

But the traveller who would behold a crowning glory of this variety of Gothic Art should repair to the Church of Saint Laurence, and after admiring its exquisite many-hued windows, said to be among the finest in the world, study its chief attraction, also a shrine, but of stone instead of bronze, by the world-renowned ADAM KRAFT. A similar work by the same artist had long since delighted me in the Cathedral of Ulm, but this far transcends it in purity of style and incredible fertility of ornament. For the Shrine of St. Sebaldus, Peter Vischer, we are told, was "miserably paid;" and the maker of this wonderful triumph of Art died in his native town—in an hospital!

Throughout Europe there are but few monuments of Gothic Art which can be compared to this wonderful *Sacraments-Hauslein*, or repository for the Sacred Wafer. In all the boldness of beauty it soars before us to a height of sixty-four feet,

"Like the foamy sheaf of fountains rising through the painted air."

So wonderful is the skill displayed in this "sanctuary," and so elaborate its finish, that it has been said to be executed with a minuteness more commonly bestowed on ivory than on stone. And so lithely and gracefully do its joints and little buttresses bend and wind, and so light and plastic are all its ornaments, "that many have doubted whether it really is stone, supposing it to be formed of *plaster* moulded; which, however, is clearly ascertained not to be the case."

"This Tabernacle," says a French tourist, "less resembles a work of Art than a wild, luxuriant, climbing plant, which, taking root in the pavement, and accidentally meeting a support, rises to the roof; casting out in its flight the most capricious and beautifully-fantastic forms. The entire monument in its elaborate beauty is like an immense piece of splendid Old-German jewellery."

"But oh, my fancie, whither wilt thou goe?" Reader, where shall we next wander in Nuremberg, among its wealth of Gothic imagery. Wouldst see the SCHÖNER BRUNNEN, or Beautiful Fountain?

"Everywhere thou seest around thee rise the wondrous world of Art—
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart!"

There are many statues around this fountain, all of rare beauty; but of chiefest perfectness is that of Alexander. The exquisite beauty of his countenance transcends all style, whether Gothic or Classic; nor could the keenest critic assign to it an age or school!

Thou mayst remember, reader, that we begun our observations of Nuremberg in a beer-house. For this let the country and its manners be our excuse! The city, with its Gothic buildings, has preserved a vast number of very Gothic customs, odd sayings, quaint proverbs, antique rhymes, venerable jokes, ancient puns, and other curious capabilities not herein recorded, but which are daily developed in the dim atmosphere of the *Kneipe*, or ale-houses of this merry, old, hard-drinking town. "The Heaven's Ladder and the Vale of Misery!" exclaims that narrator of Nuremberg marvels, DR. FRIEDERICH MAYER, "what man ever came as a stranger to Nuremberg, and asked not after both these beer-purses? in the courts of which, during the hot days of summer, he can enjoy beneath the cool shadow of green acacias, many an exquisite beaker of that foaming brew, invented by King Cambrinus for the refreshment of all thirsty souls."

Therefore, reader, I make no further excuse for concluding this my Nuremberg magic-lantern series, with another hostelry slide. See you yon open square with a bronze fountain in its midst? A peasant bearing two geese spouting water from their mouths. An exquisitely quaint work of Art, cast long ago, by ancient Master PANCAS LABENWOLF. That is the GOOSE-MARKET. Now cast your eyes to the near corner! You see an old tavern. That tavern, gentle reader, was whilom the house where HANS SACHS sung and laughed "in huge folios."

"For his home is now an ale-house, with a nicely-sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

"Painted by some humble artist, as in ADAM PUSCHMAN'S song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

"And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the Master's antique chair."

I have sat long, reader mine, alone in that old house, with my meerschaum and a glass of "*Bayerisches*" before me, poring over the quaint plays and poetic fables of the antique Master of Song. And yet not all alone. For far back in the early morning of the Soul, and against the blue heaven of Memory and Thought, rose the crimson and golden cloud-forms of the beautiful in spirit, long passed away. There came in brave array the noble gentle ghosts of all who have left to earth as a heritage, new forms of loveliness in poesy or Art. And among them wert thou, old master, "gray and dovelike," with a smile for all who have learned to love thee. And this I saw of silent mornings in the house of Hans Sachs, and in the quiet old town of NUREMBERG.

THE POACHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY FAN FEATHERBIE.

CHAPTER I.

"LET loose my hand, Ralph Wilson! I will have none of thy fair words; in good truth, they are hateful to my ear."

"Beware, Bessy Thorne! I love thee now, yet if thou spurnest me, look well to thy future."

"I do spurn thee—I scorn thy threats, and now leave me; go from hence!"

Ralph Wilson sprang hastily to his feet, and turned upon his companion a gaze of angry hatred. Bessy Thorne returned his fierce scowl with a scornful smile, and waved her hand towards the door.

"'Tis well,—I obey thee; yet hark ye, fair one, for this night's bitter words, I will have full revenge."

"A brave yeoman thou art, to threaten thus a lone girl! But, Master Ralph, I pray thee, go; I am weary of such jarring words."

Muttering a curse, the exasperated young man opened the door, and closing it roughly behind him, rushed out into the darkness of the night.

Then, with hurried and trembling fingers, Bessy Thorne drew the ponderous bar across the door, and when she crouched down upon the wide stone hearth, the tears were fast streaming over her face. The coarse dress of the cottage girl could not conceal her rare beauty, and the ruddy firelight flashed upon bright though tear-gemmed eyes, dark curls, long and silken, and quivering lips, red as the deepest coral. A loud rap sounded through the long kitchen, and Bessy sprang to the cottage door.

"Father, art thou there?" she asked softly.

"Spare thy words, good Bess, and let me in," was the somewhat tart rejoinder, and the girl quickly obeyed. Then a tall, swarthy man, roughly dressed, and carrying a game-bag and gun, entered; around his neck Bessy flung her arms, in an ecstasy of joy, as she murmured,

"Dear father!"

Richard Thorne gently patted his daughter's glowing cheek. "Art glad to see me, pretty blossom?" he asked, seating himself in one of the high-backed, rush-seated chairs. "Then cook me a savoury supper from that bag, and I will thank thee for thy welcome."

"The gamekeeper hath been bounteous to thee," said Bessy, as her father drew forth many hares and pheasants from his bag.

"No thanks to him that I got these," replied Richard Thorne, smiling grimly.

His daughter dropped the pheasant she held, and looked inquiringly at him. "From whence came they then, dear father?"

"From the grounds of Sir Roger Stuart; and this good gun did win them for me."

A shudder passed over Bessy. "Alas, my father, *thou* a poacher!" and she burst into a flood of tears.

"Don't cry, Bess," said Thorne, passing his hand over his daughter's dark curls. "I hold my life too dear to lightly risk it; I am in no danger."

"'Tis not for that alone, I weep," returned the girl, raising her black eyes to her companion's face; "but, father, thou doest wrong,—God will frown upon thy sin."

"Hush child! thou talkest idly. I have as fair a right to the pheasants and hares, as Sir Roger himself, and 'tis no harm now and then to get a choice supper for one's self."

"And yet 'tis breaking the laws of God and man," tearfully returned Bessy.

"Prate no more to me, Bess, but look to thine own concerns!" angrily returned the poacher, and for a while there was silence in the kitchen.

Richard Thorne was troubled, when, but a little distance from his cottage, he had fancied that he heard steps near him, and had seen a form stealing behind the high hedge; and feeling ill at ease, he hastened home with his stolen game; there his daughter's gentle reproaches made him still more uncomfortable, and he sat by the bright fire moody and unhappy.

In the olden times, of which I write, rigid were the laws of "merrie old England" against the poachers, and they were enforced with peculiar rigour in Somersetshire, where lived Richard Thorne. Thorne knew that he was suspected, yet he flattered himself that no suspicions could with any certainty be fastened upon him. Closely watched by the gamekeepers, yet ever eluding them, the poacher pursued his unlawful course, whilst dark forebodings often overshadowed him, and rendered him a miserable man.

Whatever Thorne might be to others, he was gentle and kind to his motherless daughter,—his beautiful child, who had grown up in the rude cottage, so lovely, good, and fair.

"What ailed thee, Bess, when I came in?" asked the poacher, suddenly breaking the silence; "thine eyes were tear-swollen."

"Ralph Wilson was here, and did weary me with most odious love speeches, and—"

"And thou lovest him not, my Bessy?" interrupted her father, laughing. "I marvel not; Master Ralph is wonderfully ill-favoured."

"His heart is as ill as his face, dear father, and I beseech thee, forbid him to cross our threshold again."

"So, then, it shall be,—and, fair daughter, Ralph Wilson shall trouble thee no more."

As Richard Thorne spoke, to his ears and his daughter's there came a sound, which seemed to them as the murmur of many voices, and the trampling of many feet, without the cottage. Bessy turned a terrified gaze upon her father. He had sprang from his chair, and his cheek was as white as her own.

"Keep a stout heart, Bess; be silent as for my life; but haste thee, hide this!" and the poacher touched with his foot the game which lay upon the hearth.

"Fly! oh, father, save thyself!" and the frightened girl hurriedly pushed the game through an aperture in the broken floor, and drew over it an old mat. When she looked towards her father, he had gone,—she was alone.

"There is nothing here," said the constable, as he turned from a fruitless search throughout the cottage, "and, my good men, we have had our weary walk for nought."

With some words of excuse to Bessy, for the fright they had given her, the constable and keepers proceeded toward the door; they had but reached it, when a fine large hound which loitered outside, bounded in. Snuffing the floor, and with ears erect, the brute came towards the hidden game: his paw was upon the mat; in an instant it would be torn up, and the evidences of Richard Thorne's guilt, dragged forth.

For the poacher's daughter, it was but the work of a moment, to snatch a brand from the blazing fire, and thrust it closely to the dog's head; a yelp of pain, and the animal rushed from the spot, and out into the open air.

"What ails the brute?" and the group at the door, whom the scene had escaped, looked inquiringly at Bessy.

"Thy hound was rude, Sir Keeper, and I did but give him a slight chastisement."

"'Tis well," and, with a hasty "Good night!" the door was closed. When all was hushed without, Richard Thorne began to creep slowly from his hiding-place. It was in a dark recess of the cottage, under a heavy pile of old sail-cloth; and here he had cowered whilst the keepers sought for him.

"Go back, father," gasped the trembling girl; "I fear they will return; come not forth so soon."

"They will not, Bess, and I cannot smother here: I am almost choked with dust;" and the poacher coughed loudly. Ere he had time to draw back beneath the cloth, in a moment, as it were, the keepers sprang in again, and Bessy Thorne screamed with terror.

"Ha, Master Richard! art caught finely, thrusting thy head from thy hiding-place, as a tortoise from her shell. But, now we have unearthed thee, come forth;" and the poacher was dragged out roughly by his captors. Richard Thorne did not deny his guilt. Looking round upon the angry men, he merely asked, "Who is my acuser?"

"I am!" shouted Ralph Wilson, pressing into the centre of the room; "I saw thee lug home thy game, not an hour ago, and made it my errand to inform Sir Roger Stuart's keeper of thy poaching. Pretty one," and Wilson laughed sneeringly as he looked on Bessy, "what thinkest thou now of my revenge? Is it so light a thing?"

"Silence, black-hearted knave!" thundered Thorne, as he drew his daughter to his side; "I will break thine empty pate if thou sayest more."

Ralph Wilson was about to retort stormily, when a low growl from the hound which had before scented the game arrested the men's attention. With a fierce bay of triumph, the dog, finding he was no longer driven back, tore up the mat, and dragged out upon the floor the poacher's spoil.

"Had we doubted thy guilt before, this is full proof against thee. It was well we lingered by the window," said the head-keeper, looking sternly at Richard Thorne. "Off with him, my brave lads."

"Take me along, I pray thee; good men, let me go with him," implored Bessy, clinging tightly to her father's arm.

"Come, then; thou canst stay to-night in the

lodge," gruffly said the keeper; and, flinging her cloak around her, Bessy Thorne went forth with her father and his captors. The firelight in the poacher's cottage died away that night in a lonely and deserted home.

CHAPTER II.

In the spacious library at "The Hall," Sir Roger Stuart sat alone. It would seem his reflections were of no pleasant nature; for, as he gazed into the bright fire, his brow ever and anon was wrinkled with a dark frown, whilst half-uttered exclamations burst angrily from his lips. "Hang the poachers!" he at last exclaimed, springing from his chair, and walking with such heavy strides throughout the apartment, that the polished oak floor almost creaked beneath his tread.

But Sir Roger was suddenly interrupted in his angry paces. The library door opened, and a very young man, remarkably handsome and graceful in person, entered. "I crave thy pardon, Sir Roger, if I intrude," said he, pausing as his eye fell upon the troubled face of the old man; "I thought to find my uncle here, and knew not that thou wast engaged."

"No excuses, Clarence Wyllde; I love thy bright company. Nay, do not leave me; I am weary of being alone. Come in, and talk with me awhile;" and young Wyllde followed Sir Roger to the fire. "How likest thou Somerset, my boy? 'Tis thought a noble shire; and yet, I fancy, compared to thy gay London, it seems wearisome and dull."

"Not so, good Sir," quickly returned Clarence Wyllde; "the two weeks which have already flown since I came beneath thy roof have been most sweet and pleasant. Right glad am I that I listened to my uncle's persuasions, and came with him hither."

"Sir Hugh hath seemed dull almost to sadness, since his late visit to London. Hast thou marked this, Clarence?"

"I have, Sir Roger, and in vain have sought to learn the cause of his strange mood. For this purpose I hoped to find him here this morning."

"I know not where he is;—it may be, gone out to walk. But tell me, now, Clarence, how didst thou like my game?"

"'Tis fine, Sir Roger," returned the young man, with all a sportsman's earnestness, "and thy grounds are well stocked."

"How long they will be so, I know not," returned his companion, with a short laugh; "the poachers thrive in this neighbourhood. Yet, thanks to my trusty keepers, I have now as bold a villain in the keep as ever poached hare or pheasant."

"Whom may he be?" asked Clarence Wyllde, with some interest.

"Richard Thorne; and, having had a fair hearing and been found guilty, to-morrow he goes to Taunton gaol, to await his trial at the next assizes. No pity for him, Clarence," quickly added the old gentleman, seeing the expression of the youth's countenance; "but he has a fair daughter, lovely and good"—

"Sir Roger, a woman craves to see you, and will take no denial;" and the old butler had scarcely spoken, ere Bessy Thorne rushed wildly past him, and flung herself at Sir Roger's feet. So shrouded was she in cloak and hood that he

before whom she knelt knew her not, even in the fair morning light. "Mercy, mercy for my father!" she implored.

"Who is thy father, maiden?" asked Sir Roger, kindly.

"Richard Thorne, whom false-tongued men have maliciously accused of being a poacher. Good Sir Roger, be merciful to him! he is foully belied."

"Bessy Thorne, such words are idle. On the oath of good men, upright and just, has thy father been accused, and the law must take its course."

"Oh, spare him, Sir! He is, indeed, no poacher; only, upon that miserable evening when he was dragged from our home, had he shot a few hares and pheasants; but it was the first offence, and he will never do the like again."

"My poor child," said Sir Roger, gently, "would it had been the 'first offence!' then I might have listened to thy prayer. Yet thy father has long been suspected as a daring poacher, and my keepers but waited for a certain proof against him."

"But he hath been most cruelly and falsely slandered," earnestly urged Bessy.

"Answer me truly this question, maiden: Hath not thy father often before the night of which thou spoke brought home game?"

"Yes, good Sir; but to me he ever affirmed most solemnly that such had been the keeper's gift."

"He basely deceived thee, then. And now, poor child, plead no longer; 'tis of no avail."

But Bessy Thorne, with passionate tears and sobs, clung the more closely to Sir Roger, and besought him urgently to have mercy upon her father. "Spare him! send him not to jail!"

"This is but a waste of words, Bessy Thorne," returned the old man, growing weary of her entreaties; "I cannot grant thy request. And now thou mayst leave me."

Quickly Bessy Thorne sprang to her feet, and turned to leave the room. As she did so, her eyes fell, for the first time, upon Clarence Wylde, who earnestly and pityingly regarded her. Blushing deeply, the maiden moved towards the door; but ere she reached it, young Wylde, with gentle courtesy, opened and held it for her. The young stranger's gaze for a moment thrilled the peasant girl, but only for a moment; and, as she hurried down the long passage, Clarence Wylde saw her slender figure bent in grief, and heard her sweet voice sadly murmuring, "My father! alas, my father!"

"But, my good uncle, 'tis no fancy of mine: Sir Roger hath also marked thy disquietude, and spoken of it to me. I pray thee, now, let thy loving nephew share thy sorrow."

"Clarence, thou hadst ever thine own way since thou wert a boy. I never could refuse thee aught; and, since thou desirest it so earnestly, I will tell thee my trouble."

"Thanks, kind uncle; I will do my best to soothe thy grief;" and the young man respectfully touched his lips to Sir Hugh Wylde's hand.

"Are we alone, Clarence?" and Sir Hugh half raised himself from the massive walnut chair in which he sat, and glanced searchingly round the large chamber.

"Save ourselves, there is no one here."

"My boy, dost thou remember my wife, thy beautiful Aunt Alice?"

"Do I remember her, Sir Hugh? Methinks I see her at this moment; and I could never tire of gazing upon her fair portrait which hangs in our old gallery."

"Clarence Wylde, I loved my Alice as though she had been an angel; and when God took her to himself, my heart was crushed. England became dreary to me, and I went from it to other lands. My only child—a sweet babe—Alice, I left with a family servant. I had no relatives with whom I cared to place her, and this woman had nursed her from her birth. Kind and tender-hearted I knew Cicely Wells to be, faithful and upright I also believed her; but in this I was mistaken. On my return, the news reached me that my Alice was dead, and I visited her nurse but to have it confirmed. From the grave they pointed to me as my child's I had the bones removed and placed with those of my wife. Then again I went forth from England, more lonely, more heart-awearied than before;" and here Sir Hugh paused, and passed his hand over his eyes.

"But, uncle," said Clarence Wylde, after a silence of several moments, "may I not ask why these events of years ago do now so trouble thee?"

"Be patient, boy, and thou shalt know. After my second return, I took thee, my brother's orphan child, to my lonely home and heart; and well hast thou repaid my love, good Clarence. But I linger in my tale. When last in London, I was summoned to the deathbed of Cicely Wells; and, with her dying breath, what think you, nephew, that woman told me? What, but that, to her knowledge, my child *had never died*, and the tale of her sickness and death was a fearful falsehood! And when I questioned her why she had so deceived me, she confessed that Alice had suddenly and darkly disappeared, a few weeks before my return; and, dreading my anger for her carelessness, she had thus concealed the truth. Cicely Wells went on to say," continued Sir Hugh, his voice trembling as he spoke, "that she had placed in the babe's hands a little Bible, which I had given to my Alice, and which by mistake had found its way amongst the child's clothes. This Bible was richly clasped with gold, and the glitter thereof pleased the babe; and thus she left her for a little while, playing within the cottage door. But Alice was gone when she came back; and, from that day to this,—sixteen years ago,—she hath never been heard of. Cicely Wells carefully hushed the matter, yet secretly made inquiries, but could only learn that a company of strolling gipsies had been in the neighbourhood, and then she knew that, tempted by the child's rich clothing, and the golden clasps of the Bible,—for it, likewise, had vanished,—that they had stolen her away. On her dying bed, whilst the death-rattle was almost sounding in her throat, Cicely Wells confessed all this to me, and prayed my forgiveness; and I forgave her, though she hath deceived me most cruelly." The stately form of Sir Hugh was bowed with grief, and he hid his face from Clarence.

"Oh, my uncle," said Clarence Wylde, his fine face lighting up with earnest affection, "grieve not so hopelessly; there is a something, I know not what, which tells me that thy Alice lives, and that we will yet find her."

"Now may Heaven bless thee, boy, for thy cheering words! Since I listened to Cicely Wells' deathbed confession, I have thought of my child as lost to me, as dying in wretchedness and misery; and to my brain this has been madness."

"Sir Hugh, thou hast been to me as a father; I owe thee much, and it were a small repayment of my debt to seek for thee thy child. I pledge then my honour, if she lives, to find her; and may God help me so to do."

Clarence Wyllde bent him at his uncle's feet as he thus spoke, and Sir Hugh placed his hand upon his sunny hair, and fervently blessed him.

Before a blazing fire, in the wide old sitting-room, Sir Roger Stuart and his guests were seated, and whilst autumn winds wailed mournfully round the Hall, they talked cheerfully—almost gaily.

Without, a very different scene was transpiring. Three figures stole cautiously round the side of the keep, and in the dim light of the cloud-shrouded moon, it could be seen one was a woman, closely cloaked, the two others, rough-looking men, coarsely habited.

"Master Allan, tread more softly, I pray thee," said the sweet, low voice of Bessy Thorne; "should the keeper be near, and hear thy heavy step, all is lost."

"If I can help it, my good friend Richard Thorne *shall not* be lost; but hark ye, maiden, not only for his, but thy own sweet sake, have I attempted this. I do mind me how tenderly thou didst nurse my wife last year, and for this I have ever been grateful."

"Good Will Allan, talk not of that, but haste thee, now, and thou, kind Master Davis, help him to fling that rope to yon gratings; my father but waits to seize it, and if ye love him, linger not."

The rope was flung, and Richard Thorne, climbing up the keep window, whose iron bars had been previously loosened, had clutched the end with eager fingers, when a bright light shone in the room, and the poacher, bewildered and startled, lost his hold, and fell with a heavy crash, back upon the floor.

"There lie, thou rascal poacher!" thundered the keeper; "'tis well that to-morrow thou goest to Taunton gaol, or else thy cunning would soon free thee."

At the sound of the keeper's voice, the two men cast down the rope and fled, whilst Bessy Thorne, shrieking wildly, fell as one dead, upon the ground.

"There, lay her down gently, wife; she will soon come to. And so, poor lass, it was *thy* mad freak to save thy father!" and the keeper looked pityingly upon the ashy face of Bessy Thorne. "All thanks to Ralph Wilson, for advising me of this attempt. Had it not been for *him*," continued the man, "I would have lost my dainty prisoner."

Unpitying Ralph Wilson! Revenge indeed is cruel,—'tis like the fierce flames of an angry fire.

CHAPTER III.

"Sir Roger will not refuse *thee*. Oh, sir, pray him, for me, that he let my father remain in the keep a little longer. He is sore bruised from his fall of yester-night, and if he be removed to Taunton gaol, will surely die."

"I promise thee faithfully, that all that lies in my power, I will do for thee," earnestly replied Clarence Wyllde, as he gazed with profound admiration upon the lovely face of Bessy Thorne.

The cottage girl smiled through her tears, and dropping a low courtesy, turned away.

"Stay a moment, maiden," said young Wyllde gently. "In order to plead thy cause the better with Sir Roger, 'tis fitting that I know something of this fall, which thou tellest me thy father received. How came he by it?"

Then Bessy Thorne answered firmly, "Yesternight, young sir, two of my father's fast friends and myself, did go to the keep with a strong rope provided for his escape. My father had climbed to the window, and grasped the rope, but suddenly the keeper came upon him, and affrighted, he fell heavily to the ground, and this morning the village leech doth count him sorely hurt."

"Such untiring devotion, I never before witnessed; I honour thee for it, fair maiden!" and Clarence Wyllde respectfully raised her hand to his lips; but Bessy Thorne quickly withdrew it, and thanking him gravely, yet gently, for his promise, hurried across the park. Clarence Wyllde watched her till she passed the hawthorn hedge, and then he went back to the Hall. He thought of the poacher's daughter very often during his walk, she was so lovely, noble, and fair.

"But, Sir Roger, I would have thee remember that this is the first favour I have asked of thee since I came to the Hall, and therefore I shall take it most unkindly if thou refusest me."

"Have thine own way, Clarence," returned Sir Roger, smiling in the young man's handsome face; "there is no refusing thee. But I must make one stipulation: take Sir Hugh with thee, and visit the poacher, so that thou mayest truly report of him. If he indeed be so grievously hurt, I pledge thee my word that he shall not be removed to Taunton gaol. I would go with thee to the keep, did not these fierce twinges of gout forbid;" and Sir Roger glanced deprecatingly at his leg, as it lay upon a cushion.

Gladly thanking Sir Roger for his promise, Clarence Wyllde left the room. To Sir Hugh the young man talked earnestly of the poacher's daughter,—of her beauty, her noble devotion and sweet affection for her father,—so that, when he had finished, his uncle, smiling at his warmth, expressed some desire to see Bessy Thorne. "Of a truth, Clarence, were I to judge thy heart by thy tongue, I should say this maiden had won it outright. But what think ye, my boy, of being the poacher's son-in-law?—how wilt *that* agree with thy pride?"

The crimson blood mantled the cheek of Clarence Wyllde, and, glancing reproachfully at his uncle, he made no answer.

"Forgive me, Clarence," said Sir Hugh, placing his hand affectionately upon his nephew's shoulder; "I did but jest with thee. And now let us talk of another matter,—of my child, my lost Alice."

As the two wended their way to "the keep," they talked of Alice,—Sir Hugh despairingly, Clarence Wyllde hopefully. "The keep" was but a temporary place of confinement for those who were destined for Taunton gaol. It stood some distance from the Hall, hard by the keeper's lodge. When Sir Hugh and Clarence Wyllde

entered the poacher's cell, they found him stretched upon his pallet, greatly weakened, and sorely bruised by his fall. Richard Thorne had a grateful heart, and, touched by their kindness, talked so fairly and pleasantly to his visitors as to make no disagreeable impression upon them, and Clarence wondered less at Bessy's fond devotion to her wicked father. With a promise that he should not be removed, but should be properly cared for, Sir Hugh and his nephew had turned to leave the poacher, when his daughter entered the cell. Bessy Thorne would have retreated, but her father, calling her by name, bade her come forward, and in a moment she was in the full view of the visitors.

"Merciful Heavens!" ejaculated Sir Hugh, his face flushing deeply, and then fading to a deadly pallor; "where am I? Who is this maiden?"

"My daughter Bess," quickly returned the poacher, raising himself upon his elbow, and keenly regarding Sir Hugh.

"She is no child of thine, Richard Thorne; if the daughter of my beloved wife yet lives, *this maiden is her*,—so like my Alice in face and form."

"She is mine, Sir Hugh, it matters not whom she looks like. I will stand to what I have said before the whole world. Come near, Bess; shake back thy curls, and let this gentleman see clearly thy face."

The poacher spoke mockingly, but his daughter instantly obeyed. Throwing back the long ringlets from her fair brow, Bessy, with a gaze of distress and bewilderment, approached Sir Hugh.

"Mine! mine! *sealed as such*, not only by thy marvellous likeness to my Alice, but by that crimson mark which glows upon no temple but a Wyllde's. Look here, Richard Thorne;" and the excited Sir Hugh pushed back the hair from his brow, displaying a mark similar to that of Bessy's; "here is its counterpart. Now judge calmly, and speak truly."

But the poacher, frowning darkly, stretched out his arms to the trembling girl, still muttering, "She is mine, *mine* only!"

"Richard Thorne," said Sir Hugh, approaching the bed, and speaking gently, "the village leech has said thou mayest not recover. I charge thee, then, as a dying man, to speak truly in this matter. Fling away thine obstinate declaration, and go not into eternity wronging this child and myself so foully."

As the poacher listened to these words, his countenance changed. Apparently, he had forgotten his perilous hurts. "It seems that I will lose Bess as surely by one way as another," said he, faintly smiling, "and so, Sir Hugh, I will deal with thee truly. Yet, hark ye, had my life been certain, thou couldst not have opened my lips so easily."

"I implore thee, Richard Thorne, tell me quickly, where didst thou get this child?"

"From a company of gipsies," doggedly answered the poacher.

"How long since?" asked Sir Hugh, with eagerness.

"Sixteen years ago, Sir Hugh the gipsies came into this shire of Somerset. Bess had not been with them past a week; but she was a puny, ailing little thing, and they gladly sold her to me for a good meal. Bessy was the name which my wife and I gave to the child, and we

loved her as our own. We were a childless pair; but from that day until my wife's death, and ever since, Sir Hugh, she hath been to me as a daughter, dear as my own flesh and blood." Richard Thorne ceased to speak, but he covered his eyes, whilst the heaving of his great chest showed that he was powerfully agitated; then he turned towards Bessy, but she, weeping bitterly, had left the room.

"My good friend," said Sir Hugh, slowly, and with intense emotion, "from my *inmost* soul I bless thee for so frankly dealing with me. And now hark ye to my tale." Then to Richard Thorne Sir Hugh told all that Clarence Wyllde had listened to with such earnest interest the night preceding. When he spoke of the little Bible, the poacher's eye brightened. "It is here, Sir Hugh," he exclaimed, drawing from under his pallet a volume, the rich velvet covers of which were timeworn and much rubbed; "this Bible the gipsies gave me with the child. So foul a crew liked not the good book amongst them, and, having broken off the gold clasps,—for which, I take it, they stole it,—they left the Bible at the cottage door. I am no scholar, Sir Hugh, and Bess can but spell out a chapter: so *this* writing, with us, went for nought;" and the poacher pointed with his dark hand to the flyleaf. There, with swimming eyes and throbbing heart, Sir Hugh read: "*Alice Wyllde, from her loving husband, Hugh Mortimer Wyllde. Lansmere, May, A.D. —*" and here the year was effaced.

"Through thy precious word, good Father, thou hast restored to me my child!" fervently ejaculated the old man, raising his hands and eyes to Heaven; and then he read to the poacher the names which he himself had traced, years before.

"Take her, Sir Hugh; she is indeed thine. And now, Bess, come hither," hurriedly said Richard Thorne. Then, as the girl entered the room, he proceeded: "Go to that gentleman:—he is thy father, thou his child;—*Bessy Thorne* thou art no longer."

Timidly, and with tears, the maiden knelt before Sir Hugh, who pressed her wildly to his breast, wept over and blessed her as though she had been an angel. "This thing hath come upon me suddenly," she murmured, "and, my father,—if thou indeed art such,—pardon my sore bewilderment."

"I wonder not that it stuns thee, Bess, for thou hast never known but that thou wert my child. I hid the truth from thee lest thou shouldst love me less, yet, after all, I lose thee;" and the poacher moaned in bitter grief. Then Bessy released herself from Sir Hugh Wyllde's close embrace, and flung her arms around the neck of Richard Thorne. "Faithful and true hast thou, whom until now I accounted my father, been unto me; faithful will I be to thee, leaving thee not whilst thou livest."

A gleam of joy lit up the dark face of Richard Thorne. "Oh, blossom most sweet and dear, for all thy love I bless thee. But, Bess, thou art a lady now, and must not stay with me. Had not Ralph Wilson lodged me here, Sir Hugh Wyllde would ne'er have known thee as his daughter; so that which he meant to thee as a curse hath turned into a blessing." As the poacher ceased to speak, a change came over him; his face was distorted with pain, and he writhed in agony.

"Help! help! good sir, bring the leech!" said Bessy, in terror, turning to Clarence Wyllde.

"Bring him not!" gasped Richard Thorne; "let me die in peace. I was warned that if I overwrought myself I would haste my death-hour;—now that it has come, do thou, my Bess, hold my head upon thy bosom."

The golden sunlight streamed in the windows of the keep. It fell on a strange scene. On the low pallet lay the poacher, his head resting upon the breast of the fair girl, whose slender, white fingers lingered lovingly among the masses of his matted black hair. Near by stood Sir Hugh, his face bearing the impress of great emotion, and his majestic figure slightly bent, as he gazed pityingly upon the dying man. The dark blue eyes of Clarence Wyllde were lit up with a mournful expression, as he knelt at the foot of the pallet, and earnestly regarded Richard Thorne and the sad, lovely face of her who partially supported him. The girl bent over the dying poacher, and spoke softly to him. Her voice was low, and often choked with sobs, but her words were of Heaven, and mercy, and he to whom she spake groaned out with fervour, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

"Bessy, I am cold,—cold; and 'tis growing dark. Where art thou? I cannot see thee;" and, as Richard Thorne stretched out his hand, the weeping girl fondly grasped it. "Sir Hugh, be kind to her, love her, and"—the poacher's voice died to a whisper, and he gasped as though for breath. Once again he spoke. "Bessy, call me father, ere I die; call me!"

"Father, dear father!" sobbed forth Bessy, kissing the cold brow of him who had so faithfully loved and cherished her. A faint smile came round the mouth of Richard Thorne; but the death-spasm drove it away, and in a few moments he lay, pale and rigid, dead upon the low pallet.

Sir Hugh Wyllde tenderly lifted his daughter from the floor. "Bessy Thorne no longer, but Alice Wyllde,—my own precious child, whom I have loved and mourned long years as lost,—hide thy tears upon thy father's bosom, my darling; I will not chide thy grief."

Alice Wyllde clung closely to Sir Hugh, whom already she began to love; and he, smiling upon his nephew, said:

"The future is full of mystery, good Clarence. When thou broughtest me to this poor man's bed, how little we thought *here* to find our Alice! How little I looked to find in her whom men did call '*the poacher's daughter*,' and of whom to me thou spakest so earnestly, my own child, my long-ago-lost bird. Thou hast well kept thy promise, my noble boy: may God bless thee for it."

Clarence Wyllde, bowing low, kissed the hand of the fair, weeping Alice, and begged a share in her affections, as a newly found, yet *loving*, cousin.

Some years later, Sir Hugh Wyllde presented to the circle of nobility his daughter, the lovely Lady Alice. She was admired, and looked upon with no slight interest; for, with the fame of her beauty went the strange, romantic tale of her early life, and restoration to her father in Somersetshire. The betrothal of the Lady Alice to her noble cousin, Sir Clarence Wyllde, soon also became public. Few were aware, however, that Clarence Wyllde's attachment to the fair Alice commenced in days when she was known only as Bessy Thorne, the poacher's daughter.

And what of Ralph Wilson? In his malignant hatred, he cursed his betrayal of Richard Thorne, as, through it, Sir Hugh Wyllde discovered his daughter, and elevated her at once to her rightful rank. 'Tis a wise ordinance of Providence that the machinations of the wicked often recoil upon themselves, or else serve, in a way least expected, to benefit and bless those they wish to injure.

EROS.

BY SARAH ANDERTON.

I SOUGHT the first link of that golden chain
God lowers through his creatures, till the end
Dips, wavers, sways uncertain in the Human.
I sought to find the extremest point of rays
Which, passing through the angels in swift fire,
Reach us alone in faint and waning strengths:
I sought thine evidence,—Eternity!

To grasp the electric wire that carries down
Those deep vibrations from the core of Life,
Which, feeling, we lose dread of death, and know
Ourselves the blood that wanders from God's heart.

Straightway before me a strange figure stood,
Heaped over with disguises: on its brow
A crown imperial, glittering like a belt
Of starry systems, and above the crown
The cap of Folly, noisy with its bells:
A massive wreath drooped heavy from the neck,
Made of all flowers, with warm and blinding hues,

And dizzying aroma. More than half
The form concealing, a black mantle hung;
But through its rents that form's white texture shone,

Like moonlight through a ruin; and the folds
Could not bind down two silver-plumèd wings

That jutted from the shoulders, broad and bright.
About the ankles and the wrists were chains,
And, twisted o'er them, little blossom-bands
Of valley lilies and forget-me-nots.

A poniard, fastened in the zone, dripped down
Fresh crimson blood, staining the dove-like flowers,

And gleaming feet: a shadow on the face
Darkened its calm divinity!—Amazed,
I asked, "Who art thou?"—came the answer,—

"Love!

Thou seest how man has decked me. From the crown

Of kingship, to the fetters of the slave,
I wear all badges. But in vain these limbs,
That shame the shining Asphodel of Heaven,
He covers with his weakness and his sin;
He cannot mar or change me: I retain
My primal beauty,—he can only hide!
And when God speaks unto his waiting Angel
All this disguise will leave me, like a cloud,
Through which, an upward flame, I spring to Him.

The pearl thou seekest in my heart He drops,
As in a jasper cup: within Love's breast
The germ of man's eternity is closed!"

THE GRAY LADY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUGUST SCHRADER.

BY FLORENCE ARDEN.

(Concluded from page 231.)

CHAPTER III.

When three days had elapsed, Emile, by permission of the physician, left his bed. Peter, who, since receiving information that the apparition had not been visible to him alone, felt himself daily more drawn to the young officer, loudly expressed his joy; and Emile, more and more tormented with loneliness, as the Countess neither prolonged her visits, nor made them more frequently, began to find in the old man a companion quite agreeable and sympathizing, but one in the highest degree credulous. This weakness of the good Intendant furnished the convalescent with many hours of entertainment; and Peter, who above all things wished to appear pleasing and attentive to his guest, went sometimes so far in his assiduities, that Emile was obliged to give him a gentle warning, to prevent their becoming wearisome.

The Countess, who still continued her stated visits in the evening, had changed at present the mode of entertainment; she now always made her appearance with a large pair of horn spectacles on her nose, and sought to while away the time by reading to her guest. The first time the old lady seated herself at the table and opened her book, Emile took occasion to inspect her countenance more narrowly; as usual, she was pale, and a large flesh-coloured plaster covered nearly all that part of the right cheek which was not concealed by her gray locks. The expression of her eyes was somewhat obscured by the glasses she had been lately reduced to wear on account of their weakness. Her whole figure was enveloped in costly furs, and even the tips of her fingers, hitherto visible, were now covered by her silken gloves. Though Emile, from whose imagination the apparition of the fair maiden had not vanished, was but little charmed by the exterior of his hostess, yet the sprightliness of her conversation, and her manner of reading, afforded him so much delight, that he often forgot her external defects, and would sometimes willingly have expressed his pleasure by imprinting a kiss on her trembling hand. Every day augmented his consideration for the Countess, and he could not deny that the freshness and graces of her mind obliterated the idea of her age.

These considerations prevented Emile from mentioning to his hostess the vision of the Gray Lady, which still wonderfully occupied his fancy; he feared to lose in her esteem by showing any belief in the airy being of a fairy tale: indeed, he considered the apparition as an effect of his excited imagination, produced by Peter's description, and was silent thereon, as the intellectual often are on the subject of a dream. Thus passed fourteen days, when the young man was so far

restored as to be able to walk as far as the corridors. The old castle, with its high, vaulted apartments, conveniently and even luxuriously furnished, afforded much relaxation to the convalescent, who more than once a day made the round of its stairs and halls. The Gray Lady, however, would not reappear, though he on one occasion prolonged his walk till the commencement of twilight. He returned to his own room laughing at himself.

At the close of one very cold day, Peter entered his chamber: "How goes it, Mr. Officer? To-morrow we shall make our first sleighing excursion."

"Excellent!" answered Emile; "and the intelligence which the Countess received this morning of the army, has had a good effect upon me; it appears they are making head against your Cossacks, and this pleases me."

"You! that I believe," replied Peter, with a lowering brow, "but not the Cossacks; and you tell me this with joy, as if—"

"Listen to me," cried Emile, kindly; "I am at present, it is true, a Russian prisoner, but I have not therefore become a Russian; besides, this tends to a nearer peace, and that is the foundation of my joy."

"And peace will be welcome to me, likewise, if the French do not retake Wilna; for in that case our castle would be placed in great danger."

"Fear nothing, old Peter; I will guarantee the safety of your castle. O that Heaven would give me an opportunity to manifest my gratitude to your mistress, whom I have to thank for so much!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Peter, "I was about to forget something important. A Frenchman is in waiting, who desires to speak with you."

"How, a Frenchman?" asked Emile in astonishment; "did he send his name?"

"No; he said your knowing it was a Frenchman, would be sufficient to procure him admittance."

"He is right; go quickly, and bid my countryman enter."

Peter withdrew: about five minutes after, the door opened, and a man buried in furs appeared: without saying a word, he remained standing on the sill. Emile stared in wonder at the face, which, surrounded by an immense beard, seemed wholly unknown to him. After some moments, the serious countenance of the stranger relaxed into a friendly smile, and he exclaimed: "Emile! have the features frozen in Russia, so that thou canst not recognise thy best friend?"

"Leonard! Leonard!" cried Emile, and with a loud burst of joy, threw himself into the arms of the painter.

When the first greetings were over, the officer rang the bell. Peter obeyed the summons.

"Mr. Intendant," said Emile, advancing towards him, "for the first time, let me avail myself of the permission of the Lady Countess, and give you some orders."

"I am at your service," answered Peter, with a puzzled look.

"Let a repast be served us in this apartment, as good as can be prepared in the shortest time. Do you see here," pointing to Leonard, "my best, my only friend; we must make him forget the severity of a winter journey in Russia. And let us have, I beg, a bottle of your famous champagne; we will see whether our countryman has lost his fire in the cold North!"

While Leonard was occupied in laying off his travelling habiliments, two servants entered and laid the cloth; the friends again embraced each other heartily, and seated themselves on a divan near the fire.

"You have been in Russia ever since we parted in Paris?" inquired Emile.

"Yes, the whole time," replied Leonard. "In France there are so many great artists, that even true talent must starve; for this reason I have left my mother and country, to seek my fortune in St. Petersburg."

"And have found it, I hope?"

"Do not hope too much, my dear friend. Petersburg, you know, is a Parisian colony. They speak French, adopt the French fashions, perform French dramas, and sing French operas and vaudevilles. The *élégantes* are not less smiling, the husbands not less indulgent, and the women not less susceptible; in short, they intrigue, they deceive, and they amuse themselves as in Paris: they even feast as well, and the ices of Neva will not yield to those of Tortoni."

"Friend," cried Emile, in comic rage, "hast thou then no national feeling left? It seems thou art in reality become a citizen of St. Petersburg!"

"Thou art mistaken, my best Emile. In a year hence I propose returning to France. I will then have myself announced as court painter to the Emperor of all the Russias; my countrymen will take me for a foreigner, and my fortune will be made."

"But canst thou carelessly await that time?" pursued Emile.

"I think so, for portrait-painting rewards itself for the trouble, in Russia. I have painted great princes, dukes, counts, and above all, the fair. I have been the fashion in the capital, but had no idea that my name had extended to the provinces; judge of my surprise, then, when, three weeks ago, a banker entered my studio: 'Are you Mr. Leonard Colbert, the French painter from Paris?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Good,' continued the banker, 'when will you be able to go by the way of Smolensk and Witepsk, to the castle of the Countess Xenia von Tschernikoff, in order to paint her portrait?—here are two thousand roubles in advance.'"

"Leonard," exclaimed Emile, seizing him joyfully by both hands, "do you know that you have me to thank for this unexpected good fortune?"

"How, my dear friend, thee?"

"Yes, me; the whole story is an act of courtesy on the part of my old Countess. I dare not utter a wish which she does not forthwith fulfil. It may be three weeks since I spoke to her of you, and expressed my desire to behold you once

more; like a beneficent fairy, she waves her wand, and lo! you are in my arms."

"Who is this Countess?" said Leonard, with an expressive glance; "how did you become acquainted with her?"

"In the strangest manner in the world. In one of the late engagements to which we were compelled by the Russians, our soldiers took possession of some of the enemy's baggage-wagons; among some heavily-laden ones, I remarked an elegant travelling-carriage, and in it an old lady, who immediately recalled to me my mother. 'Oh, sir,' cried she in French, 'protect me!' I flew to her, and expressed my happiness in being able to render service to a countrywoman. 'If it depends upon that,' said she, 'I cannot deceive you; I am the widow of a Russian officer.' You may imagine my reply. I then scrutinized my new conquest more closely; she was neither young nor pretty, though from appearances, she had been one as well as the other. Her deportment was gentle and noble, her conversation charming; in short, she seemed to me like a vestige of the beautiful court of Catharine II., or Peter III. Notwithstanding her sixty years, I became her cavalier, and though she always kept her face veiled, I found her in the highest degree interesting. In the mean time we pursued our march; every moment I saw our soldiers fall; our numbers were perhaps reduced to one-twelfth, when suddenly a loud huzza announced the approach of the enemy. These were a party of marauders, neither Russian nor French, who followed both armies, not for battle, but plunder. 'Fly!' cried my men to me, 'fly! we are but one to twenty; abandon the woman!' 'Friends,' replied I to them, 'I am the deliverer of this lady, and I will not forsake her; do you wish to spare your lives for your young brides, then fly; I will remain.'"

"And they fled?" exclaimed Leonard, who had been listening with attention.

"How!" replied Emile, with flashing eyes. "French soldiers, and abandon their officer in peril? An instant after, the little flock stood prepared for defence, with me at their head. The benumbed fingers of my gallant men could no longer load their guns, and three times they repulsed the most furious assaults with their bayonets. At length a ball hit me, and, bereft of consciousness, I sank on the strange ground, breathing my last sigh for France, and for my poor mother, whom I should never see more."

"Poor Emile!" cried the painter, involuntarily, and silently extended his hand to his friend.

"They imagined me dead; for when my senses returned, I was alone, except my poor old lady, who stood by me trembling, and who brought me to this castle, which, they say, she has lately purchased. And now, my friend, such a nurse you have never seen. I have experienced what only the tenderest cares could dictate; and at present, when I am no longer incommoded by my wound-fever, she sits in my room and entertains me, unweariedly, with interesting books. Leonard, you must hear her read; her voice is still so melodious, that it speaks strangely to the heart!"

"You talk with so much zest of your sixty-year-old Countess, that I fear you are in danger of falling in love with her yet," said the painter, laughing.

"Jest not," remarked Emile, earnestly; "I have been sometimes so much moved by her, that I have thought myself under a charm, particularly when my eyes were closed; and were she forty years younger, it might well be so with them open. I often imagine her to be a young maiden of twenty; and, on one occasion, my fancy went so far, that I beheld her as a beautiful damsel, who looked at me with an enchanting smile, but, as I stretched out my arms towards her, she vanished like a shadow. Since that time, I reverence her in imagination, and in recollection. It is true," continued Emile, smiling, "a glance at the original soon cools my glowing sensibilities, and painfully dispels my illusions."

At this moment the servants entered with refreshments and wine, and imposed silence on our narrator, who had become animated by his recollections of the Gray Lady. Leonard, an artist from taste and character, rubbed his hands, and still smiling, obeyed with pleasure a summons to the richly-adorned table; the attendance of a bearded Russian forbade a continuance of the subject which had engaged them, yet neither of the young people had touched the tempting dishes, when Peter advanced with lights.

"Friend Peter," said he to him, while unfettering the cork of a bottle of champagne, which sprung with a report almost to the ceiling; "you keep your cook under exemplary orders; this repast is so quickly and so excellently prepared, that one might be induced to believe some wonder-working fairy had aided—the snow-white hands of the Gray Lady perhaps—"

"Mr. Officer," responded the old man quickly, while placing with a trembling hand, the waxen lights on the table, "our new cook holds no connexion with such ladies; he this day presents his trial specimen, and has worked without strange help; for this reason, the Lady Countess requests a cover at your table."

"Excellent!" replied the officer; "assure your Lady Countess that she only complies with a request I had not ventured to make; this," added he, whispering to the painter, "affords me an opportunity of introducing you to my amiable hostess, with whom you can become acquainted in a sociable tête-à-tête."

Peter bowed, ordered the attendants to lay another cover, and retired.

"Emile," said Leonard, when they were alone, "you have excited my curiosity to such a degree, that I can scarcely await the moment when the lady will present herself whom I am destined to paint. Suppose the intellectual charms of the old Countess should make me your rival?"

"I should congratulate myself on possessing as a friend, a painter who places mind and heart higher than the beautiful proportions of form," replied Emile with a gallant bow.

"But the sacrifice that this would cost?"

"Would be indemnified by friendship."

"Suppose then, the exterior did not displease the painter?"

"Even then, if he were the noblest artist in the world!" added Emile, laying his hand on the arm of his friend.

"The Countess von Tschernikoff!" said a servant, crossing his hands on his breast, and bowing himself to the ground.

"Thy Ninon approaches," observed the artist

in a low voice; "the light is bad; for to-day, therefore, I will only be a psychologist."

Emile advanced to the door and opened it, and at the same moment Peter stood on the sill, bearing a light, with the politeness of a French gentleman; the officer presented his arm to the old lady, who, for an instant remained standing, and looked through her spectacles at the young man; then resting her left arm within his right, advanced with slow and feeble steps.

"It is as my friend says," thought the painter, who stood near the chimney, and regarded the Countess with a penetrating glance; "she is old and ugly. What a pity that the fine form should be bent by the burden of years. Much wit will be requisite, to make the odious veil be forgotten. I am curious to know what it conceals."

"A stranger!" observed the Countess, saluting Leonard with an easy and graceful inclination. "I presume it is your friend, Leonard Colbert, the renowned artist."

"It is my friend, who has appeared as by magic; in this castle, it seems, the laws of nature are subject to your commands."

"I have a spice of romance," replied the Countess, smiling, "and love surprises; what say you to the one in question?"

"That it is the greatest favour," answered Emile, "which your goodness could have conferred upon me."

"And a happiness to me for which I shall be long your debtor," added the painter, respectfully taking the gloved hand of the Countess, and raising it to his lips.

"You have passed your youth in that beautiful France, the country of the fine arts and sciences, and in order to make my ward, for the present, to whom I owe nothing less than my life, forget the cold and inhospitable North, during the short time he must remain in it, I have solicited the aid of his friend, as, alone, I might have been unable to succeed."

"You speak truth," interposed the officer. "France is the country, of all others, in which talents and amiability are the most cherished; but in your presence, we forget our own country, for you know how to convert the inclement North into the balmy and friendly South."

"Let us now try the power of a northern table," said the old lady in a smiling manner. On a signal, the domestics arranged the chairs, and the guests seated themselves. Behind each one stood a bearded Russian in attendance.

"You placed a book on the table; may I ask if it is for our lecture this evening?" inquired Emile.

"It is the promised lecture—'Adventures and Anecdotes of the late Russian Campaign,'" answered the Countess; "everything remarkable which others have related to me, or which I myself have experienced, are traced there by my own hand."

"I anticipate a high treat, for it is doubtless written with spirit and grace."

"Judge after you will have heard, M. Emile de Vercigny. I congratulate myself on the arrival of M. Leonard; I may thereby escape your criticisms for to-day."

"Madame, my friend has come to paint your portrait."

"It was only a stratagem," said she, "to induce him to the journey."

"To-morrow I go to work," said Colbert, "and as I require this evening for repose, may I request permission to become one of your auditors?"

The Countess would have proffered an evasive answer, but was prevented by the sudden entrance of Peter, trembling, and with a countenance expressive of anxiety and terror.

"What is the matter, friend Peter?" cried Emile, in a jocular tone; "have you seen another apparition?"

"Ah! gracious lady," stammered the Intendant; "I have an unlucky message to deliver to you!"

"How!" said the Countess in alarm, rising from her seat; "to me?"

"O, for Heaven's sake," cried Emile, "deliver your message in the morning; to whom can it refer, but the Gray Lady?"

"Ah! no, Mr. Officer; this time my message refers to you!"

"Has some misfortune occurred?"

"Not yet," replied the old man hesitatingly; "but the greatest calamity will take place before night."

"Speak quickly, Peter," said the Countess, dismissing the attendants by a sign. The old man drew a long breath and began:—

"An Imperial edict has been received in this castle, and in the neighbourhood, commanding all Frenchmen, whether wounded or prisoners, this day to be given up, that they may be transported to Siberia."

"Almighty God!" exclaimed the Countess, and sank in her chair. The friends regarded each other in amazement. Peter dried his tears, and continued:—

"The French army is totally overthrown; flying troops are everywhere to be seen in the most pitiable condition; in the huts belonging to this castle, wounded and sick Frenchmen are left behind. A peasant has informed me, that the Governor of our district, accompanied by a party of soldiers, is now making search, and will, perhaps, be here in less than an hour. Ah! he is a hard man, who will not intermit one single iota of the cruel command."

"You weep, merciful lady!" said Colbert; "your tears will soften him, and he will leave our sick friend under your protection!"

The Countess replied not; she looked steadfastly on the ground, and seemed to be forming some resolutions; after a period of the most distressing silence, she arose, and in a firm tone began:

"The Governor is a hard-hearted man, and to address him in mild terms would be but useless trouble; I, however, have yet hopes that our friend may not leave this castle."

"O Heaven!" cried the three, in joyful surprise, regarding the lady, whose compassionate glance was fixed on Emile.

"O, my guardian angel! my wonder-working Madonna!" exclaimed Emile, covering her hand with kisses; "how can I ever recompense you?"

"Only follow me, my poor friend; the time flies; my plan of rescue can be easily accomplished. M. Colbert, you are our guest; choose among the apartments of this castle, according to your pleasure. Adieu for the present."

With these words she conducted the astonished Emile from the room. The Imperial command appeared to have produced a great effect on the good old lady; for on the corridor, her steps be-

gan to fail, so that Emile was compelled to support her. Leonard, meanwhile, strode with rapid steps through the chamber, his heart filled with anxiety at the threatened misfortune of his friend.

"What will she do?" murmured he to himself. "Perhaps I can assist her in her designs? Or shall I intercede with the Governor myself? But if he cannot evade the command? O, my God! when I think that my poor friend, who has just recovered from his wound, is to be dragged across the deserts of Siberia, my heart is ready to break!—No, no!—If I cannot procure his freedom, I can at least share his captivity. Together we will take the road to Siberia. I will not abandon him I will succour him in weakness. A painter everywhere finds bread, for everywhere there is stuff to paint. I will make Siberian landscapes, whilst Emile will hunt sables. O yes! thus it shall be. I will make a journey of art into Siberia!"

In about a quarter of an hour, Peter entered the eating-hall, on the ground floor of the castle, in which it was the rule for the domestics to be taken care of. Like one menaced by an unlooked-for calamity, he drew hastily on a strong cord which hung near the door. Through the court, which already lay in obscurity, sounded the loud tones of a bell: immediately thereupon, from ten to twelve servant-men and women rushed into the hall. The violence with which the bell was rung must have alarmed them, for they all crowded anxiously about the Intendant, who kept pulling on the rope as if the castle were in flames. Exhausted, he at length let the cord drop, and looked around on the circle of domestics.

"You will kindle a fire in the great chamber of the merciful Countess," said he to two cherry-cheeked damsels.

"You," continued he, turning to two stout yeomen, "saddle your horses instantly, and await my commands in the court-yard of the castle. You others, fly to the huts of the sufferers, and tell them, that at the latest in an hour, they must all be assembled within the castle. And you," cried he to the remainder, "spread a great table in this hall, and see that it abounds with food and drink."

"Good Heaven! what is about to happen?" demanded the people, gazing in consternation at the old man.

"What is about to happen? Something incredible, unheard of, extraordinary, and yet natural; Forth, forth,—obey my orders! the loiterers will incur my anger, and that of our mistress. Know that our gracious lady, the old Countess, has given me unlimited power, as she is too weak to manage her affairs;—therefore quick, to work, and do not incense me!"

The domestics dispersed to all parts of the castle. Peter drew a writing from his bosom, stepped to the lamp which hung over a great wooden table, and ran over the contents.

"O Heaven!" exclaimed he suddenly, "this writing, which my mistress has given up as complete, is not according to rule! Yes, thus it goes when they do not take me into their counsels! If I were not here to watch and correct mistakes, what would become of them! The most important clause is omitted. There is still time for me to run to our justiciary's—in half an hour I shall be back!"

Drawing his fur cap over his ears, the old man walked briskly into the courtyard. Both servants stood ready at the gate with their horses saddled. Peter took two letters from his pocket, and gave one to each rider. Whilst giving them some further directions verbally, the castle gate opened, and the horsemen dashed off in a gallop over the glittering snow.

CHAPTER IV.

At the same moment that the messengers left the gate, Emile stepped into his friend Leonard's apartment. The latter had been attracted to the window by the noise in the court, and awaited with impatience some one who would enlighten him as to the cause of the tumult which reigned in the castle. He feared that the Governor had already commenced his search.

"Emile," cried he, rejoiced at his entrance, "Heaven be praised that thou art here! Now, tell me, what does all this bustle on the corridors and in the courts of the castle portend? Is the cursed Governor already in thy path?"

"Not at this instant," replied the young officer, tranquilly; "and if he delay but an hour, the Imperial mandate will have no consequences for me, even though I should meet him face to face. My God!" exclaimed he, in astonishment, "has no one given to thee, my best friend, any intelligence?"

"No soul have I seen. My anxiety for thy fate has been killing me. How is it that thou appearest to fear less than I do?"

"Listen, friend Leonard, and decide if I have still cause for fear. Because I am a French soldier, they consider me a prisoner of war, and will therefore send me to the hunting stations in Siberia. Now, were I a Russian, they would not have this right."

"How!" cried the painter, confounded; "thou wilt become a Russian? How can that happen?"

"I marry a Russian lady, and it is accomplished."

"Without doubt. But where will you this evening find a Russian lady, willing to become your wife?"

"That might be difficult," answered Emile, with humour, "but my marriage is positively settled, and I become a Russian count. I believe it is as good a condition as the former. I was a French officer, and rise to a Russian count or prince: such an advancement would not have been tendered to me in the French army. In a word, I marry, for three months, two hundred thousand roubles of rent, and an old but comfortably-endowed castle. When you will, you can satisfy yourself thereupon."

"How!" cried the painter, "you will not wed the old Countess Tschernikoff?"

"Yes, my friend, I marry her. She herself made the proposition to me, in order to prevent my banishment to Siberia; and never shall I forget the excellent, respectable old lady for this service. 'Consult with yourself,' said she to me, 'whether you have courage to be considered during some days as the husband of an old widow. You will be assailed by poor jokes, and even as poor verses; but all this is preferable to a journey to Siberia.'"

"I am entirely of her opinion," answered Leonard, quickly and resolutely. "But will not the worthy old Countess be compromised by this

marriage? How, for example, will you make the Governor believe this marriage is a serious affair?"

"For those who know the custom of the Russian Poles, nothing is easier than this. The Countess has explained everything to me. We French people have hitherto extolled ourselves as being the most fickle, volatile nation in Europe. This is a usurped glory; the Poles take the lead of us in this particular. Divorce is not permitted among them, but they elude the difficulty in this manner: both parties, in the marriage contract, take care to leave two or three points open till the closing of the compact, when, if it be necessary or desirable, they are allowed to separate."

"Quite right, friend Emile; I have read of this custom; if I mistake not, it may be found in 'Rulhière.'"

"An original, but a highly convenient arrangement," proceeded the officer, with humour. "I am surprised the French have not adopted it; it is to be hoped they will in time. My excellent Countess has undertaken to insert some of these articles in our marriage-contract herself. 'When the war is ended,' said she to me in a soft voice, 'you will be free to return to your own country, and marry in reality according to your wishes. I call you my husband in order to save your life, and, if possible, to restore you to happiness.'"

"Friend," said the painter, with emotion, "you are right in declaring the old Countess the most amiable woman in the world!"

"Am I not?" and the brightness of his eyes evinced the joyful testimony which he bore to the truth of the declaration. "They call her old, I know not wherefore; she has never known a winter or an autumn;—she is a spring growth of sixty years. I am also happier than many other married men, for I have this charming separation always in prospect. Now, I have one petition to make of you; and, bear it in mind, maintain a profound silence on this secret paragraph. No one knows it,—not even the Intendant Peter, who, if I mistake not, now opens the door."

The old man stepped from behind the heavy curtain, and announced that the Countess awaited M. Emile de Vercigny. The young man went to the mirror, and in a few moments arranged his toilet, throwing over his shoulders a short cloak adorned with costly furs, which was nothing less than a wedding garment.

"Leonard," said the bridegroom, half-aloud, "we should have preferred thee for a witness, but, on reflection, decided 'twere better to select an inhabitant of the province. I go now to the ceremony, which will be performed privately in the Countess's chapel. In a quarter of an hour you will behold me again, as the lord of this castle. Is all ready, Peter?"

"Yes, sir, and the witnesses are there. Allow me to be the first to congratulate you on this extraordinary but highly convenient marriage, and present myself as your faithful servant."

"I thank you, my old friend," said Emile, smiling, and offering his hand to the Intendant, who pressed it respectfully to his lips.

The friends embraced, and Emile left the room. After a while Leonard and the Intendant also went out on the dimly-lighted corridor; and the latter, taking up some travelling effects,

conducted his guest to an apartment in the second story, which he was to occupy during his stay.

The spacious halls of the castle were at this instant as if dead, the steps of the two men being the only sounds that could be heard. Leonard followed his guide in silence, the strange position of his friend filling him with reflections, at some of which he could not suppress his risibility. They thus reached that part of the corridor from which the stairs ascended to the second story; but scarcely had Peter set his foot on the first step, than he uttered a loud cry, and fled back in terror.

"What is the matter?" cried Leonard, who was at a short distance behind.

The old man answered not, but motioned with a trembling hand to the stairs, which the painter had not yet attained. He hurried forward, and stood on the first step. There he beheld, gliding along in the twilight, the figure of a young maiden, who appeared not less alarmed at the advent of the stranger than Peter was at her own, for her movements became suddenly arrested on the great stone stair. Leonard gazed as if petrified on the figure, clad in a gray garment, and wearing a chaplet of white roses in the brown locks. Not fear, but the surpassing beauty of the pale apparition, had, as it were, transfixed the painter, who, as if in view of one of the masterpieces of the Madonna, scarce ventured to breathe. Not so friend Peter. Down on both knees, he ejaculated one short prayer after another, without daring to raise his eyes from the ground. The figure meanwhile resumed its quiet motion, and walked, or rather floated, slowly past the two men, and vanished through a door which opened on the long corridor. Leonard gazed for some minutes after the appearance, then shook his guide, and, by a blow on the shoulder, aroused him from his stupefaction.

"Who was the lady?" said he, lowly and anxiously.

"Ah, sir," stammered the old man, "that was no lady: that was a ghost."

"A ghost! Impossible!" exclaimed the painter; "she was of a youthful beauty I have never seen equalled. That perfect form, those heavenly eyes, that divine countenance, surrounded by luxuriant dark locks, belong to no ghost."

"And yet," whispered the old man, "it is a ghost, that, for more than a hundred years, has haunted this castle. Under these circumstances, it is needless to speak of juvenility. God grant that the coming of the apparition now portend no evil to my poor mistress, who at this moment stands before the altar!"

During this conversation, they had ascended the stairs, and reached the chamber which Leonard was to occupy. It was fully prepared for his reception. A branch of lights burned on the table, and a clear fire blazed in the ample chimney. Peter informed him that he had seen the spectre once before, but petitioned he would abstain from the theme for this evening; on the morrow he would acquaint him with all the particulars in his power.

"Well," said Leonard, "we will then return to the living. Time will bring us your disclosures on the Gray Lady; but this I swear, I will not leave this castle without a portrait of that angelic head, should I even in the trial become a ghost

myself. Now go, Mr. Intendant, and let me know whether the nuptials of my friend are over, that I may wish him joy."

"Yes, sir," answered the old man, lingering, and pretending to busy himself with the furniture.

"Are you afraid of the ghost?" inquired the painter, laughing.

"Oh, no; but may I ask you a question?"

"Ask on!" replied Leonard, throwing himself on the swelling cushions of the costly divan, which stood near the fire.

"You well know that on such occasions as the present one is always allowed to prefer some request. I am still a serf of the Lady Countess, and I would petition that I might be free; not that I cannot do just as I please, but only that I might be able to say to myself, 'Thou art no bondsman.'"

"I understand. In that case, would you resign your situation?"

"Oh no! I hope long to retain that; I only want the consciousness of being a free man. M. Emile is your friend; will you speak a word to him in my favour?"

"Right willingly, old friend, if it will make you happy. Whether the new proprietor will be equally"—

"I believe he will," hastily interrupted the Intendant; "particularly, when he learns what an important service I have rendered him."

"A service, say you? In what does it consist?"

"This evening beholds him the master of this fine domain, which yields more than two hundred thousand roubles of annual revenue; and, look you, without me he would neither have had these great means, nor a Russian countess for a wife."

"How!" demanded the painter, in amazement, "without you? What had you to do with it?"

"That I will tell you. The Lady Countess, I must inform you, is very ignorant in matters of business; she otherwise would have seen that the marriage contract failed in some important items, which rendered it of no value, and that to-morrow or next day would, if they liked, see them as free as ever."

The old man, in the consciousness of having done a good deed, stood before Leonard with a friendly countenance; while the latter stared at him with great, flashing eyes, menacing a furious interruption. "Finish!" cried he, hastily; "what of this contract?"

"Now," continued the Intendant, smiling, "as M. Emile is so good a man, I have taken it upon myself to go to the justiciary with the contract, and have had it so arranged that by neither party is the least defection possible. M. Emile and the Lady Countess are indissolubly bound to each other."

"Miserable!" exclaimed the painter, panting with rage, "what have you done?"

"The duty of a faithful servant," stammered forth the terrified old man, shrinking back a few paces.

"Scoundrel!" cried Leonard, seizing the honest domestic so violently by the shoulders, that he uttered a loud cry; "scoundrel! you deserve the knout! Fly, and have the contract as far as possible restored to the terms in which you received it from the Countess. Fly, there is yet time to counteract the effects of your stupidity! Yet hold! Conduct me to the apartment of the

Countess. I will myself speak with my poor deluded friend! Forth!"

Peter had not time to possess himself, much less to reply, for the painter shoved him violently out of the door. As quickly as his age permitted, he descended the steps, not without apprehension of the strong fists of his companion. In crossing the corridor, they heard a loud joyful cry echo from one of the apartments.

"What is that?" said Leonard to the affrighted Intendant.

"Sir," stammered the old man, "that cry proceeds from the Countess's apartment. The marriage contract is witnessed; we come too late to alter it."

"O Heaven!" shrieked the young man; and standing at the door, he plainly heard a voice congratulating the newly-married pair; several others added their wishes for a lifetime of happiness. "Go in," said he, turning to Peter, "and beg M. Emile to attend me immediately in his apartment. I have pressing business for his own private ear."

"Ah, sir! how dare I venture at this moment to trouble my master?"

"Enter," cried the painter furiously, "or I will strangle you on the spot!"

This menace had the desired effect; the trembling old man obeyed, and in about ten minutes the two friends were alone.

"Leonard!" exclaimed the young officer joyfully, "here you behold a newly-made husband. The odious Governor was witness to the signing of the contract, and according to custom gave the first toast to our wedded happiness; but venom flashed from his eyes. You may suppose with what demeanour I received his congratulations."

"So it is all over?"

"All; it scarcely lasted ten minutes. Now return with me, that I may introduce my best friend to our little assembly; we have already been too long from each other;—besides, it is not proper that I should leave my young wife of sixty years alone," added he, laughing.

"Stay, Emile; I have something to say to you."

"Delay it till the morning, we have time enough."

"No, no! what I have to say to you admits of no delay, and will greatly surprise both your wife and yourself."

"Surprise!—Will you rejoice us with a design of your own composing?"

"No, that is not it."

"Now prepare *yourself* for a surprise; for I must confess to you, friend Leonard, that the longer I listen to this excellent woman, the more I love her: her voice is so sweet and captivating, that I should not regret it in the least, were our marriage a genuine, indissoluble one."

"Indeed!" said the astonished painter.

"I believe so, for she suffices to make me happy."

"By Heaven! you have come to my relief, for I can in that event find no difficulty in the intelligence I am about to impart to you."

A slight shade passed over the brow of the young man, as he said half aloud, "Well, Leonard, what is it?"

"I say," replied the painter seriously, "that nothing remains to be wished for; all is fulfilled."

"This scoffing from thee, Leonard!" said Emile, piqued.

"Heaven forbid that I should permit myself to scoff at thee, Emile! Alas, it is only too true! thou art bound by a contract nothing on earth can dissolve."

"No, no!" exclaimed the young bridegroom, turning pale, "that is not possible! The Countess is incapable of deceit."

"The Countess is not to blame, but the stupidity of your cursed Intendant, who carried the contract before being signed to the justiciary, and for your especial benefit, had the clauses filled up, by the omission of which you had the advantage of becoming extricated."

"And are you certain of this?"

"The old man, who is strongly attached to you, informed me of it himself; he thinks he has rendered you an essential service."

"Great Heaven, thus is my life's happiness blasted! O that the ball had entered my heart! that the snow had been my funeral pall!"

"Emile!" said his friend, embracing him, "I thought you had more courage, more philosophy. Fate has laid this burden upon you, now show that thou art a man!"

"The devil!" exclaimed Emile, his despair turning into rage; "who could bare his breast to such a stroke? To marry a *hundred years* is no such trifling matter!"

"Why, man, what did you say to me but a moment since? Did you not say it would make you happy, were your union even indissoluble?"

"O, we say many things, when we know the facts are otherwise. What under heaven will they think of me in France?"

"Be easy on that score, for the fact that it was done without your knowledge, must become public,—your honour is not compromised. You are the husband, it is true, of an old, but a highly respectable and intelligent Russian Countess, and thereby master of an immense fortune, which will enable you to establish your aged mother brilliantly."

"O, my mother!" cried Emile, and his outbursting anger was allayed by filial love. "Yes, mother, if I can make thee happy, I will not repine at the fate I have so lamentably incurred. I will provide thee a habitation fit for a queen, and though no little children play around thy knee, yet thy eyes will rest with pleasure on thy son, who will unweariedly devote himself to thy happiness. The Countess will be the origin of this happiness, and I will love and revere her also as my mother!"

"That is right, my friend; look at things on the better side, and you will be enabled to face the future with a steady glance. Now I am satisfied; return to your wife, and comport yourself in the eyes of the Russians as a gallant bridegroom, particularly on your wedding evening."

"And thou?" inquired Emile, with a melancholy smile.

"I will make a sketch of your young wife, as she would be, were she only forty years younger. We shall meet again at breakfast in the morning; meanwhile, commend me to the Lady Countess de Vercigny! Courage, man, courage! Things are not always so terrible as they appear. Good night!"

"Happy Leonard!" sighed Emile, as he walked through the corridor to the apartment of his wife. "You have reason to rejoice, you may hope to be

happy with some maiden, who can sympathize with the warm feelings of your young heart. Would that I could behold the Gray Lady, who once appeared so enchantingly beautiful to my fevered imagination. O that my marriage were then an uninterrupted fever!"

On entering the room, he found no one but Peter, who stood by the chimney, gazing vacantly on the waning fire. Emile in surprise looked around the apartment. "Where is the Countess—my wife—I would say?"

The old Russian bowed so profoundly, that his forehead touched the floor. "The gracious Countess is in yon apartment," answered he, pointing to a door which Emile had not observed, having never been in the room in which he now found himself, till the signing of the marriage contract. "She awaits the gracious master," added he, in a low faltering voice.

"What room is that?" asked Emile, hesitatingly.

"It is the sleeping apartment of the gracious Countess."

With a low sigh, Emile opened the door, and in doing so, was sensible of that agreeable fragrance which lends its charms to a lady's boudoir. The magnificent apartment, hung with deep crimson tapestry and heavy draperies, permitting only one window to appear, was illumined by the subdued yet clear light of a chandelier of alabaster, suspended from the ceiling by a thick golden rope. The floor was covered by a soft carpet, which returned no sound from the sinking footsteps. The furniture was simple, but of an elegance only seen in the great houses of the capital. A costly divan of sky-blue silk, whose swelling cushions seemed to invite to repose, stood near the stately chimney; in a recess, opposite the latter, was a toilette, which, ornamented by a flowing white drapery, appeared in the uncertain light as if overhung by a fleecy cloud, from which the mirror shone like the sparkling water of a quiet lake in the evening mist. Near the toilette reposed a splendidly-adorned harp; and on the wall opposite the door, might be distinguished an alabaster statue of Love, nearly concealed in a foliage of evergreen; the statue was surmounted by a brilliant clock, moving in ever equal measure.

The Countess was sitting near the toilette, in a posture of meditation. Notwithstanding the agreeable warmth of the apartment, she still wore the same fur-covered garment in which Emile was accustomed to see her. At the sound occasioned by the opening of the door, she slowly turned her gray head, and perceiving Emile, whose pale face was slightly suffused by a blush, she arose and went a few steps to meet him.

"M. de Vercigny," she began, in a voice of emotion, "you behold me in despair, and when you come to know what my Intendant has told me"—

"I know it, Lady Countess," replied Emile, endeavouring to appear as calm as possible. Had the lady not suspected his internal feelings, had his countenance not betrayed them, these few words would have sufficed, uttered as they were with such evident resignation. With difficulty she concealed her emotions, as she stood with dejected looks midway of the apartment. Emile could not discern her countenance, but he saw that she trembled, and heard a deep sigh; the

young man had a kind heart, and actuated by a real regard for his wife, he quickly yielded to it. "I know also," added he, "that the old man, of his own accord, rendered null, what you so kindly intended towards me."

"Sir," answered the old lady with dignity, "I shall never pardon the carelessness with which I trusted to my Intendant. Heaven is my witness, that I only wished to preserve you to liberty, to your friends, and to your country—and now, I have disposed of the whole future of your young life!"

"O, how can you believe—" stammered Emile.

"No, you will not blame, I know it; but if you knew my feelings, if you could read to the bottom of my heart, you would see that this circumstance has destroyed all my plans—has dashed all my hopes, and has rendered me the most unfortunate of women."

These words were spoken with an emotion which pierced the heart of poor Emile; and though he could not plainly see the Countess's face, he thought he perceived large tears standing in her eyes. He had just opened his lips to offer some words of consolation, when the Countess, with recovered self-possession, continued:

"If I neither foresaw nor can prevent so calamitous a position, I can at least seek all in my power to ameliorate it, and therefore, I beg you will listen to me quietly." Saying this, she gently took the hand of the young man and led him slowly to the divan. As Emile seated himself she withdrew to some distance, and then pursued:—"Ever since the day when you so generously saved my life, I have meditated some means of worthily acquitting myself of the debt I owe you."

"O!" interrupted Emile, "am I not your debtor?"

"I beg," said the Countess very gently, "that you will not interrupt me. I, therefore, had it in view to divide with you a portion of my inheritance, but never had an idea of making you purchase it so dearly. In order to compel your acceptance, I should have needed some pretext, some artifice;—now nothing more is necessary. I have a right to proffer it, but you have no longer any to refuse."

Emile would have spoken, but the Countess continued, as if she foresaw his meaning: "Do not deny me this privilege, the only one I still possess. You have a mother whom you dearly love; consider me as such, and yield to me a portion of her rights, that I, perhaps, through the tenderness I bear you, may deserve—and then, permit me one question."

Emile inclined his head mournfully, without speaking.

"Are you entirely free?" asked the Countess after a pause.

"I am entirely free!" was the prompt reply.

"So much the better!" cried the lady, seeming to be relieved from a heavy burden. "Set forth on your journey! The title of my husband will easily effect your return to Paris. With a yearly revenue of two hundred thousand francs, you can live agreeably. You will receive this sum, in order to enjoy yourself freely and independently, for at six hundred leagues distance from me, you may consider yourself as unmarried; only write to me from time to time, and in this way let me share your contentment and happiness; and," continued

she, sighing, "your love. Fear not that your wife will say one little word thereon; she will not be jealous, for she demands only your friendship!"

"My wife, do you say!" exclaimed Emile, much affected. "Oh, Heaven! should not any man call himself happy, to live his life by the side of such a woman? Why did I not come into the world forty years earlier?"

"Or I, fifty years later!" answered the Countess smiling.

"How I should love you; for soul and body would then unite to fling around me a sweet sorcery; and even now," continued he, fervently, "I feel myself bound by an unknown charm, a secret power, for which I in vain seek to account."

"At present," pursued the Countess, sighing, "our friendship might suffice, but hereafter, when you meet with some lovely young woman, who may inspire you with a more tender emotion, you will rue the shackles by which you are bound; in the mean time, my dear friend, my age consoles me; and that, thank heaven, is not trifling!"

"Lady Countess, what an idea! I were indeed a monster, even to give place to the thought, on which my benefactress seems to dwell with pleasure! Whatever the world may say, I will, and wish nothing more than to remain here, and always to be your friend, your husband!"

Emile had not uttered these words as courtly expressions,—no, they came from his inmost soul; from the depths of that heart which was overflowing with gratitude and reverence. As if seated near some young and blooming maiden, he seized the hand of the old lady, and pressed it with fervour to his lips. He plainly felt it tremble, but still more plainly he was sensible of a counter-pressure which seemed to electrify him.

"Emile, Emile!" cried the Countess, "this acknowledgment from you!"

"Yes, from me! who will reward the servant in a princely manner, to whom he is indebted for this happiness!"

The young man threw himself at the feet of the lady, and covered her hand with kisses.

"Emile," said she, greatly affected, this "moment, which affords me the highest happiness on earth, I will never forget!" And slowly inclining herself she imprinted a kiss on his noble brow.

"Now arise, my dear friend; I hear my woman."

At that moment an old woman entered, and going to the toilette lighted the tapers, which stood near the mirror, in silver branches.

The light fell on the visage of the Countess, surrounded with its gray locks. The veneration with which Emile was wont to regard the old lady, again acquired dominion over him. Looking downward, he bowed and was about to withdraw.

"Sir," said the Countess, pointing to a tapestried door, "I would inform you that yonder lies the apartments belonging to the master of this castle, and here are mine."

Emile took a light the woman had placed on a table near the divan, and would have absented himself by the door designated.

The Countess meanwhile had seated herself at her toilette. The mirror informed her of her husband's intention. Without turning round, she said to him, in a playful tone: "You will go, my lord? Or remain; I care not."

Emile quietly replaced the light; he thought it discourteous, in the presence of her woman, to gainsay the wishes of the Countess.

"Do you permit me to stay your toilette?" asked he, compelling himself to assume a lively tone, for the idea of the night toilette of the old lady had somewhat cooled his Platonic love.

"I think you have a right, my lord; there lie books on the table, with which you can entertain yourself."

He mechanically threw himself on the divan, and took up a book.

"What do I see?" said he, after a pause; "is not this the pamphlet of which you spoke to me, 'Anecdotes of the Russian Campaign?' I presume so, for it is written by your own hand."

"It is; I left it here to afford you a little amusement. Look over it, will you?"

Emile read: "A young widow, whom his Cossacks had taken prisoner, was carried before the Hetman Platoff—I know that story," interrupted the reader, turning over the leaves. He read attentively on another page, while the woman assisted the Countess, who sat before the mirror in such a position, that her back was turned towards Emile.

"Ah!" said the young man, "this anecdote appears to be interesting."

"Then read it," requested the Countess.

"A young orphan had married an old Russian general, possessed of an immense fortune. When the war broke out, he had the command of a corps, and his wife, not being willing to be separated, accompanied him, and shared all his difficulties and dangers. In a bloody engagement, his corps was defeated, and the general mortally wounded. His wife remained by him and closed his dying eyes. She now found herself alone, in a province filled with hostile troops, and having three hundred versts to travel in order to reach the castle of her deceased husband. She was young and beautiful, and had everything to fear from this dangerous journey. What should she do? Whither should she turn in her extremity?"

"Excellent!" interrupted the reader; "this promises to become very interesting."

"I believe so. Go on!" said the Countess, without interrupting her toilet.

"She then recollected the mother of her husband,—an old, amiable, respectable lady, who bore the same name as herself; and her plan was instantly devised and carried into execution. She disguised her slender, youthful form, concealed the freshness of her complexion, covered her brown hair with borrowed white, and transformed her whole appearance into that of an old woman of sixty, convinced that this would be a better protection than the lances of a hundred Polish riders."

"By heaven!" exclaimed the young man, "the expedient was not a bad one. Nothing frightens a soldier more than the sight of an old woman." At these words, his glance was directed towards the Countess, who at the moment had laid aside her upper garment. The mirror reflected a friendly, smiling countenance; while Emile held the book before his face, in order to conceal his blushes.

"Now, why will you not complete it?"

These words of the Countess caused Emile to turn his glance from the book towards the interrogator. With astonishment he discovered that

with the over-garment had vanished a slight elevation, which, more than all, used to affect him unpleasantly; and now the well-formed shoulders undulated into a graceful figure. The busy hands of the woman prevented his seeing the neck; but, in a state of surprise not unmingled with satisfaction, he continued his anecdote:

"A considerable part of the journey was without any disturbance. But imagine the embarrassment of the poor young woman, when, under this mask, she was compelled to share her carriage with a young officer, who, without knowing her, had generously acted as her deliverer from a band of robbers; she was obliged to remain at the same post-houses, and often to share the same apartment."

At this, the reader could no longer withhold his reflections, but exclaimed, laughing aloud, "And this stupid officer did not perceive whom he was conducting! Oh, had I been in his place!"

"Read farther, and perhaps you will change your opinion of the young officer. Read, I beg," continued the Countess, a little hurt.

"You appear, Lady Countess, to have the reputation of this officer at heart. We will see what the catastrophe is," added he, glancing at the toilette. The waiting-woman had disappeared, and, instead of the old Countess, a slight female figure was seated before the mirror, the hands occupied in arranging a light scarf over the bosom. As if struck by lightning, Emile sprang from the divan, and approached the toilette. There he saw the snow-white, alabaster neck, adown which, as well as over the graceful shoulders, waved a profusion of dark-brown hair. With each movement the arms shone in dazzling whiteness, and, in short, the whole figure was of sylphlike perfection. Confounded, he stood midway in the apartment, and gazed at the stranger, who still remained with her back towards him. Trembling, he rubbed his eyes, fearing the beautiful image was but the fantasy of a fevered imagination. The sudden disappearance of the waiting-woman seemed to him so mysterious, that for a moment he experienced an emotion of anxiety, as well as an indefinite feeling of apprehension concerning the fate of his old Countess. And was not the young man pardonable, doubting, as he did at the instant, in the reality of all that surrounded him? Had not his short residence in the Gray Castle abounded sufficiently in the marvellous to bewilder him? Emile's glance darted searchingly through the magic chamber; and as he again turned to the figure, he saw on the head a chaplet of white roses, which seemed to have fallen there by enchantment.

"Now," inquired suddenly the soft voice of the Countess, "why do you not read?"

"Great God!" cried he, in a low tone, and sank on his knee; but his eyes now encountered the charming visage of the young maiden, who, softly smiling, looked down and extended to him her lily-white hand.

"What is the matter, my lord?" inquired the same sweet voice he had heard all the evening,—the same voice which, some hours before, in the chapel, and in the presence of witnesses, had declared him lord of the domain.

Trembling, he took the soft hand, raised it to his lips, and imprinted on it a burning kiss.

"No!" exclaimed he, exultingly, "this is the beautiful reality, this is the living original, of that charming image, which has never left my heart; or I may be yet in a dream. Angel sent from heaven! dare I believe what yon pages recount?"

"Believe it, Emile," whispered the Countess, and sank, blushing, in the arms of her husband. "And now," inquired she, after a pause, "what do you think of the officer?"

"That he is the happiest of men!"

"M. Leonard Colbert," announced the woman.

Arm in arm they advanced to meet the artist, who, at sight of the young maiden, remained motionless on the threshold.

"I thank you, M. Colbert, for complying with my request, for I know my lord is longing to see you. Let us therefore joyfully complete our interrupted repast, which, I hope, will not be again disturbed."

"Emile," said the astonished painter, "this young lady"—

"Is my wife: the same whom, in my dream and in my recollection, I so revered and loved,—even as thou now beholdest her. My dream has not lied," added he; and, transported, before the eyes of his friend, he imprinted the first kiss on the ruby lips of his young bride.

In an adjoining apartment, where a table was spread with three covers, stood our friend Peter, awaiting the arrival of his superiors. The old man was disconsolate, on account of the transgression which his love for the young officer had caused him to commit.

"Heaven!" cried he, and sank trembling on his knees, as the maiden, in the gray silken robe, and with the white wreath of roses in her brown hair, appeared, leaning on the arm of the young man: "Heaven! the ghost!"

"Stand up!" said the Countess, in a friendly voice; "the ghost brings you the pardon of your new master for your officiousness in the affairs of his wife. I believe, therefore, it becomes her not to scold you."

"Oh no, my sweet bride; I will, as I have said, reward this faithful servant in a princely manner, for uniting me inseparably to a happiness which exceeds my highest hopes. May this happiness attain to the age of the Gray Lady."

"Of whom I can now take a portrait," added the painter, "without the apprehension of becoming a ghost myself."

"Yet one more cover," said the young Countess to a servant; "M. Intendant Peter is our guest, as the notary is entitled to a seat at the bridal repast."

"M. Emile," asked the old man, shedding tears of joy, "am I no longer a bondsman?"

"The freest man in the world, and—my friend. Will my Countess chide me for this?"

"Oh no, Emile; for I am indebted to our good Intendant for his beautiful tradition of the Gray Lady. How could I otherwise have personated her? Your first vision of her was no dream. I made you a visit in order to satisfy myself of the condition of my dear invalid."

The repast was concluded amid lively discourse; and, in the advancing twilight, Emile led his young bride back to her boudoir.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

BY CHAMPION BISSELL.

"Don't mix any for me Luke."

"Just the thing, Judge, to warm one this cold night," interrupted a very red-eyed individual, who sat wedged in between the stove and a huge molasses cask.

"Come, Judge, you'd better drink this," said the smiling storekeeper, emerging from behind his counter, with a tin tray of tumblers, filled to the brim with a steaming fluid from which there rose a grateful odour of lemon-peel and Monongahela; "'pears to me you need it, if you're going up the mountain in the teeth of this wind. Why, the teetotal folks han't got you, have they, Judge? As for myself I don't put much confidence in 'em. Father Cummins says they're wise above what is written, and he ought to know, for he's lived sixty-five year, and has looked into more of these newfangled reforms than any other man in the township. Steady man is Father Cummins; takes his warm sling as regularly as he reads his Bible, and is all the better for both. I never see him unsteady but once. Now, that's what I call temperance."

"So do I," answered he of the red eyes. "I always make it a pint to take just enough, and it isn't my fault if once in a while I do go a little over the mark, so long as I stick up for good principles. Hand me that highest tumbler, Luke, and mind you, mark it on the slate, for I don't want to go beyond my reg'lar number; there's no security, you know, after you pass the rubicund. Come, Judge, think better of it, and jine us. Won't you drink, sir?" he added, turning to me.

"Certainly," chimed in our social Ganymede, "who ever knew a well-behaved young gentleman refuse when older folks asked him? Here, neighbour West, set this down by him, keep a glass yourself, I'll put one by the Judge, and we'll all draw up nigher the fire, for it's most sarching cold, surely."

A most bitter night it was in reality, but I was hardly sorry that the raw and drizzly morning, which rendered the expediency of travelling so doubtful, had been succeeded by an afternoon so severe and stormy that any further progress was out of the question. And in the bleak highlands of Essex, reader, a warm corner in a country store, and a prospect of an old fashioned, two-feet-deep feather-bed, with an unlimited time to enjoy it, are not to be slighted. Perhaps the violence of the storm, as it moaned through the bare ravines, or dashed great masses of snow against the black window panes, caused me to think my situation far from disagreeable, and to look with peculiar approbation upon everything around me. No one who has ever sat in a country store of a winter's night, can forget its many means and appliances of comfort, the worn and hollowed chairs hacked by the dull jack-knives of scores of loungers, the sheltered nooks in which the warm air coils lazily down to sleep, the open boxes of nuts and fruit so irresistibly tempting to one's wandering fingers, the genial deity—the stove, the object of such universal and devoted worship; and none of these were missing in my host's well-

kept establishment, the pride of a wide northern township. Gazing about, the eye rested upon rows of burnished cutlery and crockery; upon ranks of fat hogsheads of sweets and salts; glancing complacently at the array of hams and sacked meats pendant from the ceiling; wonderingly, at the miscellaneous groups of jars, boxes, and patent medicine vials—the latter flanked by handbills decorated with images of philanthropic Indians, and erect figures encircled by halos of perspiration, and offering astounding rewards for the discovery of better specifics or the apprehension of base counterfeiters; and having traversed the glistening counter, pausing at length in suspense on sundry well-hooped barrels, and plethoric bottles lurking in the distant corner. So, having lazily scrutinized the diversified objects around me, I turned my face once more to the fire, and drew up closer to the warmth; my neighbour, a quiet, elderly farmer, did the same; and as if our example had been contagious, the red-eyed hero, glass in hand, stretched himself out till his legs fairly met the glowing iron; the storekeeper disposed himself with the air of one who is willing that others beside himself should be well accommodated; and the grave Judge, laying his feet on the broad hearth, began to play idly with the tumbler which our officious host had placed on the barrel-head near him.

"Judge," said the latter, "won't you keep us in countenance. If plain whiskey isn't good enough, just say the word, and you shall have as prime brandy as you would find in the country. It's a long time since we've seen you, leastways, to have a quiet set-down with you; and though we reckoned you'd got some pretty stiff notions, down below, we weren't quite prepared to see you refuse to jine an old friend in a social mug."

"The Judge hasn't dranked in a good many years," said the farmer; "never since I've known him."

"We can't excuse him to-night," interrupted the worthy behind the stove, who had already begun to see the bottom of his glass; "we'll toast him, and he must return the compliment. Our excellent Judge Mason, may he never"—

"Sh—h—h!" exclaimed the storekeeper; "no nonsense! But really, Judge, you don't belong among the teetotal folks, do you?"

"I have never joined them," said the Judge.

"True temperance," broke in our zealous friend. "Our excellent Judge Mason, may he"—

"Is it possible," I interrupted, "that although you have signed no pledge, and associated yourself with no temperance organization, you have not tasted ardent spirits for many years; and that too in this severe and thinly-peopled region, where so much latitude is allowed to the best citizens. I can imagine," I continued, warming with the theme, "how one who lives in a city, where the vice of drunkenness is of hourly occurrence, and where drunkards seize on the example of moderate indulgence as a pretext for gratifying their ruinous passion, may on principle and for the sake of his influence abstain from all that intoxicates;

but total abstinence in the back woods, where stimulants seem often a necessity, and are looked on as a harmless luxury,—why, such a thing seems an impossibility. Upon my word, sir, I cannot conceive of it!”

“For all that,” he replied, “it is even so. It is twenty-five years since I have tasted spirit, although some of my old neighbours will tell you that Dick Mason was once the hardest drinker in Essex. I boasted a strong head, and could easily carry two pints to any other man’s one. Everywhere, at raisings, musters, town meetings, I was foremost among my rollicking companions. Poor fellows, most of them are gone; killed off by hard work and exposure, and partly, perhaps, by too free use of the bottle; and to judge from the prophecies which one or two of the most cautious of my friends gave out, you would never have thought that I should become such a steady old dog as I am at this day. Indeed, but for one circumstance, the memory of which is as vivid as if it had happened but yesterday, I verily believe I should have become all that their worst fears predicted.”

“You don’t mean that affair of Nat Jephson, do you?” inquired the farmer.

“Nat Jephson?” said the storekeeper, musingly.

“Seems to me,” interposed the red-eye, who was busily engaged in clicking the rim of his empty tumbler upon the stove, “seems to me I once heard of such a character. Dead and gone, years ago, wasn’t he Judge?”

“Poor Nat!” replied the Judge; “very few of us remember him. I have been little more than a stranger in Essex for twenty years, and long before I sold the Mason homestead, and hung up my shingle in Saratoga, he had been pretty much forgotten.”

“I remember him well,” said the farmer; “and without any offence to you, Judge, for you and I have lived too long to get angry at trifles, he was called the likeliest young man in Essex. But we have travelled most of our long journey, and he, poor fellow—Well, well—it was a terrible day to some of us when you came back alone, when we were looking for both of you.”

“Why, Judge, I never heard of all this,” said the storekeeper.

“Look you,” replied the red-eyed; “it wouldn’t be a bad idea for the Judge to tell us the particulars,—and before he begins we’ll fill up and start fair. Luke, fill neighbour West’s mug, and mine. Don’t forget to add somethin’ to your own; it’s of no use to ask the Judge, and—hallo! begging your pardon, sir, but your tumbler’s cold, and you haven’t drunked a drop from it!”

“Excuse me,” I answered. “I must hear the Judge’s story first.”

“You will hear but little,” said Mr. Mason, smilingly, “but I don’t know that I can do better than comply with your wishes. It’s a short story, but short as it is, I haven’t told it in a dozen years, and may never tell it again;” and with this he cast his eyes to the ceiling; “for,” remarked the Judge, “I am far from being off-hand either at a story or an argument.”

The storekeeper filled the empty glasses, and there was a pause of a moment. The red-eyed stretched his legs, and hitched his chair audibly.

“I beg pardon,” said the Judge, “I must have been dreaming.

“Nat Jephson was my early and almost my

only companion, in the days when rough, woody old Essex was covered with many more rocks and forests than now. Our families were near neighbours when there was no other house within a mile of us. We were nearly of an age, our dispositions uncommonly similar. You can judge what close friends we were, and how apt we were to follow each other’s example in everything.

“We grew up strong, active, untamed, young men. With that love of adventure, which you must now go very far northward or westward to find, we would often venture out for weeks in succession into the forests and mountains, following up streams to their sources away in the unbroken woods, shooting deer on the shores of those numberless lakes that lie at the base of the Adirondack, and often accompanying Indians in their long rambling hunts at the north; in summer in pursuit of deer, and in the winter tracking the giant moose to their yards, and shooting the fierce animals by the score. It was a part of our creed never to return home empty-handed, whether we were gone a day or a month, so that from our expeditions, we uniformly came staggering home under the weight of tongues or haunches, or strings of huge trout, with which we satisfied ourselves when wilder and nobler game was wanting.

“Of course, like all backwoodsmen then, and most backwoodsmen now, we drank deeply. My father would as soon have thought of dispensing with his flour, as with his whiskey-barrel; and in our expeditions a large bottle of spirit was deemed as necessary as a knife. And when we came in contact with our rude fellows, particularly when on great occasions we assembled in noisy groups at the court-house town, our revels were unstinted. Our grave fathers said, ‘Never fear; young men will be young men;’ and so, what with our own unruly appetites, and parental sanction, we always drank ourselves by nightfall into stormy quarrels, or senseless jollity, or stupid oblivion. If we felt a little ashamed of all this next day, no one regarded either the fault or the shame. Our elders cracked their jokes upon us; our mothers simply threatened displeasure at any similar transgressions,—and our next meeting was our next carousal. Nay, there was pride in our recklessness; for I fancy that our backwood maidens thought it no harm in a young man that he could outdrink a dozen of his roystering companions, or could exhibit the same daring at swallowing the fiery draught, as in overcoming the dangers of the forest.

“Now, it was the misfortune of Nat Jephson that with a relish for strong drink fully equal to mine,—and mine as keen as can well be imagined—he possessed a head so constituted that a few glasses were sufficient to scatter its senses to the four winds. When free from the influence of liquor he was much the coolest and most judicious of us all. In every knotty question of woodcraft and farmercraft his clear, correct, advice was asked, and rarely contradicted. His mechanical talent was superior to that of any of us, trained as we were by nature and necessity to be our own carpenters. He had constructed a bridge over a large stream which, you will remember, flows some miles to the north of us, the Boreas, which we, in our honest backwoods’ wisdom, thought a model of architectural skill. Somehow,

too, he had picked up a wonderfully large amount of general knowledge, extending even to history and politics, and but a few days after he was twenty-one he made a stump speech at a party meeting at the court-town, which fairly astounded friends and opponents by its strength, and depth of information. I had been more abstemious than usual, that day, and had been separated from Jephson, and it was with a feeling, before unknown, but experienced since then too often—a strange grief and shame—that I saw the young man who had distinguished himself so honourably in the morning, raving in mad and hopeless intoxication by the middle of the afternoon. The seat in my stout wagon had been occupied by two, on our journey to the meeting, but as I drove homeward in the evening, I sat alone, and the joltings of the wheels over the rough road shook the senseless and dumb form that lay in the straw at my feet.

"Heartily ashamed was Jephson the next morning of his overnight's weakness, and numberless were the good resolutions he made for the future. I even ventured to remonstrate with him, but what I said was of very little use, since it formed no part of my own purpose to dispense with the luxury which I could enjoy with so much impunity. 'No,' said Nat, 'it's of no use for you to talk of being moderate; I'm too fond of the stuff to leave off when once I've tasted it, and I'm mightily afraid I never can let it alone. And what's more, so long as I hanker after it, and keep on thinking I want it, I doubt not all my promises, and all your advice, will be as so much flax in the fire.'

"Well, Nat's resolution, sure enough, didn't hold out long, and things went on in the old way; both of us first in noisy bouts, and spending what time was unoccupied in farm-work, in hunting excursions far up the mountains; our absences having gradually become so long, that it was thought nothing unusual, if we were not seen for an entire month. At length, for a half year, Nat seemed to have lost his rambling and drinking inclinations together. During the former part of this time he had been engaged in building a snug house, within a stone's throw of his father's, in which, in due time, and with much neighbourly rejoicing, he installed his newly-married wife—a very pretty girl, whom he had found some miles down the valley, and who had been quickly and completely won, by his open, frank manners, and really engaging disposition. Everybody now hoped that his 'steady fit' would continue, and it seemed as if their wishes would be gratified. Nat worked at the land, which his father had set off for him, early and late. Every Sunday, who so proud and happy as Nat Jephson's pretty wife, following her husband up the rude aisle of our meeting-house! Prudent mothers, who had somewhat doubted Lizzie Jenkins' ability to tame so reckless a disposition as Nat's, lavished commendation upon her unsparingly, and pointed out Nat himself, to their sons, as a worthy model for their imitation. It was not unremarked, that, at the last town meeting, Jephson had remained entirely sober all day, and had made one or two brief remarks that were unusually well-timed and acceptable. Certain of our knowing old men had been even heard to say, that stranger things had happened, than that Nat Jephson should one day go to the Assembly. And consequently it was without the least hesitation, that I prepared

for a long hunting-tramp with Nat, when, one fine morning in November, he crossed over to my father's, and proposed that we should go up to the Adirondack after moose. We set out in the afternoon, after taking a hearty dinner at the new house. I recollect that, just as we were starting, his wife, under pretext of giving him her last injunction, accompanied by one more parting kiss, took occasion to abstract a sizeable bottle of the 'best,' which he had deposited in a capacious pocket of his hunting-coat. Of course I said nothing; and when Nat found out the friendly theft, we were some miles away.

"Well, well, Dick,' he said, 'women will be silly sometimes, and I can't blame my wife for being like the rest of them.'

"We took the cart-path leading over Nat's bridge, which had now been standing about two years. As usual, we stopped to examine it, and give our opinion as to the workmanship of the various parts. You will remember that the Boreas just here flows with great swiftness, and with a narrowed current, between two high walls of rock, the summits of which are as smooth as if they had been graded by a level. This spot had been chosen for the bridge, because the river here was less broad than for many miles above or below, but the gulf was still too wide for unsupported beams, and with much labour, a massive wooden pier had been joined to the bridge, on which the framework rested securely. The pier itself was constructed of the most solid materials, and was of immense weight, for the current would have swept away a light fabric in an instant. It extended entirely across the bridge, and was fastened so firmly, that separation from the upper framework was impossible. The framework, however, was light,—simply a couple of beams, planked and cleated. The whole had stood safely during several severe freshets, and no one doubted that it would stand through many more.

"I don't see,' said Nat to me, after we had given all parts of the structure a thorough scrutiny, 'why that bridge shouldn't last more years than you or I. These beams,—see how firmly they lie on the rocks; and, look you, the pier hasn't started an inch.' And leaning over the side, he pointed again to the close and well-adjusted fastenings of the timbers, and to the steadiness of the pier, unshaken by the deep, swift water, which swept by on either side. 'We must put on an icebreaker this winter,' he continued; 'it should have been done before. Come, let's be off.'

"A mile or two beyond, we suddenly came upon a new clearing, and a half-finished log house, at which a couple of sturdy fellows were busily working. They hailed us for news, and of course we stopped to have a talk with them. We found they had recently moved from the eastward, and had purchased an extensive tract, on which they projected great improvements. We remained over night with them, and when, by the big fire, they brought out the jug to drink success to our expedition, I could not blame Nat or myself for joining them, since I thought it could do us no possible harm. Next morning they insisted that Nat should take a full bottle with him, and as I could not well repeat his wife's stratagem, I was fain to let him do as he pleased.

"We were unusually successful in our pursuit, and at the same time, met with a great deal of bad weather, in which we were obliged to lay by in our cabins. But as we had never before found game so plentiful, we gradually pushed on farther and farther, till we had left what we now call Mount Marcy, out of sight, and had penetrated into the very centre of the Raquette district. We fell in with numerous parties of Indians, who supplied us bountifully with liquor, which they had brought from the settlements on the St. Lawrence. Nat drank deeply, as if to make up for his long abstinence, and I was not backward in setting him an example; so that what with our success, and bad weather, and frolics with the Indians, it was fully six weeks before we again set our eyes on the log house of the new settlers, near the Boreas.

"Right glad were we to see the house, for our march during the previous three or four days had been one of little pleasure. There had been, a week before, a fall of snow, the like of which we rarely see, and it had not lain long before the wind veered round to the south, and a warm, drizzly rain set in, producing a thaw so rapid that the forest became little else than a vast marsh. This unnaturally warm weather was in its turn succeeded by a day of intense cold, at the close of which we found ourselves emerging painfully from the woods behind the settlers' cabin, almost famished with hunger, and chilled to the very bone, by the freezing wind, which we felt with tenfold sensitiveness by reason of the mild days immediately preceding. Indeed, so biting was the frost, that our clothes, thoroughly soaked by the rain, were frozen, and hung stiffly around our limbs. The trees dripping with melted snow, became mailed in solid ice, and the hard and glassy surface of the snow under our feet rendered walking unspeakably difficult.

"You might think that our first impulse would have been to throw ourselves down by the cabin fire, rid ourselves of our burdens and clothes, and, having satisfied our hunger, roll ourselves between blankets as soon as possible. This would have been natural and wise, but from our toilsome march and long absence, both Nat and myself were perfectly wild with impatience to arrive at home. My companion loudly urged against the friendly settlers, who attempted to dissuade us from setting out, that there would be a bright moon, that the distance was a mere nothing; and waxing impetuous over the whiskey, of which he partook in frightfully-large quantities, vowed nothing should stop him. I was very far from keeping him back, for my eagerness to see home again was as keen as his. The pail of spirit, hot and strong, flowed freely. The backwoodsmen declared that if we refused to stay, we should not refuse to do justice to their cheer, and fit ourselves for our journey. The liquor *told* fearfully on our systems, weakened by the exposure and insufficient food of the few previous days. And when once more we pushed out into the cold fierce wind, and plunged along the slippery and uneven path, we could, at best, only stagger and reel. We had taken so much of the fiery spirit that the cold air failed to sober us. Nat was wholly beside himself. He shouted and screamed in insane mirth, and although at every dozen steps he pitched headlong on the snow, declared he knew what was good for him, and

he should always henceforth have enough of it. 'No more of a woman's preaching!' he exclaimed. 'If it hadn't been for the real stuff, we shouldn't have seen our roofs *this* night! Hurrah for the old Boreas!' he continued, as the roar of the swollen and icy stream came to our ears on the night wind. 'The old Boreas—it would stop *us* would it! It would keep me from my little Lizzie one night longer, would it! Not while Nat Jephson can build bridges. Hallo, here we are!' and he reeled toward the banks. 'Why! what's this! Good God! Dick Mason, what does *this* mean!'

"I started back in horror, and it seemed an age before my whirling brain became sufficiently sober to comprehend the reality and the magnitude of the disaster that had befallen us. The river had risen to an alarming height, and had pushed pier and bridge bodily from their foundations. The pier had been twisted and half engulfed; and partly separated from the beams, it swayed to and fro some twenty feet farther down than it had originally been planted. The end of the bridge nearest us still rested on the rocks, although one of the beams had been raised by the upturning of the pier, fully six feet in the air. The other end had fallen from its position, and caught on a slant projection of the opposite rock just at the water's edge. Every moment some large wave loaded with blocks of ice dashed against it with a violence that caused the whole fabric to quiver to its very centre, covering the bridge with spray, which in an instant was changed to ice. So high was the stream, that that end of the bridge which just escaped submersion seemed within reach of the surface of the rocky bank, although ordinarily the top of the pier was fifteen or twenty feet above water-mark. The lower part of the bridge seemed likely, each instant, to be dislodged from its precarious position, for the heavy pier which felt the force of the strongest and deepest part of the current refused to part company. Had it not been for the extreme care with which pier and beams had been fastened together, the former might have been carried away, and the latter left undisturbed; but as it was, I saw one must go with the other. As soon as I recovered words, I exclaimed, 'That bridge can't be crossed; and if it could be, you know, Nat Jephson, we are not the men to cross it to-night. We must go back!'

"'N—no!' gasped my companion; 'but it must be crossed, though. Look, d'y'e see, the beams are safe; but if they should be carried off before morning, we shouldn't get over in a month. D—n it,' he cried, 'we *must* go across; let me come!' and suddenly seizing the uppermost beam he began to scramble along the planks. I grasped him, and forcibly pulled him again to the bank.

"'Nat Jephson,' I said slowly and with effort, for my senses were so bewildered that it was hard for me to talk rationally, even in the face of the imminent danger, 'Nat Jephson, if you *will* venture on that bridge, you shall throw down your load, and you shall let me go first.'

"'Go I will,' he replied, doggedly, 'suit the rest as you like.'

"'Very well, then, if you won't listen to reason, do as you see me do,' I exclaimed, as I began to work my way slowly along the upper beam.

"Our progress was comparatively easy, so long as the beams and planks were dry, but as soon as we came to that portion which was iced over

by the flood and spray, I found that it would be impossible for us to proceed as we had set out. Looking beneath, I observed that a smaller beam, which had been fastened over the planks as a cleat, afforded a tolerably good foothold, being raised several inches above the surface of the bridge. As my hands were quite unable to support me longer on the icy ridge, to which I had been obliged to cling, I let myself slide down, spreading out my arms wide upon the planks, and feeling cautiously with my feet for the small beam. As soon as I touched it, I helped my companion down, and bidding him follow my example, groped slowly along, with my breast flat to the planks, and inserting my fingers firmly into whatever crevices had been left by the ice. Occasionally the ice upon the beam at our feet, would break away, and several times I seemed in imminent peril of following it. We had, however, got safely two-thirds of the way across, when a large mass, which my own weight must have cracked, broke through beneath Jephson's feet, and he slid heavily into the stream. I was down in an instant, and wedging my hand in a crevice, had just time to seize him by the arm,—for the rest of him was under the bridge. How long a time it was before his head emerged, I can't say,—it seemed an eternity, for the poor fellow was already too much exhausted to help himself, and my whole strength was barely sufficient to keep him from being swept away. At last his other hand grasped the beam, and gradually his face rose to a level with the water,—but oh! what a face to look upon! The moon had just risen, and its cold rays slanting across the current, lit up, with terrible distinctness, every feature of that fearful scene in which we were the sole actors, revealing to my gaze, a countenance so full of horror, of wild and deadly fear, mingled with the vacant look of intoxication, that to this hour I shudder to think of it.

"I must have put forth the most intense efforts, for several times I almost succeeded in raising the drowning man, who, after each struggle, fell

back more and more exhausted. Neither of us uttered a word; as often as I attempted to speak, I choked and gasped, but no sound came. 'Once more!' I tried to scream, as I saw a huge mass of ice bearing down upon us,—but in vain; my voice died in my throat. With a force, against which a dozen men would have struggled in vain, it struck the unhappy man full in the back, and drove him beneath the bridge. There was a frantic clutch at my arm for a second,—then I was suddenly freed. I knew all was over, and a strange, sickening sensation came upon me,—the effect of a fear, which, in the struggle, I had not time to experience.

"How I gained the opposite bank, God only knows. But I gained it, and looking, with strained eyes, upon the stream, ran wildly down the banks. Vain search! The river, that night, would have swept away an army. In vain did I examine every projecting log, and dripping bough; the drowned man had been carried by them all. At the great fall, two or three miles below, I paused, breathless, and exhausted, and sorrowfully confessed to myself that I could do no more.

"I don't know," resumed the Judge, after a moment's pause, "that I need say anything more. I broke the news, that night, to his father and mother, and a terrible task it was. His poor wife heard of her desolation soon enough,—I hadn't the heart to be first in acquainting her with it. And now do you wonder that I haven't tasted spirit since?"

There was no reply. The farmer had set down his glass untasted: the storekeeper must have forgotten that he held one, for while he leaned intently forward, its contents were running in crooked streams, across the floor. The red-eyed man was dozing soundly. The Judge rose and sighed. "It has ceased storming, I see, I may as well be setting off." As we wished him good night at the door, through which the night air entered clear and sharp, I said,

"You have had, sir, at least one attentive listener."

MY HARP.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

It sings of Nature fair—
Of hill, and vale, and sea,
Of spring-flowers, rich and rare—
The loved of bird and bee;
Of summer breezes singing,
Of birds from earth upspringing,
Their skyward journeys winging
With bursts of vocal glee.

It sings the joys of wine—
The generous and the kind,
Infusing strength divine
In heart, and soul, and mind;
Where lamps are burning brightly,
Where hearts are beating lightly,
Where Eld and Youth meet nightly,
And Time speeds like the wind.

It sings of woman's love—
The beautiful and bright;
The star, sent from above
To bathe our hearts with light;—

Of pledges, kept and broken,
Of sigh, and word, and token,
Of tales, by lovers spoken,
With faltering tones, at night.

It sorrows for the brave,
With dulcet notes of woe;
It wails above the grave,
If stout hearts lie below;
But then its descant changing,
To themes of vengeance ranging,
It calls for swords avenging,
To lay earth's tyrants low.

It loves the strife of men—
It loves the serried line,
On mountain ridge or glen,
This wild, wild harp of mine!—
The brazen trumpet's playing,
The charging and the slaying,
The shouting and hurraing—
Down! down! wild harp of mine.

REVISED LEAVES.

FROM A CRITIC'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

BY MOTLEY MANNERS, ESQUIRE.

No. II.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

"It is all with live stones that I set up and erect the fabrics of my architecture—to wit, MEN."
RABELAIS.

THE mooted question as "What is Poetry?" is perhaps equivalent to an investigation of the exact breadth of an equatorial line. We may meet the query "What is *not* Poetry?" by replying that *Evil* is not poetry; because we feel that the constituents of true Poetry must of necessity be good, and that whatever is evil cannot partake of poetic nature. A poet cannot lie: he who lies is not a poet. The satirical saw, of "more truth than poetry" cannot be syllogised into "more poetry than truth," for that which contains little truth, has, we may be sure, less poetry. In all times and crises the poetic fire in mankind has flamed up from the altar of Right—never before the idols of Wrong. Politically, the Poet is the iconoclast of his age, tearing off the veil from fraud, trampling the Baals and Dagon of hypocrisy, and outspeaking to tyrants and false teachers, his rebukes and warnings of the wrath to come. Whether he be Isaiah exulting, Ezekiel denouncing, or Jeremiah lamenting; whether he deliver his oracles like the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," or clothe himself with apocalyptic mysteries; whether he scourge with Horatian wit, thunder in Demosthenian philippics, harangue as Rienzi, or electrify men's hearts with the eloquence of a Hampden, a Henry, or a Kossuth,—

"Still for the people—still for man and freedom—
Boldly his Titan words, the bard must speak;"—

Still, and for ever, must he who is called to be a Poet, be, likewise, of his nature, a soothsayer.

But, if Truth be the ideal or exemplar of poetry, as concerning its relations to Society, and its position regarding Right and Wrong politically, it is none the less its peculiar quality in every other phase through which its manifestation appears unto human appreciation. Nature is Truth, and therefore we measure poetry accordingly as it more or less affects our natural, individual feelings. We love "Highland Mary," because its author's feeling, natural and spontaneous, appeals to and is recognised by a natural and spontaneous sympathy within our own hearts. We admire "Paradise Lost" in the precise ratio in which Milton's dominant spirit of sublimity can reach and be received into our souls, through a corresponding medium of sublimity therein existent.

It follows, then, that Poetry's gauge is, in each and all of us, like the chord which in every natural being responds to music. But unlike music, Poetry

cannot be graduated by cultivation. A melodious sound, a rhythmic succession of vocal feats, or the harmonious combination of varied qualities and shades of tone, are essentials of music, and these essentials may be refined, exalted, sublimated, for diverse tastes and through infinite mediums. But Poetry was before all this—Poetry was the necessity which first evoked the *idea* of all such events; Poetry was the abnormal and creative spirit which brooded over the formless musical elements in the composer's mind, and *constrained* their symmetric birth. And this abnormal spirit, the Æon of divinity, is, like man's soul, a mystery, existing independently of form, and yet manifest through all forms and expressions which partake in the remotest degree of divinity. I call Poetry an Æon or Emanation, because, with or without form, it is recognisable. Like heat, it emanates from one substance, is received by another, and yet is unseen. And herein lies its character and power, that, more or less, it must be received by all natural living things, and that which is utterly refused by living things is not only not Poetry, but is the antagonism of Poetry. In the rudest periods of the world's history, men were accustomed to be moved and influenced when hearing certain simple sounds, in rhythmic measure, in chant, or in monotone, which were called music; but these simple sounds, acting through swell and cadence, were not the motive-power of influence,—they merely constituted its medium. The true motive-power was the rehearsal, through such simple sounds, of some familiar subject, feeling, or passion, which operated upon corresponding sympathies or passions in the hearers. This is the origin and rise of every poetic medium, from the primary monotone ballad to the complex epic; but Poetry was before all these media, as it will be after them. It is, of itself, simple, single, unchanging, no matter how polyglot may be its expression. Whether we cite the eclogues of Æschylus or Aristophanes, the traveller's tales of Zenophon, the street declamations of Roscius, or, going back into the mazes of tradition, consider the itinerant rehearsals of Homer, or the inspired rhapsodies of the Hebrew bards; whether we listen to the Runes of the northern Saga, the monotonous tales of Arab story-tellers, the lyrics of troubadours, or the rude chants of our own aborigines,—we observe still a distinctive character of simplicity and singleness, which accounts for their influence upon simple nature in every epoch of

human history. Sublime or grotesque, fierce or tender, mythologic or social, they are for ever natural in imagery, intelligible in language, direct and feeling in expression.

Poetry, then, if it exists distinct from, and independent of forms, cannot be trammelled by schools. The so-called *art* of verse-making is not poetry; we cannot make divinity out of matter. We may dissect the dictionary, master the amenities of language, may combine words into the most symmetric rhythm, and enlist all the resources of simile and antithesis, but we shall not thus evoke poetry. We may, like Frankenstein, imbue our creation with life, making it

"The perfect monster which the world ne'er saw,"

but it will be nothing more than a monster; for it will have been *wrought* and not *born*. And, indeed, Poetry must be born, human-like, from the Heart, not Minerva-like, from the Head. Schools may mould, but cannot create, and seldom develop the true bard. The mythic style of Coleridge and Shelley has been sublimated into quintessence by Tennyson and Barrett, and diluted into whipt-syllabubs by a thousand imitators; but that style neither achieved Tennyson's and Barrett's poetic salvation, nor doomed to perdition that of the puerile poetasters; and this, because style is inactive in influencing reputation either for good or evil. Wordsworth's laboured simplicity has been filtered into nauseating dishwater by a hundred meagre imitators; Byron's misanthropy has generated a legion of metrical Timours; but real Wordsworths and real Byrons are not quite so numerous.

Yet, though all men are not Miltons, all human beings possess a spark, faint soever it may be, of the Miltonic poetic fire—enough, probably, to inspire them with a consciousness of beauty in surrounding objects. To these, the gospel of poesy needs not to be preached by Miltons or Byrons, but by bards whose hands they can grasp familiarly, and be thus led up, as it were, into the regions of sublimity and divine love, where abides the all-glorious spirit whose divergent rays first illumined them with a faint lustre, but whose close embrace will warm them into exalted enjoyment. The mission of song is to inspire confidence, and it for evermore fails, if it repel the meanest intellect by stilted conceits or pompous extravagances. Poetry's most magnificent garments are those in which she is married to some true admirer, whether he be prince or ploughboy; and they are thus magnificent only because they are her "wedding-garments." Disguise her in the most gorgeous array, for show merely, and like a painted coquette, she will dazzle only fools and madmen; but her true, loving spirit, even in a beggar's garb, will enrapture all who are worthy of her.

The thralldom of schools sometimes stifles the manifestations of even genuine Poetry. We have, in our country, too great a liking for the *bijouterie*, if I may so term it, of verse—for colour and nicety in expression, and for *bizarre* conceits. Our bards, many of the real ones, are not content that their Muse should be lovely, she must, moreover, be "in the fashion," perfumed, gloved, and lady-like. And here we encounter what, for lack of a better designation, I shall denominate the New Lake School, of which Wordsworth's platitudes and Tennyson's altitudes constitute a sort of neutral platform, whereon many interesting young men

in soiled linen, and damsels in hair-papers, erect fabrics of American poetic gingerbread. At the threshold of this New School, "with shining morning face," sits a talented portrait-painter, author of several books of verse, and editor of a work upon "The Female Poets," ycleptd THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, whose merits will occupy, if they do not fill, the rest of this paper.

It has been said that Goodness is a child, and the good are they who longest preserve their youthtime in its freshness. It is true, that the earliest fruits of poetic genius, if it be genuine, are stamped with letters-patent attesting the fact; and if, afterwards, their author fails to fulfil his promise, it is not that he possessed not the power, but because the weeds of unbelief or the tares of life, have choked the germinating principle within him, and he has grown out of his youthtime genius, becoming old, like other men. No one ever became a poet by degrees or easy stages; for if the manifestations of his power were not spontaneous, and marked in their birth, by some token of their origin, all the hot-house cultivation he may afterwards bestow, will never produce aught but exotic blossoms. Young READ, in his first essays, gave proof of indwelling poetry, and had he, like a true bard, remained young, he would now be beyond and above the New Lake School.

In the dawns of inspiration READ gave utterance to *Thought*, and Thought chose her own metrical robes afterwards, and now, he cuts out, and fashions, and embroiders the robes, but, unfortunately, Thought will not don them. A genuine poet is a creator—forming living things to wear garments; and he never sinks into the mere tailor, framing garments to hang out, untenanted by life. Like the prince, in the allegory, who, losing his talismanic eagle's feather, supplied himself with a fac-simile in its stead, too many of our bards belie their early promise, by substituting a mere semblance for that natural virtue whose possession alone constitutes the poet's title to the name. They fling away the talisman which is indisputably their own, for the counterfeit, which no more belongs to them than to every other individual of taste, fancy, and a tolerable education.

Among the first of his essays, comprising a volume of fugitive pieces indifferently good, READ wrote a poem called "The Brickmaker," which, though constructed somewhat like Schiller's "Song of the Bell," was yet quite original in the matter of treatment, fresh in spirit, and endued with an objectivity that gave evidence of real poetic *vim*. It seemed born from two qualities, the union of which always distinguishes genius, its imagination and natural strong sense, and in perusing it, one felt that much creative power was behind. The picturings were vivid and unique; as, per example, a verse descriptive of the kiln:—

"View it well: from end to end
Narrow corridors extend,—
Long, and dark, and smothered aisles:—
Choke its earthy vaults with piles
Of the resinous yellow pine;
Now thrust in the fettered fire—
Hearken! how he stamps with ire,
Treading out the pitchy wine.
Wrought anon to wilder spells,
Hear him shout his loud alarms;
See him thrust his glowing arms
Through the windows of his cells."

But the promise of this poem, and one or two more of READ's early efforts, has been, like that

of Macbeth's weird sisters, kept to the ear, but broken to the sense. We find, in his later poems, few traces of earnest feeling, though the semblance, as before remarked, is not wanting. He appears, indeed, to have started his Pegasus with a free rein, and open nostrils, breathing the pure afflatus, and in this spirit, to have speedily overtaken the Tennysonian cavalcade, which, with dainty pace, burdened with trappings, had preceded him. Unhappily for himself, however, he did not push by and distance this cavalcade, as he might easily have done, but pulled bridle, and permitted his divine steed to amble genteelly among the palfreys of the rest. And there, with the Tennysonian cavalcade, he ambles still, and his Pegasus has become as well-behaved, and kind in harness, as the best-natured family horse ever disposed of because the owner had "no further use for his services."

I have said we discover few traces of earnest feeling in Read's later pieces, yet it is true there are some; but even of these, many impress us less as spontaneous pulsations than as fortuitous thrills, resulting from the vibration of some pretty conceit whose expression cannot otherwise than involve feeling. Thus, in the "Beggar of Naples:

"Avoiding every wintry shade,
The lazzaroni crawled to sunny spots:
At every corner miserable knots
Pursued their miserable trade,
And held the sunshine in their asking palms,
Which gave unthanked its glowing aims."

Forgetting the ungrammatical construction, how exquisite is the suggestive spirit of the last lines! But this is spoiled by the bad taste of the succeeding couplet, explaining to us that the beautiful sunshine was

"Showing the blood, until it ran
As wine within a vintage runs."

We might have been suffered to guess that; but the conceit of the wine was too tempting. It could scarcely have been the author's desire to secure a rhyme to "clan" that induced the explanation, as a couplet below contains two unexceptionable ones:—

"A native Neapolitan,
A boy whose cheeks had drawn their olive tan."

In truth, "conceit-hunting" is one of the puerilities which render READ's hold on poetic immortality exceedingly precarious. Here, for example, is a misty sort of a sentence, intended probably to convey an impression of the exact state in which a very lymphatic young man was left, after having been

"Bereft of all the quiet which had lain
Like a low mist within his brain,—
The idle fogs of some rank, weedy isle,
Hanging on the breezeless atmosphere
Over a miasmatic mere."

And "all this," comprising the "quiet," the "idle fogs," and the "miasmatic mere," had been stolen by

"A maiden very young and fair,"

who, solely by the

"Beauty of her smile,
Had blown"

the aforesaid "quiet," "fogs," etc.,

"Into a storm which would not rest again;"

which, to say the least, was an extremely improper piece of blowing for the beauty of any young lady's smile to indulge in.

The young man, however, got upon his feet, and

"Stood as with a statue's fixed surprise,
Great wonder making marble in his eyes."

This is a genuine Tennysonian figure; but it would be more apposite if written

"Great wonder making *marbles* of his eyes,"

leaving the reader's ingenuity to conceive the colour and size.

This mendicant protégé is a singular youth, enacting grotesque feats. For instance, after "great wonder" had finished upon him the marble-making process, we learn that

"His childhood, like a dry and sandy bar,
Lay all behind him, as he hurled
His soul's hot bark to sea, and wide unfurled
The straining sail upon a billowy world;"

and

"No one missed the boy;"

which latter will, I fear, hereafter apply to the poet, if he write not better in the future,—which he can if he will, as the following proves:

"Long have I mused upon all lovely things;
But thou, oh Death, art lovelier than all!
Thou sheddest from thy recompensing wings
A glory which is hidden by the pall:
*The excess of radiance falling from thy plume
Throws from the gates of Time a shadow o'er the tomb.*"

No one but a "divine-right" bard could have conceived the veiled beauty of the last lines. And, again, none but a *natural* poet could have kept the vigils of "Midnight," singing to the "old clock,"

"Say on,—but only let me hear
The sound most sweet to my listening ear,—
The child and the mother breathing clear
Within the harvest-fields of Sleep;"

and saying to the solemn sounds of the darkness,

"Still hearkening, I will love you all,
While in each silent interval
I can hear those dear breasts rise and fall
Upon the airy tide of Sleep."

One of READ's positive and obvious faults is the pursuit of mere wordy conceits, with a mistaken notion that quaintness and verbal prettiness are wisdom and beauty; and another is his reliance on Fancy to accomplish what lies legitimately within the province of a higher power,—Imagination. He is, in effect, a fanciful writer; and while he remains so he cannot be a great poet, nor even a generally popular one. We may read his verses, and like them, and discover delicate similes in them, expressed daintily enough; but we cannot help asking, after the perusal, "*cui bono?*" for the *thought* does not remain with us; no fond, melodious echoes linger about our memories, as if loth to depart. We feel no inspiring warmth in our hearts when perusing this author's verses, and no tears spontaneously suffuse our eyes at the meeting of some natural gush of human poetry. And this is because BUCHANAN READ sings artificially, for artificial audiences, and on artificial themes. We

do not hear his natural voice, but a falsetto; it may be the falsetto has become second nature, but that does not help the matter.

"The Alchemist's Daughter,"—a poem exhibiting much continuity and method,—gives some of the best indications of Read's natural power; but fancy predominates in this, to the exclusion of feeling, even though the subject is one susceptible of almost every passionate effect in its development. Of the mass of fugitive poems which have appeared under our author's name, I may class them with justice as good magazine poetry;—such as Graham and Godey have dealt in and paid for tolerably well for years, and

quite as good as the average of verses which are continually being set to music and sung by young ladies at first-class seminaries. I hope he will yet be ashamed of a great many of them.

T. BUCHANAN READ is above thirty, and married. He has written more or less for a dozen years past, pursuing his artistic profession at the same time with assiduity. I think he is a Pennsylvanian by birth, his earliest boyhood having been passed in Philadelphia, whence he removed to Cincinnati, afterwards resided in Boston, still later in Philadelphia, and is now dwelling in Cincinnati. He is the most innocent of the "New Lakers."

WHAT THE SEA SAID TO THE SEEKER.

BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.

WEARY, o'erburthened with heart-aches and strife,
Earnestly longing for freedom from life,
Longing, yet fearing, Death's threshold to cross,
I on the brink of two worlds stood at loss.

Pale eyes gleamed on me through dark bending
skies,
Mingling cold drops with the flood from my eyes;
Lone on that waste, which frowned back the
night's frown,
Of Earth's wretched men stood her wretchedest
son!

Out from the murk loomed the vista of years;
How were the banks of Life's stream washed
with tears!

How were the flowers that once margined its
shore

Borne down the tide to the dim nevermore!

Only some leaves, and a few blighted flowers,
Stood as mementoes of past sunny hours;
Many a story of feelings bygone
Sang their wan lips in a sad monotone.

All seemed alike,—present, future, and past;
All seemed so dark, with such chill cloud's o'er-
cast;

Which way I would, still, no hope could I see,
Save in the one burning wish,—not to be!

Oh, that these waves were from Lethe's dark
stream!

Sleep would I seek here that knoweth no dream.
Here from my heart's deathless woe would I
rest,

Losing, oh Lethe, all thought on thy breast.

Why so irresolute? Plunge boldly in!
Nought can you lose, but, oh! much may you win.
'Tis but a step, then no heart-ache or strife:
In!—'tis not Death! 'tis a new lease of life!

Oh, how alone and how wavering I stood,
Counting the heart-beats of ocean's cold flood;
White, misty arms seemed outstretched through
the spray,
Beckoning me onward, from earth-care away.

Wave after wave, as day followeth day,
Rolled past my feet on their unresting way;
Out from the heart of each strange voices came,
Echoing mockingly my bitter shame.

What meaneth, oh Ocean, what meaneth thy
dirge?

What meaneth the deathless unrest of thy surge?
Cease, till from out the red embers of Time
I call up once more the dark picture of crime.

Oh, more like a spirit of direst unrest
Than like a true man of his reason possessed,
The wide earth I've haunted by night and by
day,

My heart's secret curse ever hugging my way.

Wasted and worn are her garments of pride,
Blackened the soul-wings that trail at her side;
Cold are the lips I so madly have kissed,—
Colder that cheek than the night-wreathing mist.

Loved she unholily!—loved she not well!—
Loved she unworthily!—loving she fell!
The hues of her crime, like a sunset of flame,
Spread fire through her lineage, and night o'er
her name.

The roof-tree I planted lies blackened and bare;
The home I had made,—'tis the home of despair;
The children I cherish, blush, falter, and fail;
And the shine on my path is the slime of her
trail.

Exactng her nature, and reckless of blame,
To warm her heart's altar fresh victims must
flame;

Impatient of duty, no sanction could bind,
For the words of her lips are as rash as the wind.

Not mine to condemn her; 'tis conscience must
slay.

A beacon, a warning, I gloomed in her way;
And if love I withheld, 'twas the love she had
cursed

With the serpent of doubt, which her bosom had
nursed.

Earth is now desolate;—she hath been there.
Stars, who have watched her, I shrink from your
glare;

Suns, that have lighted her down to her doom,
Shine not again till you shine on my tomb.

Askest thou, mortal, what meaneth my dirge?
What the eternal unrest of my surge?
Answering, moaningly, through the night-blast,
Chaunt I this requiem over the past.

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ENGRAVED BY J. SERZ — THE ORIGINAL BY SCHÖN —
CRONWELL BEFORE THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

Centuries, centuries buried and gone,
Saw me still hurrying, hurrying on;
Out from the depths of my heart, as I went,
Uttering prophecies high of intent.

Few understood them, and none their full might;
Few cared to know or to read them aright;
Yet have I preached until hoarse is my voice,
Telling Earth's wretched ones how to rejoice.

Deaf are they, blind are they, buried in sin;
Deaf to my voice, and the warning within;
Weak ones on weaker ones ev'rywhere prey;
Selfishness, selfishness, all, they obey.

Full of deep sympathy, sad is my moan,
"Woe, woe," repeating in wild monotone;
Full of glad meaning to those who will hear,
"Hope" through my surges floats softly and clear.

Who should preach doom to men, who, if not I?
Who, their dark wickedness, 'neath the broad sky,
Knows so well, feels so well, knows as I know,
I, who so largely have drunk of their woe!

Flooding my depths from the far-away time,
Secrets came blood-stained with anguish and
crime;
Open-mouthed rivers, like molten flame, poured
Into my depths all their long-garnered hoard.

Rivulets heard from each spring strangest tale,
Voiced with the down-trodden's desolate wail!
Mighty with woe, swelled each torrent still on,
Emptying all, all in my breast alone.

Cold forms they brought me, too, bloodless as
death,—
Forms of despairing ones, weary of breath,—
Those who had asked of the wild waves repose;
Rashly had sought thus to end all their woes.

Ah! they knew not, that on earth, or in heaven,
There is no Lethe for heart-achings given;
That only by bearing, can life be endured,—
That *Death* is *Life still*, and not suffering cured.

Wonderest thou, then, why I moan and complain!
Why, like the tocsin of Death's mad refrain,
My voice wildly struggles above wind and storm
To utter my grievances, thrice multiform!

Tall, gallant vessels, oh, many a one
That flashed sunshine back in the face of the sun;
Brave with young manhood, with soft beauty
warm—
Warmth, strength, youth, beauty, my dark cham-
bers swarm.

The shrieks of despair from those wrecks that
uprose;
The white, wordless awe, that the bravest blood
froze;
The mad calls for help, when no succour was
nigh;

The loud, selfish strife, of each fearing to die!—
The wild words now uttered, the tender replies,—
The fulness of love, poured from leave-taking
eyes—
Intenser than life,—stronger, mightier than death—
All rent my heart like the whirlwind's sharp
breath.

Rocked in my bosom, far down from the light,
Sleep they securely, one long, endless night;
White of face, black of face, wronger and wronged,
Mindless of forms, now, together are thronged.

Oh! 'tis their lullaby sounds through my surge!
Of their woes and their fate is my funeral dirge:
I must guard, I must watch o'er their cradle and
tomb;
I must guard, I must watch till the coming of
doom.

CROMWELL.

BY J. D. KINGSBURY.

(See Engraving.)

It is good for us sometimes to contemplate the character, and study the life of a truly great man. It matters not whether we fully fellowship his doctrines or not, it is good for us to be much with him, and learn what various motives actuate him, and notice the effect of the various influences, both external and internal, upon him. There is a remarkable correspondence in the minds of all truly great men, in the same large ideas of truth, the quick perception of underlying principles, and the same grasping and comprehensive view of causes and effects. To them the outward world is but an index, only the outward manifestation of something inward and deeper, something *essential* and *permanent*. In studying these great men, we get at the great ruling spirits in the world; and in fact there is no better way of pursuing the history of any particular period, than by carefully studying the history of its leading minds.

There is no character which will give us a deeper insight into English history, of the seven-

teenth century, than that of Oliver Cromwell. The *history* of this period is of too much consequence and magnitude, to admit of a mere cursory examination. It must be considered in its length and breadth and completeness. Just like any other totality, it has its beginning, its continued causes, and its grand results. It is not a mere narration of unmeaning facts, but it is the visible outworking of a principle, the realization of inward promptings and aspirations,—in fact, it is the master revealing of the active English mind, of the seventeenth century, working deeply and powerfully for the accomplishment of its own designs, in the fulfilment of its own mission. The study of this great mind may, therefore, fail in its completeness, but it will give us some practical knowledge of his spirit and of the spirit of his times.

Oliver Cromwell was a giant among common men,—among great men, he was an inspired man. Like all other great reformists, he seems

to be a special, heaven-sent messenger, endowed with divine commission and authority. Born for the work, he was nurtured and brought up in it, and the result is, that he became the fittest man in all England, for the work of leader and guide. But his *growth* was gradual. He did not burst forth, meteor-like, in brightness and splendour, but he rose slowly and steadily, like the great sun, as he rises from behind some high mountain, forecasting his bright rays of light into the whole broad expanse of heaven, even before he, himself, is seen. But before he could engage as an actor in those stirring times, there was a course of discipline marked out by an overruling hand. Cromwell was the witness of many strange scenes, and they all had their influence upon him, in fitting him for the work he afterwards so fully accomplished. He had witnessed, in his younger days, the awful nature of religious persecution; in later times, he had known the baseness of the king, and the rising discontent of the people; and finally, he had witnessed, and formed part of that ever-memorable scene in Parliament, when the first steps were taken in the reform. There had been a deep sense of the wants of the people, and they were fully conscious of the wrongs which were heaped upon them. When, therefore, that Parliament met, which was composed of those men who made up the great heart of the nation, it was evident that some action must be taken. They met and considered, and prayed and wept. Tough old hearts, which had never known grief before, melted into tears. Truly this was a touching scene. A profound sadness must have inspired it, when those great men, who had never known the power of grief to overcome and subdue the whole man, were so choked for speech that their swelling emotions could find no utterance. Those old men would not have flinched in the grapple of might with right, be it ever so terrible, but the thought of opposition to all that was dear in the forms of their government, was like warring against one's own household gods. This was a scene in which Cromwell took part. There he made his first speech, and gave his vote for the proposed action. He is henceforth to take a more prominent stand, as the leader of the Protestant interests. There is only one further step of discipline to be taken, and that is to be gained by a retirement to his farm in the country, where he may breathe the free air of heaven, and drink in rich draughts of liberty, pure and sweet. But we must pass over the many successive scenes in the reformation, as not suited to the present purpose. It would be interesting to trace through those tragic scenes which opened the civil war, and we should doubtless leave that fierce struggle, between religious freedom and usurped authority, sadder and wiser than before.

The leading idea with Cromwell was that of "special providences." He believed that God revealed his will not only in his word, but in the hearts of men. This idea he infused into his soldiers. In a short time, he had transformed the whole army; and they went out, as one broad phalanx, on an inspired mission, to claim and protect the Protestant rights of England. There is no picture which one can present to his mind which contains so much of grandeur as that of a whole army going out "in the fear of the Lord," for the defence of religious rights, and calling on

"the Lord of hosts" to be their guide. Doubtless, there were errors in the belief of Cromwell and his followers; but that they were inspired with a religious zeal which was high and dignified in its character and lofty in its aim, cannot be denied.

But we hasten to the closing events in the life of Cromwell, which are the most sublime in contemplation of any connected with him. In England, Cromwell had only to contend with "men of honour;" but when he passed over into Scotland, he found an army of Christian men, who had covenanted to support their king and their religion. Surely, this is a sad sight, yet one which carries with it a strange sublimity;—two Christian armies standing opposed to each other, each relying on a belief in the truth of their religion, and just about to enter into a bloody strife. Cromwell met at first but little success in Scotland; and at last he was compelled to retire to a narrow promontory, where he could receive supplies from ships, or, if necessary, make sure his retreat into England. That was truly a critical period. The champion of the religious rights of England is driven upon the narrow promontory of Dunbar,—his entrance blocked up by a force more than double his own. But he was not disheartened. He believed that "the Lord of hosts would deliver him." The army are without tents, and the night is cold and rainy. They spend the night in "praying and singing psalms." At last the "Lord Protector" decides upon the plan which he shall pursue. He communicates it to the officers, and it is fully agreed upon. It is to attack the enemy, before they are aware of it, in the morning.

The plot is well conceived, and there are strong hands and hearts to accomplish it. Let us wait for the result. It is now nearly morning, quite light, and the Scottish army are still sleeping. Cromwell's army are singing psalms and offering prayers. Cromwell himself is holding sweet communion with some of his officers, a little apart from the army, and in full view of the enemy. At last, he spies a slight motion in the enemy's camp, and he is impatient to commence the battle. Now is the time, before they are fully aroused; but his most faithful General is not here. All impatience, he awaits, and longs to give the word; but no Lambert comes. He looks; the enemy show signs of movement. At last he comes, and they go out to battle, shouting, "*The Lord of hosts!*" The Scots cry out, "*The Covenant!*" and fiercely join battle.

But this sad and terrible spectacle is soon over. The Covenanters are beaten and slain, or taken prisoners. Indeed, so many had they, that they knew not what to do with them, their soldiers were so few.

This was one of Cromwell's most important victories. The great Commonwealth of England was very soon established, and religious freedom fully secured. The candid student of Cromwell's character cannot fail to see that he was always sincere in whatever he did. He verily believed that the cause of religion was to be promoted through him; and he held himself as the special agent to accomplish this design. His influence has not been lost. The Commonwealth in its essence still remains in England, and *religious liberty*, which is the proudest monument that could be raised to the memory of its departed and dishonoured champion.

NOSSA SENORA DA BOA MORTE.

BY H. MILNOR KLAPP.

(See Engraving.)

ON the southwestern shore of the great bay of Santa Katharina, which, the reader will remember, divides the island of the same name from the adjacent continent of Brazil, stands the pleasant village of Nossa Senora da Boa Morte, or Our Lady of the Good Death. It is built along the curvature of one of those quiet, little, landlocked bays, which so frequently indent the coast, and first obtained its name from an incident connected with its history, when Brazil was still dependent on Portugal, about the close of the long reign of Joseph the First. It was then a paltry, straggling collection of mud huts, dotting a sandy beach, without even a chapel, or an ecclesiastic of any kind within leagues of its precincts. In fact, the villagers were a villanously irreligious set, as different from the honest, frugal, industrious people who now inhabit this delightful portion of the coast, as can be well imagined. The latter are descended from emigrants, who removed hither from the Azores in the last century, and were deservedly accounted the very best settlers on the more southern parts of the coast, while the former were refugees from neighbouring captaincies—Rio de Janeiro and San Paulo, for instance—men of wild and irregular habits, who were, generally, to be found at the works during the whaling season, and searched for gold and precious stones among the streams of the Serra da Santa Katharina, during the rest of the year. The gold thus collected, they privately sold to the Governor, who was largely engaged in a contraband trade with the Spanish colonies on the Rio de la Plata; the stones, if valuable, fell to the same purchaser; if not considered worthy of purchase by his excellency, they were then disposed of to some less important person. These men were called *grimpeiros*, or smugglers, and being under the ban of the law, it was sometimes found necessary, in the course of business, to make a few examples among them, by transporting those of least use to the trade, to the barren and desolate islands of the South Atlantic Ocean, which were then the penal settlements of Brazil. His excellency, himself, while regularly engaged in defrauding his king, was, of course, far removed from attainment or reproach, and fast growing rich from the labours of the poor *grimpeiros*, who, strange as it may seem to the reader, preferred their dangerous and precarious occupations to the monotony of a settled life.

According to law, every man who was fortunate, or unfortunate enough, as it happened, to discover a mine, was obliged to give immediate notice to the government, which claimed one-fifth of the value of the whole, and the same dividend on all the gold sent out of the country. A similar law existed in the Spanish colonies on the Pacific, where silver was the precious metal most abun-

dant, as gold was in Brazil; so that the governors of the respective colonies had only to effect an exchange of metals, to set their Most Catholic Majesties at defiance. The governor of Santa Katharina, especially, was an adept in this loyal and ingenious kind of traffic, and woe to the unlucky *grimpeiro* whom his excellency caught doing a secret business on his own account. I may mention, in passing, that Don Antonio was second cousin to the terrible Marquis de Pompal, the renowned Prime Minister of Portugal, who, about this period, played with poor men's lives and liberties, just as my lord Marquis's cat, in the story book, did with the mice, after his master's advancement.

However, to come back to the villagers, who, I had almost forgotten, were famous, even at the time referred to, for the manufacture of a peculiar sort of earthenware, made of a porous clay found only in the vicinity, among the hills which show their green heads here and there above the bend of the bay. These vessels, when suspended in a draught of air, were the very best water-coolers in the country; a great thing in a warm climate, where the people drink but very sparingly of wine and ardent spirits, and, though the elevated plains of the Serra were covered with millions of horned cattle, a good draught of milk was hardly to be had. Of course, the water-jars were in demand, far and near; nevertheless, such was the disinclination of the people of this wild little village, to any regular species of labour, that it was extremely difficult to procure them at any price. The establishment, which was a miserable little mill, worked by a few decrepit old men, and a ragged mule or two, defying, as it seemed, time and usage, hardly turned out enough jars, in a year, to supply the governor's household, and the families of the chief men of the city. At last, it so happened that among those whom Pompal took a fancy to send on his travels in his old age, was a retired merchant of Lisbon, named Joze Maria Sylvesta, or, as he was commonly called, the Senhor Joze Maria. This old gentleman was taken out of his bed at night, by the agents of the despotic minister, and shipped off to the colonies, without being allowed to dispose of his property, or to speak with a single friend. He brought with him, however, a considerable sum in cash, which he laid out in the purchase of an extensive cattle estate, on the mountains, and a house and grounds not far from the little village, in the most beautiful vale, perhaps, in the world. Here he resided, with his only daughter, and a servant named Jorge, a lively, industrious fellow, of two-and-twenty, who had been suffered to follow his master into exile. He had also an overseer, and *Pedos*, or herdsmen, to attend to his cattle estate on the Serra, to which he made occasional

visits. After a season, finding time grow heavy on his hands, he bought the old pottery-mill, and procuring efficient hands, by the advice of the governor, and the commander of the whale fishery, pushed the market. The first year's profit exceeded his utmost expectations. Orders came in from all quarters, even from the palace of the very Viceroy at the Rio. Blessing his patron saint, the Senhor Joze Maria secretly opened a trade for gold, with the grimpeiros, and, *ad regis exemplar*, began to extend his business.

Things went on swimmingly for a time, and Joze was as happy as a banished man could reasonably expect to be. He was making money, lived in a delicious climate, enjoyed excellent health—better, even, than at home,—with a prospect of length of days, if it ever entered his head to consider them—and was possessed of a beautiful and affectionate daughter, whom he had long ago solemnly promised in marriage, to the son of his old compadre at Lisbon. The young man was now on his way to the Brazils with his license, and the fleet was daily expected at the Rio. Joze Maria had set his heart on the match, and upon returning home with the young couple, upon the death of the King,—who was old and infirm—and the consequent disgrace of Pompal. But, as the Spanish proverb quaintly says, "Man proposes, but God disposes." We shall see the event.

One moonlight night, as Joze was privately dismissing from the rear of his house a grimpeiro who had brought him a great bargain in emeralds, both were surprised at overhearing a subdued murmur of voice from the front of the building. The smuggler silently took to his heels on the instant; but Joze, though somewhat alarmed himself, crept cautiously round the angle of the wall, keeping close in its shade, until he obtained a position among the trees from which, to his dismay, he beheld his daughter conversing from the jalousie with a tall cavalier beneath the window. The gallant was cloaked and masked; but there was no mistaking, at least in so romantic a disguise, the graceful and even commanding figure of Juan de Caravelha, the chief harpooner of the fishery, the handsomest man in the captivity, and a sworn votary of Cupid. The father set his teeth hard, and, laying his hand on the haft of the sharp-pointed knife, which every man carries in this country, listened intently.

His ears, however, refused to second his eyes on the espial; and all that he could discover was, that the harpooner seemed to be passionately urging something upon the attention of the Señora, who, with the flap of the jalousie resting upon her pretty head, laughed mischievously in his face, while she pelted his mask with orange-blossoms. Here was a discovery for a sharp man of business and a good Catholic gentleman,—who abhorred all indiscreet meddling with his private affairs,—to make! Why, the growth of the affair, like most other productions of the country, must have been miraculous! Never, until that unlucky moment, had he even dreamed that his daughter's black eyes had ever flashed upon the audacious harpooner's handsome face, except at a mile's distance or so, when the latter was chasing whales in the bay. And now to find them engaged in familiar converse at her window, at this interesting hour! Poor Senhor Joze!—he felt all his favourite schemes for

future enjoyment blown away in a moment, just as he had seen a Pampero strip a trader in the great bay, before her voyage was begun. As his perplexity increased, his wrath began to rise also. Nevertheless, he did not stir, but, inwardly fuming and cursing his stars, watched the pair as closely as before.

Suddenly the Señora's mischievous laugh ceased, and she began to speak in earnest tone; while the cavalier stood silent as the grave, drinking in her words. These last only reached the ears they were intended for; yet Joze's rage increased, as he felt that her voice was inexpressibly soft and tender, seeming, although he cursed the thought, to lend a charm to the very moonlight. All at once, she ceased speaking; a billet fell from the window at the cavalier's feet, and, before Joze could trust his own eyes, the flap of the jalousie was closed, and Juan de Caravelha was gone. He looked up at the silent house, and the old orange trees, which were filling the night-air with the delicate odour of their blossoms;—he looked at these, in turn, as if he meant to reproach them with treachery. He began, too, to feel a cold chill at his heart, as he thought of his own darling child turning against him in his old age; but a bat, wheeling round the wall in chase of a beetle, brushed off his cap, and, with a stifled groan, he re-entered the house, and sought his own chamber.

His resolution taken, his dispositions were soon made. Jorge was called up, a litter hastily prepared, and before dawn the Señora Flora was on her way, through the vale of Picada, to the foot of the Serra, on which her father's *estancia** was situated. At noon, they were climbing the mountains, by a retired and lonesome path, where a false step would have tumbled the mules hundreds of feet down into the valley below;—an excellent situation for a young lady in love to moralize on the vicissitudes of fate, if she only has philosophy enough to see it. But Jorge, who was accustomed to mountain-scenery at home, sat quite at his ease at the head of the small cavalcade, twanging his guitar, and singing plaintive love-ditties, which, in the mood in which she was at the time, were peculiarly distasteful to the lovely Señora. So she sullenly closed her eyes upon all dangers, whether real or apparent, and, invoking Our Lady's protection, vowed in her little heart that she would never marry old Villa-Real's son, if her father had sworn her away, without a choice of her own, on a dozen holy relics.

Commending her to her resolution, we must leave her for the present, and look after the bold harpooner, whose transports on the perusal of his billet were considerably lessened, the next morning, by a hint which he received of what had befallen his mistress, from an old negro at the pottery. An overland express had come in, too, from Rio de Janeiro, announcing the arrival of the fleet. He had spoken with the messenger, as the latter waited for a canoe to convey him to the palace; and there was no doubt but old Villa-Real's son would embark for Santa Katharina on the very first opportunity that offered. In a few days he would be here. What to do in the precious interim puzzled Juan exceedingly. He half resolved on secretly setting out for the

* Cattle-estate.

mountains, and carrying the lady off from the *estancia* by the strong hand. But where to convey her to, or where to find a priest to tie the knot, was the difficulty. At that period, there did not exist a single religious house in the entire captaincy. The only two regular ecclesiastics of Juan's acquaintance were the priest who resided in the Capitam Mor's family, and regularly blessed the works at the beginning of the whaling season, and the old Padre Jeronimo, who lived at the palace, and was father-confessor to the Governor's family. Juan loitered all the morning about the Armacao, ostensibly overseeing a gang of coopers who were at work in the storehouse. He made frequent visits to the *venda*,* to sharpen his invention by little glasses of *agua ardente do Rheino*; but noon came, and he was more perplexed than ever.

Suddenly, as he was walking the beach, and looking idly at the gulls diving for fish, a sharp voice hailed him from the bank.

"*Holla, Senhor Juan! o'nde ides?*"

He turned his head, and, seeing young Julian de Tavora standing beside his boat, with the Sargento Mor, and the Governor's black page, Henrique, in the act of pushing off, doffed his sombrero with an air of deep respect, as he replied:

"*Tenha, Senhor Conde, muito bons dias. I was going to the venda, please your lordship.*"

It might have been something in the deferential manner of the handsome harpooner, or, perhaps, the ready, unembarrassed way in which he rendered the unhappy youth the forfeited title of his family, or, perhaps, some vagrant humour of the Count's,—as he was still called by courtesy at St. Katharina,—which tempted him to answer:

"To the *venda*, Senhor, to poison yourself with the mestico's wretched Lisbon brandy, or his vinegar vin de 'Port!' But come with me to the palace. My boat is waiting, the sea-breeze is blowing strong, and, by Our Lady of Grace, I am sick for an honest man's company."

"You do me honour, Sir Conde, but the Capitam Mor"—

"Oh, the Capitam Mor is my very good friend," interrupted Julian, impatiently. "He does not want you to watch the coopers. *Que bella que he a virtude!* Forsake your health-killing potations, and come with me, like a Christian."

"I am with you," answered the harpooner, as a sudden thought struck him. "It gives me a world of pleasure to humour your lordship."

"Ah!" exclaimed Julian, with his usual quiet, half-cynical smile; "*agora vamos. Push her off, Senhor Sargento. Remember, Sir Harpooner, I love you as myself, at least while we are comrades. Que vai de nova?*"

"*Nada*, your lordship, except that the whales keep far to seaward this season."

"They will come in presently," said Julian, "and the works shall smoke for it. *Certamente*, if there is truth in dreams, I shall strike a fellow, before I am a week older, with a hump like the crest of a mountain."

"Your lordship can handle a harpoon and tend a line with the best of us."

"Ah!" said Julian, "if you only saw the brass swivel I have for the Senhor Antonie, in place of the one which went down with the boat's crew

last season!" Here he touched his hat, and muttered a brief prayer, which was immediately echoed by the rest. Nothing more was said, until the boat, around which the waves curled and foamed as she cut her path across the channel, guided by the steering paddle, shot into smoother water, under the lee of a little group of islets, called "The Three Kings." The harpooner edged her bows aslant the run of the waves, which rolled heavily into the channel before the breeze, and broke with fury on the rocky shore of the small island on which the palace stood. They landed, however, on a strip of sand on the leeward side, and, in a few moments, the harpooner found himself alone with the Conde in his private apartments. After pledging him in a goblet of unbranded Port, he took heart of grace, and related the whole story of his embarrassment, to which Julian listened with great appearance of interest.

"Well, Senhor," said the latter, as the disconsolate harpooner finished, "I think I can help you; for, though you may think me a wizard, and so judge that I ought to be burned in the public square,—as my kindred were, for a less matter,—I tell you I was aware of all this before."

"*Diabo!*" exclaimed Juan, in surprise.

"*Guardivos!*" said Julian; "let him alone. I have but two more questions to ask. Now don't blush, Senhor, I pray you: do you love each other?—that is, well enough to desire to be joined together by the holy ceremony, before this young travelling donkey of a leather-dresser makes his appearance. Come, now, I put it to your conscience."

"*De veras!*" exclaimed Juan, looking at the young Portuguese comically enough; "it is neck or nothing. I will throw my cloak at the bull, as they say. So, please you, my lord Count, the Señora has vowed, a hundred times, to marry nobody else but Juan de Caravelha; and I have sworn, by Saint Christopher, to suffer no thin-faced son of a hide-tanner to take the wind out of my sails."

"*Bem!*" said Julian; "spoken like a true man! Now for the last. Was the relic, on which the old Senhor of the pottery swore to give his daughter to Villa-Real's son, one of remarkable sanctity? Do you know, Senhor Juan?"

"It was," answered the harpooner, turning pale, and crossing himself with great fervour; "nothing less, your lordship, than the tail-feather of the archangel Gabriel, long preserved in the Royal Convent with extraordinary care.* The two old Senhores made the journey on purpose, as the Señora told me, partly to see the blessed relic, and partly to clinch the bargain."

"It is a bad case," said Julian, suppressing a smile,—a very bad case. He will never consent to give his daughter to any one else, *certamente*. We must call in Father Jeronimo."

In a few moments the priest hobbled into the room, and, after seating him at his ease, and filling up his goblet, the Count put the case before him.

The jolly old padre listened attentively, and the very twinkle of his eyes, not to speak of the sly look which gradually drew up the corners of his ample mouth, as he sipped his wine, put hope into the heart of Juan.

* Drinking-shop.

* See Beckford's "Travels in Portugal."

"Well, my children," said the old fellow, complacently setting down his glass, and rubbing his stomach, "*leo in viam*—but, I think, by Our Lady's help, I can show you how to turn his flanks. If you will send a dozen bottles of this wholesome fluid up to my apartment, and the harpooner will bestow a silver candlestick on the shrine of Our Lady of Necessity, you may consider the thing settled."

"Agreed, holy father," said Julian, "and moreover, you shall have the game-cock which was sent me, all the way from Santa Gallo."

"Well then," said the priest, "to business. Go you, Senhor harpooner, to the estancia, and bring the Señora down to her father's house on the *beira-mar*,* go you, Sir Conde, and get an order from his excellency,—he is in the *sala da audiencia*—to arrest her father for dealing with the grimeiros. Leave the rest to me."

"But the license, father?" said Julian.

"Hang the license," said the padre; "if necessary, we can arrange that afterwards."

"And suppose old Villa Real's son arrives in the mean time," said the harpooner.

"Let him come," said the priest, "he shall go home shorn. Does he think to come here and pick the very best lamb from my flock, without asking my leave? I say, Senhor Juan de Caravelha, the damsel is yours, if you obey me."

"I will go this moment, holy father," said Juan, starting up.

"You will do well, my son," said Father Jeronimo, refilling his glass; "and as the Senhor Joze Maria is likely to be obstinate, until he has tasted of the dungeon in the citadel, we shall not expect you at the Works before this-day-week. Adeos, my fair son."

"You shall have my fowling-piece to amuse yourself in the mountains," said Julian; "and if you could manage to kill a tiger, or a wild man, assuredly the exploit would grace your nuptials."

"I will do my best," said the harpooner, laughing; "since we have turned the flank of the lion, by the mass, it is hard if I cannot take the tiger in front."

The padre chuckled and nodded his approbation at the jest, and in all haste Juan departed on his mission. The same boat which conveyed him to the mainland, also bore the *Sargento Mor*,† with an order for his intended father-in-law's arrest, which was duly effected just as the cunning old gentleman was expecting the arrival of a messenger, whom he had sent over to the capital in search of news. Juan had the satisfaction to see him in the clutch of the Sargent-Major, before he departed, and ascending the mountain at a prodigious pace, was at the estancia by vespers of the second day. He told such of his tale as suited his purpose, giving the Señora, the servant, Jorge, and the rest to understand, that the Governor had thought fit to put his oar into the matter, and that the Senhor Joze was to give his consent as soon as they arrived at his caza, on the coast. Of course the Señora was de-

lighted with the sudden turn which things had taken, and as her lover bore the Governor's order for the parties to appear on the day specified, the rest had nothing to say. In fact, Jorge, who had some old grudge against the leather-dresser's son, was almost as much pleased as Flora, at the news. The harpooner made love and hunted at his leisure, until his time was up. The parties then started for the seashore, the cavalier and the lady riding upon the same mule, after the fashion of the mountaineers of Portugal, while Jorge preceded them, sitting with his face to the tail, and enlivening the rough and dangerous road with plaintive love-songs, which the little Señora now listened to with delight. It is just at the moment when they were passing along the brow of a precipice, by a narrow and declivitous path,—the rest of the party being hidden by an abrupt turn of the road,—that the artist has presented them to us in the charming picture, in which one is really at a loss which to admire most,—the light gaiety of Jorge, undaunted by the formidable nature of the descent, trolling out modinhas on the frowning edge of the abyss,—the steadiness of the Senhor Juan, who sees nothing worthy of note but the Señora's face, and makes love even more composedly than he did under the orange trees,—or the bewildered look of the lady herself, as, startled out of her dreams of bliss by the sound of the falling stone, which the mule's foot has dislodged on destruction's very brink, she appears to comprehend, at a glance, the extent of the danger, which her male companions consider so slight. But the turn is passed, and the next evening, just as the Ave Maria beetle was wheeling its droning flight round the walls of old Joze's caza, the party arrived under the trees in front of the house. Father Jeronimo was there in full canonicals, according to appointment, and the father of the bride, who had bent at last to his fate, cured of his former scruples and his predilections, partly by the damp dungeons of the citadel, and partly by the eloquence of the priest, and the young Conde, with his subdued smile and eternal suit of mourning, and last, but not least, in full uniform, as Brigadier-General of the armies of Portugal, his most gracious excellency, the Senhor Don Antonio Furtado de Mendonca, Governor of the glorious little captaincy of Santa Katharina. The ceremony was at once performed; more company flocked in; fandangos succeeded in the open air, in which his excellency condescended to figure with the bride, while Jorge, perched in the crotch of an orange tree, twanged and sang to his heart's content. Everything passed off with the utmost hilarity. The Senhor Joze afterwards became interested in the great fishery, and had reason to bless the day when he was forced to make Juan de Caravelha his heir. The tanner's son, after all, did not make his appearance at Santa Katharina, but hearing the news in time, sailed quietly back to Lisbon. Joze never returned to his old home, but lived to an extreme old age, surrounded by grandchildren. His end was so felicitous, that almost in the moment of dissolution, he declared that he saw the Virgin standing by his bed, and the village was ever afterwards called Our Lady of the Good Death.

* Sea-coast.

† This officer was the chief agent of the governor, in the arrest of all offenders.

TWO DAYS' BOAR-HUNTING.

BY TEUTON GEORGE.

As hunting stories are so greatly in vogue, and so eagerly listened to, from hunting an elephant to hunting a possum up a gum tree, I feel strongly impelled to favour the readers of Sartain's Magazine with a narrative of my experiences, during a two days' chase of the boar. And herein, I am confident that I shall be found quite interesting and original,—altogether out of the ordinary track of American hunters, who deal in the slaughter of deer, panthers, and grizzly bears, merely. In fact I cannot recall, in all the thrilling Nimrodic adventures recorded either in your Magazine, or any other periodical, any account of a boar chase in the United States. So, then, to my story—and let my readers be warned to gird up their loins, and tighten their shoestrings, if they undertake to accompany me through my two days of unparalleled and most fatiguing sport. If there be a laggard among them, let him lay down the book, and stretch himself out to rest at once, for he will be altogether overwearied before we have done.

On the first day of November, 1851, about nine o'clock, A.M., and just as I had finished my breakfast, and was preparing to lay the lapstone on my well-hammered knee, my little son, Dickey, came skipping into my shop, his face beaming with pleasure, and crying, "Daddy, the pigs is come!" I went to the door, and sure enough, there was Johnny Druckemiller, with the three animals he had promised to bring me, in his wagon. They were not exactly pigs, as Dickey had termed them, having attained that undefined age which entitles them to the appellation of shoats,—which said shoats I purpose, by dint of good feeding, to rear up to the state and condition of hogs before Christmas day, A.D. 1852.

"Now," said Johnny, "you must be a leetle kearful, George; de he one is a boar, and will get into a fight with your other hogs, so you best put him in a pen alone till after butcherin'."

Johnny's advice appeared rational, and I penned the subject of my story solus. I had a little space fenced off in my cow stable, about ten feet by four, and of this I gave him possession. It had no roof except the general one of the cow stable; but the sides being boarded up about four feet high, without chinks, I felt no fear of his climbing over. Indeed, I had never heard of a shoat, or even a hog, climbing a fence. The shoat was fed, and I returned slowly to my shop, and resumed my work, ruminating much on the probable amount of pork, sausage, and liver-wurst, I should be likely to realize from my purchase. Looking up after ten minutes stitching, from my work, I saw, to my utter surprise, the shoat in my garden, reveling in the exquisite enjoyment of liberty and drum-head cabbages. On examination, it proved that my prisoner had leaped over the pen fence, and crept out at the spike-hole over the dunghill. Having closed the spike-hole, I drove him to the stable, into which he went without making any objection. I suspect he did not know that all was closed, and was amusing himself with the antici-

pation of the triumphant look he was soon to cast back to me through the hole. I entered and closed the door—the shoat ran to the spike-hole, but finding it closed,

"One stupid moment, motionless he stood."

His hopes sank, and his tail flew up. I was close upon his heels. With a loud and terrified "wooh," he started at full speed around the cow-stable, and I after him. Round and round went he, like Hector under the fortified walls of "Troye townne," and like the swift-footed Pelides, I kept close upon the steps of my victim. How long he might have kept up the race, I cannot divine, but unluckily for himself, he bolted against the door of the spike-hole, recoiled from its strong rebuff, and the crook of his tail met my extended right hand! His limbs being fast, his grief broke loose, and his screams were such as I dare say might, and perhaps ought to, have softened a heart of stone; but my heart was not moved or softened, wherefore I argue that it consists of some other than lapideous material. Heedless of his remonstrances, I seized him by the fore leg with my left hand, and with one lift—a desperate lift for a man of fifty-five—I landed the shoat on his head, in his pen. He gave me a very dissatisfied look, threw up his tail, and lay down to refresh his tired limbs on his straw. As he had leaped over the end, or narrow part of the pen, I added another board—making the fence about five feet high—and wended slowly back my weary way to my seat.

In less than two hours, the shoat was abroad taking the air again, and chase number three came off, which I won by a whole tail, amid the enlivening applause of all the spectators, viz., my wife and little Dickey. As the shoat had knocked off the top board, I concluded that my nails had been too short and too few, and thereupon fixed the said board securely with four long and strong nails.

Certain that now all was safe, I went back to my dinner—then to my work—when lo! I had chase number four to win, just in time to rest a while before I got my supper. Seeing that he always leaped over the end fence, I concluded, philosophically, that if he were deprived of the advantage of the ten-foot run, he would find himself in a tight place, I nailed a cover of boards over about half the pen. I should have covered the whole thing, but boards were scarce, and I trusted to my philosophy. Next morning I found him safe enough, and after feeding him, walked away in calm contentment. It seems, however, the fellow merely shammed good behaviour so long as breakfast was in abeyance. He was out again—how soon I knew not—but from the sufferings of the garden, he must have been abroad for some hours, before I discovered him. Now came chase number five,—again I was the winner.

I now discovered that my philosophy had been, like divers other theories, rather out, and that

he must have cleared the side fence with a fair, standing jump. Boards being, as I said, rather scarce, and no board yard at hand, and moreover, no cash in hand to make a purchase, I was grievously perplexed in mind. A happy thought at length occurred. I pulled up the poles of my Lima beans—about fifty in number, long and heavy—and laid them on the pen by way of roof. I philosophized here, again,—concluding that he would, of course, suppose that the poles had been nailed down, as the boards were. It proved, however, that the shoat was a wiser philosopher than I, for while I sat secure in blissful trust that a hog could know nothing about overcoming *inertia*, &c., he, having never studied natural philosophy, was making experiments on projectile forces, and, by the middle of the afternoon was out again. Chase number six was had, but as I was, by this time “considerably distressed,” and a good deal wrathful, I concluded not to attempt the impossibility of running him down. I therefore cut a long switch, and stationing myself in the middle of the stable, walloped him round and round, heedless of his cries for pity, until he was so

weary, that I was able to seize him unresistingly. Then came the last and heaviest lift: two efforts failed—the third succeeded.

Grown desperate, I now laid five or six heavy cord-sticks of wood on the roof of poles. I then peeped through the chinks, and there the shoat stood, wearily, but answering my eye with a look of impudent compassion, equivalent to saying, “Dear master of mine, I am sorry you are giving yourself a great deal of useless trouble, for I shall be abroad for the seventh time as soon as I have rested a little.” He threw up his tail, turned slowly round, and stretched his carcass upon the straw. How many experiments he may have made since that day, I know not, but they have been thus far unsuccessful. He has been unable to get into my garden, though he is fairly entitled to England’s ten thousand pounds sterling, for he has undoubtedly reached the poles more than once.

Peace be with him! He stays at home and waxes fat apace.

Farewell reader! The hunting tale of Teuton George is ended.

A LOVE-SONG.

BY HARRIET CECIL HUNT.

A PSALM of Love! my soul
Thrills to his glad control,
This glorious morn!
Perfume from flower and tree
Softly is borne;
The sun-flash paints with rose the dewy lea,
This glorious morn.

Where, violet-cradled, rest
The dew-stars on thy breast,
Beloved of mine!
There is my bridal hearth,
My household shrine,
The treasure-cell of all the affluent earth,
Beloved of mine!

Far from our own bright land,
Another household band
Is round me now;
My sister’s cool lips greet
My fevered brow;
The air her breath, her tones, have made so sweet,
Is round me now.

My lips are fragrant yet,—
With *her* warm kisses wet,—
My sister’s child;
A tiny angel, fair
And undefiled,
Baptized in the gold shower of her soft hair,—
My sister’s child.

Where, violet-cradled, rest
The dew-stars on thy breast,
Beloved of mine!
There is *my* bridal-hearth,
My household shrine,
The treasure-cell of all the affluent earth,
Beloved of mine!

I bless the wind that comes
From those sweet Southern homes,—
Thy home and mine:
Perchance its breath of calm
Once blent with thine;
Perchance its wings have stirred *their* flowers of
balm,—
Thy home and mine.

Yon fair cloud, floating soft
On snowy plumes aloft
Through the still air,
Perchance hath paused to cast
Brief shadow where
Above thee breathe the voices of the Past
Through the still air!

Oh! why for ever turn
To clasp the mouldering urn
In dark despair?
Drowning in tears the flowers
That nestle there,
Quenching the sunlight of Heaven’s golden hours
In dark despair.

Thou art not lost, mine own!
Oh! not one charm is flown
I loved in thee!
All glorious forms rejoice
Thy type to be;
All music trembles with the same sweet voice
I loved in thee.

Afar, in tender trust,
Earth holds thy beauteous dust,
But thou art here:
Love binds his radiant zone
Round the pale bier;
Thy visible presence from my life is gone,
But thou art here.



JAMES HAMILTON.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE eminent artist who forms the subject of our present sketch was born in 1824, at Belfast, in the north of Ireland, but is, as his name indicates, of Scottish parentage. He was brought to this country in early childhood, and, of course, his education and training have been exclusively American. A natural love for pictorial delineation exhibited itself almost as soon as his first teacher in chirography placed pen or pencil in his hand. A caricature portrait of a neighbour's apprentice, who had somehow excited his anger or dislike, was among the very earliest specimens of his productions. The direction once given by taste or accident, the habit of drawing is quickly followed by a facility that renders its practice pleasurable, and the admiration of juvenile companions confirms the choice of amusement. Such is the common history of a large majority of embryo artists. Few are the instances where a talent for Art is discovered late in life, or, if discovered, where success attends the efforts of the too mature aspirant. It appears as if only the youthful hand can be educated into sufficient obedience to the directing mind to depict gracefully the conceptions of genius, so great is the patience and labour requisite for acquiring the mere mechanism and manipulation necessary to success in Art.

The class of subject that usually has most charms for the very young artist is that which may be termed "blood-and-thunder,"—an elegant phrase, signifying single combats with the broadsword, involving the rescue or defence of some beautiful damsel, Samson wrestling with the lion, banditti, &c.,—scenes in which violent action, or what is then deemed the very essence of the picturesque, may be portrayed.

Young Hamilton was by no means an exception to this general rule; and many were the heroic conflicts and desperate deeds that engaged his yet uneducated pencil. In the indulgence of idle fancies like these passed the term of his schoolboy days; but as they drew near a close, and the time approached for deciding on the more serious occupation of manhood, the desire and hope of becoming a professional artist gradually deepened into fixed determination. Accord-

ingly, with a bundle of drawings in his hand, he set out to visit the writer of this sketch (then a total stranger to him), to claim a fair opinion as to the amount of merit evidenced in these early attempts, and if it might be reasonably inferred from them that he could, by perseverance, realize the dream of his ambition. There was sufficient proof of talent to justify the warmest encouragement, and earnest advice was given him, not to be diverted from his purpose, but to devote himself to Art as the *one* vocation of his life. Confirmed in his own impulsive longings, Hamilton at once procured instruction in drawing, and studied alternately with the best teachers in Philadelphia. Wherever and however knowledge in his darling profession was to be obtained, it was sought with the restless eagerness that is one of the marked peculiarities of his ardent character.

And now commenced the uphill work of the true artist life: painting in both oil and water colours, he devoted himself principally to landscape and marine sketches, working on assiduously; occasionally undertaking the more irksome employment of instruction.

He was then, as now, a most devoted admirer and student of the works of Turner, as far as we are able to know them by engraved copies. Dwelling long and earnestly on models of such superlative excellence as these, naturally produced occasional fits of discontent at his own efforts, which resulted in the frequent painting out and total obliteration of well-studied subjects, that needed but few touches to finish. In this way many of his pictures contain finished works beneath their surface, which some sudden distaste has swept the besom of destruction over. With one of his fervid temperament, to think is to act, and large compositions are created or destroyed with a rapidity quite startling to his friends. To this natural impatience of his character some of the beauties, as well as occasional defects, of his productions are attributable.

Hamilton first attracted the marked attention of the public of Philadelphia in the year 1844, by the exhibition, in the Gallery of the Artists' Fund

Society, of a large picture entitled "A Scene on the Delaware." It was the largest he had yet painted, and nearly his first attempt in oil colours; but its excellencies made it conspicuously attractive, even among the numerous admirable works in that collection, some of which were from the hands of European celebrities. Since then, every annual exhibition in Philadelphia has contained specimens of his skill; and the Art Unions of New York and Cincinnati, as well as of Philadelphia, have been instrumental in distributing his paintings among their members in the form of prize pictures.

Having mentioned, particularly, one of his first remarkable productions, we will now speak of one of the last exhibited. This was, also, "A Scene on the Delaware," representing a sudden squall; and contained a view of Philadelphia in the distance, as seen from the southeast. In the middle space was a large ship, over which a dark cloud throws a deep shadow, ship and cloud forming together a mass of grand obscurity. Nearer the spectator, and in close contrast with this depth of shadow, is a small sailing vessel, shooting forward rapidly under the impulse of a brisk wind, itself, and the water immediately surrounding, brilliantly illumined by a flash of lightning, the whole culminating in a vivid focus on the spray dashed off at the bow of the boat. Thus the strongest light and dark of the composition are brought together in striking opposition, where "each gives to each a double charm," while the stirring effect so skilfully produced, enhances the value of the softly-diffused sunshine on the left of the picture, covering the large ship-houses of the Navy Yard and adjacent neighbourhood. This work was placed in the Gallery of the Philadelphia Art Union a few months since, and was purchased by Mr. Metler, whom we may congratulate on possessing what has been pronounced, by one of our most eminent artists, the finest marine picture ever painted in this country.

Hamilton is at present engaged on several subjects of a poetic character, of large size, and in oil colours. Among these are "The Lover's Walk," a composition closely resembling the moonlight scene engraved for the present number of our Magazine. A scene from the "Tempest," illustrating the following passage:—

"*Caliban.* Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,
That if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again."

Another from the "Ancient Mariner," where it will be remembered these beautiful lines occur:—

"The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done;
Almost upon the wave
Rested the broad, bright sun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun."

"And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace,
As if through a dungeon gate he peered
With broad and burning face."

In the practice of water-colour painting, Hamilton is equally successful: at the commencement

of his career he devoted himself exclusively to that branch of art. He was, perhaps, the first in this country to adopt the modern English method of manipulation, the discovery of which enabled her artists to produce effects that excited the wonder and admiration of all the rival continental schools. The peculiar method alluded to has been developed during the last half century, and is, perhaps, sufficiently indicated by the emblem adopted for the coat of arms of the London Society of Water-Colour Painters,—the bowl of water and sponge. The result of this mode of manipulation, when practised with entire success, could have been observed in the Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts of 1851. There were two fine specimens belonging to Mr. Robb, hung in the northeast gallery, among the oil paintings, and these latter lost in the comparison, not only their brilliancy and purity of colour, but even their force. Indeed for many years it has been the ambition of landscape painters to imitate, in oils, the effects of the water-colour school. The use of water-colour painting is, however, confined to surfaces that are sufficiently circumscribed in dimensions to admit of being covered with glass.

Hamilton's pictures are not apt to be overdone with non-essential detail and minute forms, and are, therefore, the opposite of the modern German school, now so much overrated. They have much the appearance of having been dashed off at a heat. Whatever is intended to be the prevailing sentiment pervades the work throughout, everything tending to the one purpose. This is as it should be; otherwise a picture is without soul and comparatively valueless, except as we value a piece of mere still-life. What Carlyle wrote, in relation to a man's individuality, is applicable to a fine work of art; he says—"A man's life and actions are the visible, tangible expression of his spiritual and intellectual character. The thought is not only parent to the deed, but the living soul of it; is the last and continued, as well as first mover of it, and is, therefore, the foundation and beginning and essence of a man's whole existence." Paintings which thus grow out of an earnest impulse, are seldom over-wrought, or, what is vulgarly considered finish, a tea-tray smoothness, which, in fact, has nothing in common with true finish.

Roughness of surface and of execution are nowise incompatible with the very highest elaboration. It matters little whether it be rough or smooth, if it possesses the true essentials of completeness. Certain objects, or masses of objects, should be subdued into proper subordination to others more important, claiming preference of light and relief. Outlines should be sharply expressed in one place, and be lost in uniformity of tint in another. Decided contrasts of the strongest light and dark of the chiaro-scuro, are desirable in one portion; or, again, those opposing elements should gradually melt together to a sort of "deaf tint." So, too, of colour. Contrasts are valuable in one part, unity and repose in another; but all controllable by the ruling sentiment of the subject.

A mistaken and very prevalent notion on this point, may be well illustrated by the anecdote of the provincial theatrical manager, who, perceiving that the trumpets in his orchestra did not play all the time that the other instruments were per-

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forming in an overture, rushed upon them, and inveighed against their idleness. "But," said one of the assailed, "we have fifteen bars rest here." "Rest!" retorted the manager, "I don't pay you ten shillings a night for resting; blow away!" How the *rest* of the trumpets should be essential to the harmony of the piece was beyond his comprehension.

Most persons are not only content, but even best pleased with works minutely painted on the mere daguerreotype principle, or, more correctly speaking, on no principle at all. It must not be denied, that a happy hit is made even thus; but "the accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes, are dissolved by the chance that combined them," says Dr. Johnson; and a master mind proceeds by the guidance of principles, which, whether derived from others, or developed by his own intuitive perceptions of the beautiful and the true, are oftentimes of so delicate and refined a nature as to be difficult to express in words. Still, they are felt by the artist to be none the less real; and he works through them with the same certainty and success as if they were tangible as some of the grosser rules. And thus, after all, "insight, spiritual vision, and determination is the force which all things obey," in art as in all things else. A knowledge of art, and its capabilities, may be so profound, and a sense of the beautiful so exquisitely refined, as to induce a total disregard of the obvious mathematical rules of truth, which might mar the effect of some peculiar beauty in a poetic composition, if strictly adhered to.

It is on the modern English school of landscape that Hamilton has based his style, which is, un-

doubtedly, the student's best guidance. Some narrow cliques of connoisseurs, admirers of the old Italian, or of its opposite, the modern German daguerreotype manner, may not be willing to admit this. But the edifice of Art, in its present completeness, is composed of contributions from the best artists of successive epochs and different countries; and not only some of its noblest ornaments, but extensive additions to the superstructure itself, were made by the late Mr. Turner and his British contemporaries. To underrate and reject these later improvements, betrays an affectation observable in the historic school delighting in the cognomen of "Pre-Raphaellean."

Hamilton's style is broad and effective; it is governed by principle, and nothing finds place in the composition that has not some special and necessary part to play in the *tout-ensemble*. More delicacy of execution in parts, or purity of colour, might be an improvement in his pictures, and would certainly render them more extensively popular. They would, also, acquire an appearance of greater scope and extent, if he imitated the multitudinous character which Turner imparted to his clouds and all other objects. But if this additional detail is only to be obtained at the expense of breadth, his works were better as they are.

He is still young and full of enthusiasm, and as his last works are generally the most successful, we may confidently predict for him a still higher position in his profession. But estimating him by what he has already accomplished, Hamilton must be regarded as occupying a place in the very front rank of American artists.

I LOOK FOR THEE.

BY E. BOGART.

PERCHANCE we ne'er again may meet;
Perchance thou hast forgotten me;
Yet still along the crowded street
I look for thee.

I tremble lest the lapse of years
Has made thee strange unto my eyes;
And watch more closely, from my fears
Of Time's disguise.

And oft upon some passing face
I gaze, and start with sudden thrill,
And seek thy lineaments to trace
With earnest will.

But Fate doth all my search defy:
It is so long since we have met,
Thou hast forgotten me,—but I
Can ne'er forget.

Thy image in my heart is barred
By thoughts, whose strength so well is tried,
It cannot thence escape the guard
On every side.

And still to Hope's frail bark I cling,
Which weathers life's tempestuous sea,
And, sailing on with it, I fling
Its dreams to thee.

They may be false, they may be vain;
They may be wrecked on Life's wild waves;
They have a thousand lives, and gain
A thousand graves!

But from the ashes of the past
They rise with each returning day;
And still I look for thee, and cast
Despair away.

Should I not know thee 'mid the throng?
And wouldst thou not remember me?
The lines of change are not so strong:
It cannot be!

I'll watch along the crowded street
For one familiar glance of thine;
Perchance we once again may meet—
That hope is mine.



A MUSICAL DUEL.

BY THE CHEVALIER.



ENDELSON was a great musician.

Mendelsohn signifies "*The son of an almond.*" Had he been a twin, they would have christened him *Philip-ina*.

But as he was a Jew, they could not *christen* him. And as he was not a twin, he consequently remained single.

Which did not, however, prevent him from being wedded to Divine Lady Music, as amateurs call her.

Mendelsohn composed "*Songs without words.*" Many modern poets give us words without songs.

"They shouldn't do so."—CHATEAUBRIAND.

The story which I am about to relate is that of a duel which was fought as Mendelsohn's songs were sung—without words. The insult, the rejoinder, the rebutter, the surrebutter, and the challenge, were all *whistled*!

But as, according to Fadladeen in *Lalla Rookh*, it is impossible even for an angel to carry a *sigh* in his hand, the reader will not find it strange that such an imperfect sinner as myself, should find it difficult to whistle on paper, or in print.

I will, therefore, take the liberty of representing by words, the few notes which were whistled upon this melancholy occasion. The which notes are given at the beginning of this chapter.

And here the intelligent reader may remark, that most authors put their notes at the *end* of their works. Mine, however, come before.

An Englishman was once seated in solitary silence, in the *Café de France*, solemnly sipping his sherry, and smoking his cigar. His reverie was unbroken, and his only desire on earth, was that it should continue so.

Suddenly entered, as from the Grand Opera, a gay Frenchman, merrily whistling that odd little air from *Robert le Diable*, so well known to all admirers of Meyerbeer, and contemnners of worldly wealth, or sublunary riches.

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

Now the interruption vexed our Englishman. At any time he would have wished the Frenchman in Jerusalem. At present, the whistling so much disturbed him, that he wished him in a far less holy place. Mind!—I do not mean New York, though it be, like Milton's scaly sorceress, close by the "Gate of Hell."

Therefore, in a firm and decided tone (which said, as plainly as if he had spoken it, "I wish, sir, you would hold your tongue") he whistled

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

But the Frenchman was in high feather, and not to be bluffed. He had had a dinner, and a *gloria* of coffee and brandy, and some *eau sucrée* and a glass of *bruleau* (which, like *crambambuli*, consists of burnt brandy or rum, with sugar). He had had a cigarette, or a four-cent government cigar (I forget which), had winked to a pretty girl in the opera, and finally had heard the opera and Grisi. In fact he had experienced a perfect bender. Now a bender is a batter, and a batter is a spree, and a spree is a jollification. And the tendency of a jollification is to exalt the mind and elevate the feelings. Therefore the feelings of the Frenchman were exalted, and in the coolest, indifferentest, impudentest, provokingest manner in the world, he answered in whistling,

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

Which, being interpreted, signified "I care not a fig for the world in general,—or you, sir, in particular! Stuff that you are!—Out upon you! *Par-bleu! BAH!*"

"Do you think that because you are silent, all the world must be mum? *Par-r-r-r-r-bleu!* Am I to sneeze because you snuff? *Par-r-r-r-r-bleu!* Ought I to blush because you are well read? *Par-r-r-r-r-r-r-bleu! Tra-li-ra! Go to!*"

All these words were distinctly intelligible in the chimes, intonations, and accentuations of the Frenchman's whistle. And to make assurance doubly sure, he sat himself down at the same *tête-à-tête* table whereon the Englishman leaned, at the opposite seat; and displacing, with an impudent little shove, his cigar-case, continued to whistle, with all manner of imitating variations, and aggravating Canary-bird trills, his little air,

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

What I now wish you to believe is, that John Bull was in no wise either flattered or gratified, by these little marks of attention. Drawing back in his chair, he riveted a stare of silent fury on the Frenchman, which might have bluffed a buffalo, and then, in deliberate, cast-iron accents, slowly whistled, as he rose from the table, and beckoned his foe to follow, the air which had so greatly incensed him.

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

Now this last instrumento-vocal effort did not express much,—but the little it *did* express, went, like the widow's oil or a Paixhan shot, a great way. It simply signified,

"Coffee and pistols for two—without the coffee!"

To which the Frenchman, with a bow of the intensest politeness, replied,—*toujours en sifflant*—always in whistling,

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

Which was not much more, and certainly no less, than

"Oh if you come to that, two can play at that game. Poor devil! what a loss you will be to the worthy and estimable society of muffs and slow coaches! What will that excellent individual, Milady Popkins, remark, when she hears that I have settled the account of her son without a surplus? After you, sir, if you please! I will directly have the pleasure of following, and killing you."

Out of the *café*, and along the Boulevards, strode the Englishman, followed by his new acquaintance, both "whistling as they went"—certainly not "from want of thought." Whether it was "to keep their courage up," is not written in history.

They soon reached a hall, where the Englishman offered the only weapons in his possession, excepting "maulies," or fists,—and these were a pair of rapiers.

And here it would appear, gracious reader (if you are gracious), that either I, or the Frenchman, or both of us, made a great mistake, when we understood the Englishman, by the sounds he uttered in his challenge, to signify the whistle of pistol-bullets. It appears that it was the whiz of swords, to which he had reference. But the Frenchman, who believed himself good at all things in general, and the *fleurette* in particular, made no scruples, but—drawing his sword with a long whistle—struck a salute, and held up a beautiful guard, accompanying every movement with a note from the original air of

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

And now, reader, had I the pen of the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, I would describe thee a duel in the real *comme il faut*, two, thirty style. Every note of the air was accompanied by a thrust or a parry. When the Englishman made a thrust of *low carte seconde*, the Frenchman guarded with a semicircle parade, or an octave (I forget which). When the Frenchman made an appel, a beat, or a glissade, the Englishman, in no wise put out, either remained firm, or put in a time thrust. Both marking time with the endless refrain,

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

At last, an untimely thrust from the Englishman's rapier, settled the business. The Frenchman fell—dropped his sword—and whistled in slower, slower measure, and broken accents, for the last time, his little melody.

Reader, I have no doubt that you have heard, ere now, the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and can we'll recall the dying struggles, and perishing notes of *Edgar*.

"Se di—vi—si fummo in ter—ra,
Ne conguin—ga ne conguin—ga il Num' in ciel!
Ne con—guin—ga, ah! oh! —Num' in ciel—
I—o—ti—i—se—guo! —oh! —Oh!"

And so it was with our poor Frenchman, who panted forth, game to the last,

"Oh, — but g-g-gold is a chi—mera!
M-m-m-mon—ey but a fleeee—"

And here—borne on the wings of a last expiring whistle,—his soul took its flight.

Not a word had been spoken by either of the combatants!

BUSINESS ANECDOTES.

GOOD FOR A SHAVE.

DURING the "Shinplaster" days, a well-known French barber, in Washington, issued certain fippennybit notes, which purported on the face to be redeemable in specie, at sight, when presented in sums of not less than five dollars; or, singly, "good for a shave" at his establishment. One day, while occupied in lathering down a customer, he was accosted by a boy, who merely held out to him two of his own notes.

"Vat you vant—eh?" inquired Monsieur.

"Master says I'm to get a shillin' for these notes, sir!"

"*Asheeling!* Par'dieu! can not your mastare read? Does he know vat de note say, 'pay-able ven presented in soms of not less zan five dollare.'—Go you back to your mastare, and tell him to read it!"

As the boy vanished, the little barber looked after him, and exclaimed,

"I do not sink zat he will come back. Ze note say 'in soms of five dollare,'—and *I did only issue four dollare and seventeen-five cents!*"

PUCK has a friend—there be several such in our city—who never omits an opportunity to inform all present, of the wonderful prices he pays for different articles. On a recent occasion, he displayed a new hat, which overtopped the tallest tile current, by about eight inches.

"I think it's rather too high," said Puck.

"Ya-s—eight dollars is rather much—considering the times," he replied.

BUSINESS IN '36.

DURING the "paper age" of eighteen-thirty-six, goods were not unfrequently sold on what would at present be deemed anything but satisfactory security. We have heard of a western dealer, who, entering a store in Market Street, announced himself as coming from the town of Waconda, Ralls County, Missouri, with a desire to make a bill in the store aforesaid.

"Happy to see you, sir!" exclaimed the merchant addressed,—"John (to his clerk), look at the map,—Do you find Missouri?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And Ralls County?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And the town of,—what d'ye call it?"

"Yes, sir,—there is a town there!"

(*Merchant, to the western man.*) "Sir, your references are most satisfactory, and I shall be happy to sell you, to any amount."

OUR readers may have observed, in the upper part of our city, a recently-erected brown corner dwelling, whose "predominant characteristic" consists of a projecting oriel, or large bow window, facing on Walnut Street.

"Deary me!" exclaimed an old lady, in Puck's hearing, to her gossip,—"Deary me! what could a-ever made the man put his shop window in the second story! He'll never sell a single good as long as he lives."

PUCK'S SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

It is with peculiar and irrepressible pleasure, that we learn that the electro-telegraph wires have been found applicable to yet another purpose! When we first learned that THOUGHT—be it in the form of Love's tender messenger,—an order for fifty shares Reading at 28½, or a request to Billings to have a room ready at four o'clock, for a gentleman and lady from New York, could be conveyed on wires, with lightning speed, our heart trembled with joy. When we heard, too, that these wires were still further useful to our virtuous and industrious country maidens, as clothes-lines, our soul thrilled with delight. "Yet another link in the great chain of social amelioration!" said we. What, however, can our present emotions be, when we learn that SCIENCE HAS LENT HER AID TO ART! The entire length of the Northern line is to consist, uniformly, of five or more wires, on, and between which, musical notes will



be placed! so that ALL may enjoy, when they will, the privilege of learning music, and issuing their notes—when they can—at sight!

Oft will the traveller, in traversing the green hills and sunny vales of that earthly paradise, NEW SPAIN, be astonished at hearing, from behind some verdant bush, voices in sweet accord, uplifted in song. Carefully peeping over the bush alluded to, he may behold the scene portrayed in our cut. It has hitherto been the reproach of our scientific men, that they have seldom thought kindly of Art, but we trust that after this conversion of telegraph wires into musical mediums, this stain will be at once obliterated.



TOUCHING TRAIT OF FIDELITY IN A DOG, WHO ALWAYS WATCHED HIS MASTER, WHILE IN THE WATER.

CURIOUS MUTATION.

WE have always been aware that on our canals Paddies generally raise riots, but what was our astonishment to learn from a recent agricultural work, that in certain districts of India, labourers, termed *ryots* raise a sort of rice known as *paddy*!

FILINGS.

A TRUE STORY.

A LADY from the "far, far West," was, with her husband, awakened on the night of their arrival in the City of Penn, by an alarm of fire, and the yells of several companies of firemen, as they dashed along the streets.

"Husband! husband!" she cried, shaking her worser-half into consciousness, "only hear the *Injuns*! Why this beats all the scalp-dances I ever heard!"

"Nonsense!" growled the gentleman, composing himself to sleep,—*"There are no Indians in Philadelphia."*

"No *Injuns*, indeed!" she replied, "as if I didn't know a war-whoop, when I heard one!"

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, they were saluted with the inquiry of

"Did you hear the *engin's* last night? What a noise they made!"

Turning to her husband with an air of triumph, the lady exclaimed,

"There! I told you they were Injuns!"

FRENCH POLITICS.

WE observe it cited as an instance of ultra-oppression on the part of LOUIS NAPOLEON, that after driving all the literary men of France into exile, he has banished SAND, although she has not been, of late, implicated in any *movement*. It seems from this, that the President, not content with depriving his country of *books*, is also determined to prohibit all articles of *stationery*.

PUCK'S POLITICS.

IN reply to innumerable queries as to which side, in the coming political strife, PUCK intends to turn, he would respectfully inform all concerned, that during "the months with an R," he is devoted to the *natives*—and that, moreover, to an unparalleled degree—the degree of F. R. S.; or, Fried, Roasted, and Stewed!

PUCK'S ADDRESS TO THE LADIES CONCERNED IN THE LATE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

You say that you come to Philanthropy's aid,
But I know why ye quarrel and bicker;
Each *spirited* Lady, I ween, is afraid
That the club and saloon, with the bar-keeper's aid,
May induce her kind husband to *lick-her*!

FRENCH PIETY.

Lady's Maid.—"Madame—will you have your opera-glass, or your prayer-book?"

Lady.—"Both, Julie. After church is over, I am going to hear *Lucrezia Borgia*!"

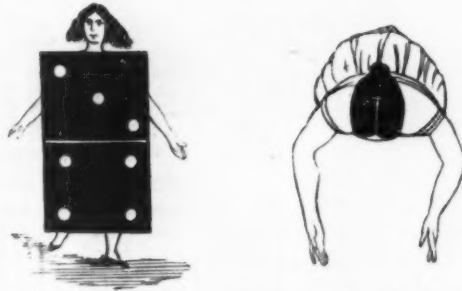
THE LAST WORST.

AN idea of the extremely low degree to which puns have recently sunk may be inferred from the fact, that a friend of ours did not hesitate, in speaking of Louis Napoleon, to affirm openly, before a crowd of shuddering auditors, that the French people would soon repent the error which they had committed in setting up such a bad *precedent*!



STARS OF THE OPERA.

WE are happy to be able to present to our musically-inclined readers, accurate and life-like portraits of the two prima-donnas whose performances have, of late, electrified the hearts and rivetted the souls of the opera-going community. The first is the fac-simile of MADAME ANNA THILLON in "THE BLACK DOMINO."



While the second represents MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS, when bowing to the audience, as seen from the upper part of the house.

PARTIES.

WE hear on every side, complaints that there have been, this season, so few parties, but are happy to inform our "gay" readers that it is even yet not too late to distinguish themselves at several brilliant assemblies of this nature. Let them, at once, patronise the *political* parties, where all amateurs are at full liberty to enter "without gloves."

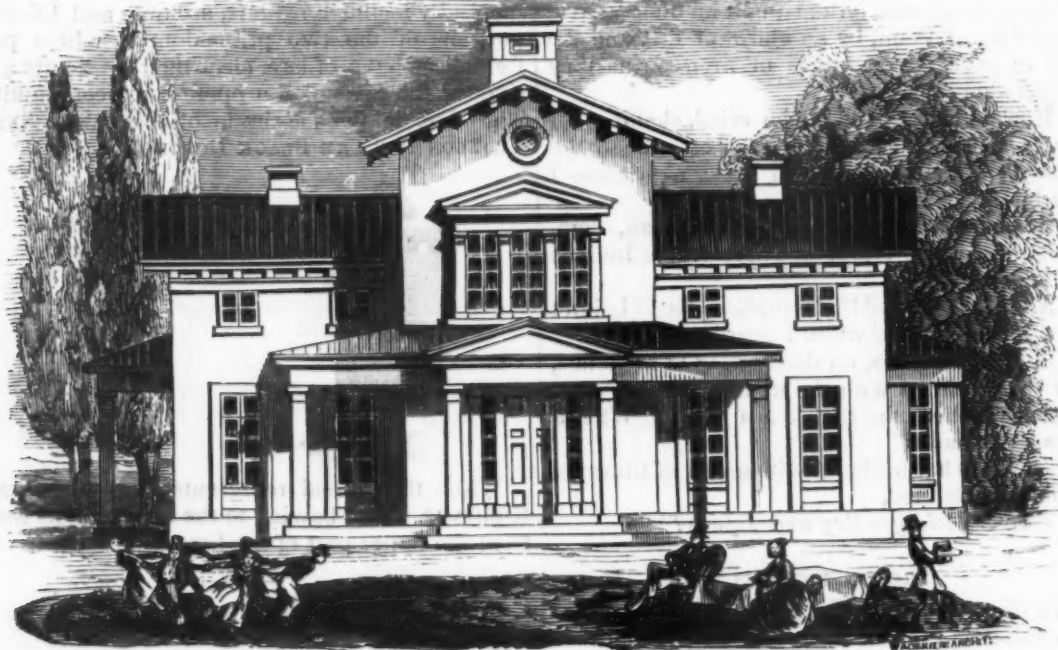


DINING IN A CLUB.



COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

BY T. WADSKIER.



DESCRIPTION OF A DESIGN FOR A VILLA IN THE CLASSICAL STYLE.

PROPORTION is essential to the idea of the beautiful in architecture; and it is in material objects the relation of individual parts to the whole. In all the arts, it is the realization of the most perfect idea of the height, breadth, outline, and form of the object arrived at, and therefore involves the highest single feeling of pure material beauty. In architecture, proportion is shown, first, in the composition of the outline or mass of the entire building, and from thence carried through all its details. And if it is endowed with this quality, it will exhibit to the eye, at a glance, that nice relation of all the parts to each other, and to the whole, which gives to that whole the stamp of the most suitable and agreeable form. Proportion does not cost anything, and it may be shown in the smallest building, as well as in the largest. It can, too, be applied as well to the form of a window, a moulding, or an ornament, as to the outline of the entire edifice itself. In fact, the minutest object, the smallest details, are equally capable of expressing it.

Proportion is one of those qualities of beauty most universally felt and appreciated, even by those who are totally ignorant of architecture as an art. To be able to appreciate it, requires only a natural sensibility to beauty, and therefore the absence of it in a building, or any object, is felt as a great and irremediable defect,—a primary want, for which no beauty of parts, however exquisite or elaborate in themselves, can wholly compensate. Many would think that there are rules, according to which a building, or even an ornament, may be put in right proportion; but no such rules exist, and its production must entirely depend on the genius and artistic judgment of the architect.

Injurious treatises on beauty of form have been written by English and German artists, and the latter, particularly, have endeavoured to prove that the Greeks were possessed of a system of rules, which enabled them uniformly to produce perfect proportions in their temples; but this has

again been contradicted by other able writers; and I think with them, that such rules never existed, and that the Greeks were only governed in their compositions by a pure imagination and a profound knowledge of construction. The truth of this opinion is further evidenced by the fact, that while all the Grecian monuments differ in their proportions, every one of them stands as a perfect model of imagination, taste, and genius. It is undoubtedly true, that education, and study of the best monuments and works of art, will aid in its appreciation and production, but the continual blunders committed in the works of many of our artists and architects prove, that it is one of the qualities of beauty less vividly felt than any other.

Symmetry is the second fundamental element of architectural beauty. It is the quality of beauty in material objects, which shows that balance of opposite parts necessary to form a harmonious whole. It is one of the greatest beauties in all architecture, and when governed by and combined with proportion, it conveys at once an idea of agreeableness and completeness in form. It is an element quite distinct from proportion, but like this, it may be bestowed on a cottage, a villa, or any building; and as it is one which appears intuitively to every mind, it ought, therefore, never to be neglected in any artistical production.

It must not be understood that symmetry can only exist in regular buildings. This is not the case. On the contrary, the most irregular building, if composed by an artist of genius and taste, will always evince symmetry; that is to say, it will form an outline, in which there will be a central portion, a point, to balance and unite the parts or wings on either side into one symmetrical whole; and yet, if they do not balance each other in form and proportion, still balance in the general mass and grouping of the composition. Every building must show some balance in the opposite parts, otherwise it may be called odd, grotesque, or picturesque, but can never be called beautiful.

Our design, here, we may call a regular symmetrical, as the outline of the opposite sides are exactly alike. In it we have the central portion (which must always be the most elevated), that unites the two sides in a harmonious whole. The hall, sixteen by eighteen feet, is itself a very fine apartment, and communicates with the other rooms in a satisfactory manner. It is quite sufficiently lighted by the transom over the door, and by the two narrow windows on either side. From this hall a door communicates with the staircase, and, opposite, another with the parlour. This parlour is seventeen by twenty-six feet, and forms a very handsome apartment; the bow window is well placed, and will produce a fine effect, particularly if filled with stained glass, of a quiet tone of colour. This room communicates with the dining-room, which is eighteen by twenty feet, communicating direct with the kitchen.

The arrangement of these rooms will be found both convenient and beautiful. All the apartments may be thrown *en suite* by the communicating doors, or each may be rendered quite separate and distinct. The entrance hall if paved with marble or encaustic tiles, would be a most agreeable saloon in summer, opening as it does on the veranda. The entrance door may be closed in the winter, and the door to the staircase used. The kitchen is twelve and a half by seventeen feet. There is a fine pantry, eight feet square. Between this and the kitchen is a passage, or rather, an entry communicating with a small veranda. This passage will be found very convenient in winter, as the kitchen door, leading out to the veranda, may be closed, and the door from this passage used, which will keep from the kitchen the cold and draught of air.

The second story is divided into five spacious bed-rooms, the sizes of which are given on the annexed measurements. There is a fine bath-room attached, eight by twelve and a half feet. There are two good servant-rooms, finished in the garret, lighted by windows in the gables, and ascended to by a flight of steps in the passage.

The first story walls may be thirteen inches thick, and the second nine inches, with inside studding. The veranda will be built of wood, painted and sanded, to harmonize with the walls.

To build this design satisfactorily, working drawings and specifications would, of course, be required from the architect.

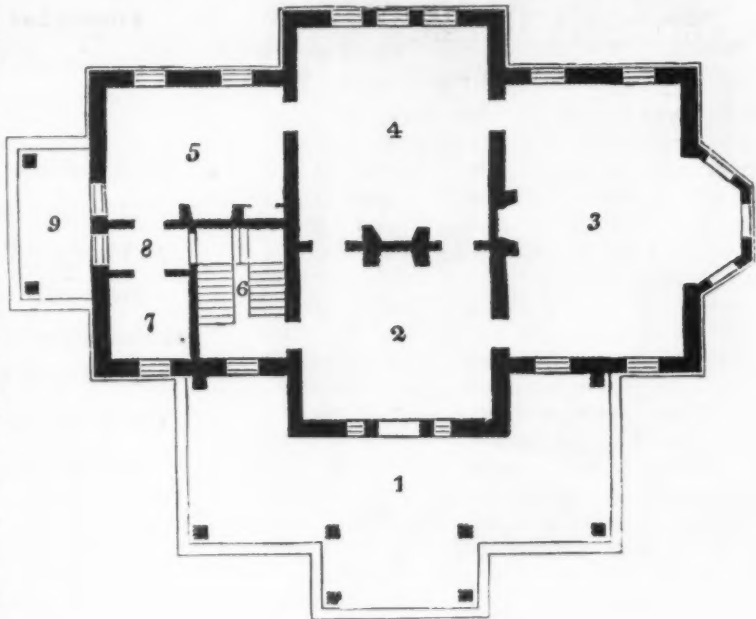
DIMENSIONS.

PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

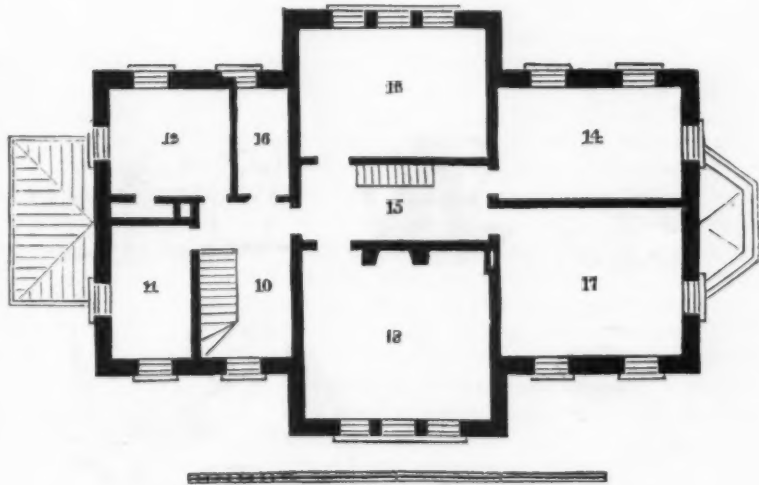
	FEET.
1. Veranda, - - - - -	10 feet wide.
2. Hall, - - - - -	16 X 18
3. Parlour, - - - - -	17 X 26
4. Dining-room, - - - - -	18 X 20
5. Kitchen, - - - - -	12½ X 17
6. Staircase, - - - - -	8½ X 13
7. Pantry, - - - - -	8 X 8
8. Passage, - - - - -	8 X 4½
9. Kitchen veranda, - - - - -	7 X 14

SECOND FLOOR.

10. Staircase, - - - - -	8½ X 14
11. Bath-room, - - - - -	8 X 12½
12. Bed-room, - - - - -	10 X 11½
13. Bed-room, - - - - -	12½ X 18
14. Bed-room, - - - - -	11 X 17
15. Passage, - - - - -	18 X 7
16. Linen press, - - - - -	5 X 10
17. Bed-room, - - - - -	14 X 17
18. Bed-room, - - - - -	16 X 18



GROUND PLAN.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.



A FEW WORDS ABOUT MARTIN LUTHER.

AN ENIGMA.

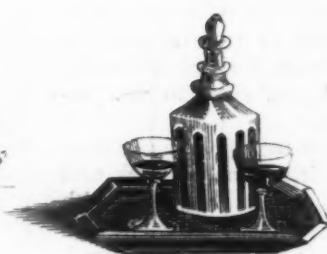
BY E. F. MEDICUS.

My *First*, though dark, has many things
Made clear, when rightly used ;
All knowledge which we get from books
Is through its means transfused.
That Martin Luther did employ
It often is no wonder,
When in well-written letters he
To Rome did send his thunder.

He took my *Second*, bold and firm,
'Gainst Pope, and priests, and laymen,
When, at the Council held at Worms,
He said, "God help me!—Amen!"
Truth was with him, and by his side
Friends had my *Second* taken :—
Who takes for truth my *Second* is
Never by God forsaken.

Tradition says, that while he once,
The Holy Writ translating,
At Wartburg Castle sat alone,
Profoundly meditating,
Satan appeared to mar him ; but
The Doctor quickly banished
The Tempter,—for my *Whole* he hurled
Against him,—and he vanished.

REBUS.





FASHIONS.

We have been partially disappointed in the receipt of our spring fashions, and, as the regular time for issuing the Magazine may not be delayed, we must beg our lady readers to rest good-naturedly satisfied with the scanty items of intelligence we have been able to glean for them on this interesting subject, and confidently await an *amende honorable* in May.

The costume of the little girl is of a very pretty style, and may be copied with advantage. Dress of gray taffetas, and little paletot of the same; body with small skirts. Trousers of cambric muslin, trimmed with English embroidery, and black satin *bottines*.



The cap represented in second cut is composed of Malines lace, trimmed with flat bunches of riband; dress quite open in front; cambric muslin waistcoat, buttoned straight down the middle with a row of diamond buttons, lace forming a quilling on each side of the middle fold.

A decided change has taken place in the taste



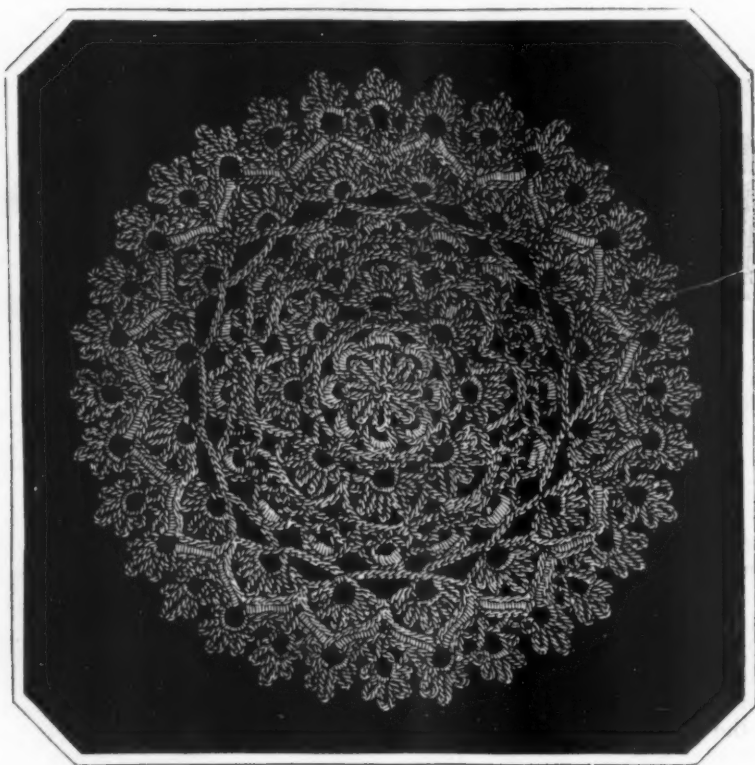
for jewellery. A year or two since, the display of two or three trinkets was scarcely admissible in the most fastidious Parisian circles; and anything conspicuous in this expensive department of ornament was voted as extremely vulgar and *parvenu-ish*. But, now, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Jewellery is worn in every variety of form; and, so far from being restricted to full evening dress, it is considered in keeping with the simplest indoor toilette. There is the *chatelaine*, which carries the watch, its key, and a thousand other fancies, called *breloques*. There are the waistcoat buttons, and the studs for the wristbands; there are cap-pins, shawl-pins, rings and bracelets, slight gold chains pending from the glove, ornamented silver and gold combs, &c.

The growing fancy for coloured stones is principally confined to studs, rings, and bracelets, and not allowable for head-decoration; to them have been added, for richness and brilliancy, the lustre and variegated hues of enamel.

An attempt has also been made to add to the list of articles we have enumerated as in general acceptance, the once-approved necklace, but as yet, its introduction has not met with much favour, except in a few instances, where coral and pearl has been worn. The necklace used to form the most important part of a set of diamonds or other jewels, and was considered as indispensable as the brooch or bracelet. We really do not regard the necklace as unsuitable or unbecoming, for it seems to us a far more civilized and rational means of displaying jewellery than the barbarous ear-ring affords, but we still hope its re-appearance may be resolutely frowned down. There is sufficient incentive to extravagance without it, and many heart-burnings may be spared by its rejection in the higher courts of fashion.

X. Y. Z.

EMBROIDERY, CROCHET-WORK, ETC.



D'OYLEY.

Work 8 stitches, unite them.

1st Round.—7 chain, 1 plain, 8 times in the foundation chain, end with 3 single stitches in the 1st 7 chain.

2d Round.—1 plain, 5 chain, 1 plain, (both these plain in the 7 chain of 1st round.) 1 chain, miss 5; repeat 7 times, end with 1 single stitch.

3d Round.—1 chain, miss 1, 5 treble in the 5 chain of 2d round, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 plain in the 1 chain of 2d round; repeat, end with 3 single stitches.

4th Round.—1 plain, 6 chain, 1 plain, (both these plain stitches in the centre of the 5 treble in 3d round,) 5 chain, miss 7; repeat, end with 3 single stitches.

5th Round.—1 plain, 7 chain, 1 plain, (both these plain in the 6th chain of 4th round,) 3 chain, miss 5, 1 plain in the 5 chain of 4th round, 3 chain, miss 5; repeat, end with 2 single stitches.

6th Round.—1 plain in the 7 chain, (5 chain, 1 plain in the same 7 chain, 5 times,) 5 chain, miss 9; repeat, and end with 1 single stitch, turn back and work 3 single stitches on the last 5 chain, turn back.

7th Round.—6 chain, miss 11, 1 plain in the 5 chain of 6th round; repeat and end with 2 single stitches on the 1st 6 chain.

8th Round.—8 single stitches, 5 chain, 8 single stitches, (7 chain, put the needle into the 2d stitch of the 7 chain, and work a plain stitch to form a round cross); 1 chain, miss 5; repeat, end with 3 single.

9th Round.—3 chain, miss 5, (1 plain, 7 chain, 1 plain, both these plain stitches in the round cross of the 8th round,) 3 chain, miss 5, 1 plain in the centre of the 8 single; repeat, end with 3 single stitches.

10th Round.—1 chain, miss 2, 7 treble in the 7 chain of 9th round, 1 chain, miss 2, 1 plain in the 3 chain, 1 chain, miss 3, 1 plain in the 3 chain; repeat, end with 6 single stitches.

11th Round.—13 chain, put the needle into the 4th stitch, and work a plain stitch to form a round

cross, 3 chain, miss 9, 3 single stitches; repeat, end with 3 single stitches more.

12th Round.—1 plain in the round cross, (5 chain, 1 plain, 5 times in the same round cross,) 5 chain, miss 11; repeat, end with 1 single stitch, turn back and work 3 single stitches on the last 5 chain, turn back.

13th Round.—Same as 7th.

14th Round.—Same as 8th. Work plain stitches instead of single.

15th Round.—1 chain, miss 4, (1 plain, 5 chain, 1 plain, 7 chain, 1 plain, 9 chain, 1 plain, 7 chain, 1 plain, 5 chain, 1 plain, these 6 plain all worked in the 5 chain of 14th round,) 1 chain, miss 4, 1 plain; repeat, work 1 plain stitch. Fasten off.

This pattern may be worked in coloured crochet. 1st, 2d, 3d, in pink; 4th, 5th, 6th, in slate; 7th, 8th, 9th, in pink; 10th, 11th, 12th, in slate; 13th, 14th, 15th, in pink. Or it may be worked in shades of worsted.

In the d'Oyley patterns given, plain stitch means the same as double crochet, and treble the same as long crochet.

LAMP-MAT.

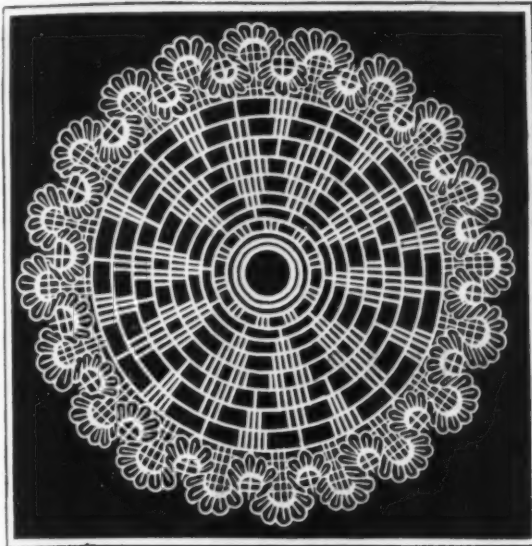
Procure 5 skeins of blue embroidery, silk, or purse-twist, and 5 of garnet Berlin wool, a sheet of card-board, and half a yard of fine cambric; blue or garnet to match the silk or worsted. The middle of the mat is worked in blue silk, with a crochet needle of suitable size for both.

1st Row.—20 chain stitches, uniting the 1st with the last by a single stitch, to form a round.

2d Round.—3 long stitches in one chain of the preceding row, 1 chain, miss 1, 3 long, 1 chain, miss 1; repeat. There will be 30 long stitches, in all, in this round.

3d Round.—1 long in the 1 chain of the preceding round, 5 chain, 1 long on the next 1 chain, 5 chain, &c.

4th Round.—2 long, taking the 1st above the 1st long on the third round,* 5 chain, 3 long, taking the 1st on the 5th chain of the preceding round; repeat from the *.



5th Round.—3 long, taking the 1st on the 1st long of the 4th round,* 4 chain, 5 long, taking the first on the 5th chain of the preceding round; repeat from *.

6th Round.—3 long, taking the 1st on the 2d chain of the 5th round,* 3 chain, 3 long, 3 chain, taking the 1st on the 4th chain of the preceding round, 1 chain, 3 long, taking the 1st on the 2d following chain stitch; repeat from *.

7th Round.—2 long,* 3 chain, 1 long in the middle of the 3 chain of the last round, 3 chain, 5 long, taking the 1st on the 2d of the 3 long stitches of the preceding round; repeat from *.

8th Round.—1 long,* 4 chain, 3 long, taking the first on the 3d long of the 7th round, 4 chain, 3 long, taking the 1st on the 2d long stitch of the 7th round; repeat from *.

9th Round.—5 long stitches, taking the 1st on the 4th chain of the preceding round,* 5 chain, 1 long in the middle of the 3 long of the 8th round, 5 chain; repeat from *.

Now take the garnet wool.

10th Round.—Plain crochet in every stitch.

11th Round.—1 long, 2 chain, 1 long in the 3d chain, 2 chain, 1 long in the 3d chain, 3 chain, 1 long in the 3d chain; repeat.

12th, 13th, 14th, like the 11th.

15th Round.—Plain crochet in every stitch.

16th Round.—1 double long stitch, made by putting the wool twice instead of once over the needle, 1 chain, 1 double long in the next chain of last row, 1 chain, 1 double long, &c.

17th Round.—Take the blue silk and work 1 treble long, (putting the wool 3 times over the needle,) this stitch is taken in the space between the 2 long of the last row, 1 chain, 1 treble long in the same space, 1 chain, 1 treble long in the next space, 1 chain, 1 treble long in the same; repeat.

18th Round.—Take the garnet wool and work 1 long stitch in each of the spaces of the last row, without any intermediate chain stitch.

The first long stitches of each round are made by 3 chain stitches, which are equal in height to a long stitch.

Cover a piece of the pasteboard with cambric to the size of the 15th row, and sew it to the mat. Trace with the fingers a sort of ruffle, the inner points of which must be fastened by a stitch to the 10th row. Turn over the outer edge in the manner shown in the engraving.

LAMP-MAT CROCHET.

Take an ivory or steel needle, of suitable size,

for working in German worsted. Provide yourself with half an ounce, each, of cherry-coloured and black worsted, and four skeins of coarse gold-coloured silk floss, or saddler's silk.

1st Round (in silk.)—7 chain, join the last to the first and work around.

2d Round (in silk.)—Work 2 stitches in each chain of the preceding round.

3d Round (in silk.)—1 stitch, 2 in one, 1 stitch, 2 in one, all around; in all 21.

4th Round (in silk.)—2 stitches, 2 in one; repeat all around, making 28 stitches in all.

5th Round.—3 stitches with the silk, 2 in one with the red wool; repeat all around.

In carrying on two colours at once, the first half of the stitch is made with one colour, and the last half with the other. For instance, in the above row 2½ stitches are made with the silk, the red wool is then drawn through to complete the stitch, and 1½ worked with the silk, carrying the thread not in use behind the work.

6th Round.—2 stitches in silk above the 2 last, in preceding round, 2 red, 2 red in one; repeat.

7th Round.—1 stitch in silk above the last of the two, in preceding round, 1 silk, 2 red in one, 2 silk, 2 red in one; repeat.

8th Round.—1 stitch in silk above the 2d of preceding round, 1 red, 3 silk, the 2 last being over the 2 silk in the last round, 3 red; repeat. There should now be 56 stitches.

9th Round.—1 in silk, on the right of the one in the preceding round, 1 red above the 1 silk in the last round, 4 silk, 1 red, 2 red in one; repeat—making 63 stitches.

10th Round.—1 in silk above the red in the preceding round, 2 others in silk, which should be over the first 2 in last round, 2 red, 2 red in one, 3 red; repeat.

11th Round.—8 silk, of which 2 should be at the right of the 3 in preceding round, 3 above and 3 at the left, 2 red in one, 1 red; repeat.

12th Round.—3 silk above the 3 first in preceding round, 2 red in one, 4 in silk above the 4 in preceding round, 3 red; repeat.

13th Round.—3 silk over the last 3, 2 red in one, 4 silk above the 4, 3 red; repeat.

14th Round.—3 silk above the 3 last in preceding row, 1 silk, 4 red, 2 red in one, 5 red.

Afterwards work 5 rounds in red, increasing 7 stitches in each round, at regular intervals.

1 round of black, increasing as above. 1 red, 1 black, 2 red, increasing 7 in each round. There should now be 168 stitches.

Afterwards, work a row of silk above the red which is between the 2 black rows, and a row of silk above the last row but 1. On the inner one work in red wool 3 plain, 3 chain, miss 2, 7 long, 3 chain; repeat all around.

2d round of inner border. 1 plain in the middle of the 3 plain in last round, 3 chain, 7 long above the 7 long in last round, with 1 chain between each, 3 chain, &c.

3d round, in black. 1 plain on the 1 plain, 3 chain, 7 long above the preceding 7, with 2 chain between each, 3 chain, &c.

4th round, in gold-coloured silk. 1 plain above the 1 plain, 3 chain, 1 plain above each long stitch, with 3 chain between each, above the plain make 1 long, taking it in the middle plain stitch of 1st round.

2d of border on the edge. 1 long, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 long, 2 chain, miss 1; repeat once round; add the border as above.

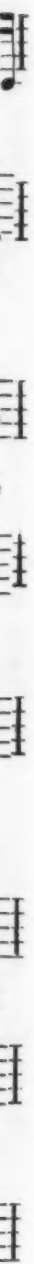
Our Fireside.

A SOCIAL BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY J. AUGUSTINE WADE.

Non troppo andante, e sentimentale.





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songs of birds from morn - ing hours To e - - ven - tide! And sum - mershed her

burn - ing glow To melt the chil - ly moun - tain snow, And make the val - ley -

stream - lets flow In gush - - ing pride. She hath not such a

charm to make The droop - ing heart so sweet - ly take A part in mirth for

mirth's own sake, As our fire - side! Our fire - side! Our fire-

cres.

side! A part in mirth for mirth's own sake As our fire - side!

tr.

p *f* *f*

SECOND VERSE.

Rich Autumn, with her golden store,
 May count her treasures o'er and o'er,
 And say such wealth did ne'er before
 The land betide;
 And fruits, and flowers, and yellow sheaves
 Are gathered in, and withered leaves
 Are all the traveller's eye perceives
 In prospect wide:—
 But give to me the sheltered room,
 Where neither mind's nor season's gloom
 Can blight our joyous mental bloom
 By our fireside!

THIRD VERSE.

How sweet to ramble through some book,
 Or chat with friends in social nook,
 With children round, on whom to look
 With honest pride!
 And then to have the meeting crowned
 With some old ditty's cordial sound,
 Or sit and hear the tale go round,
 Or aught beside
 Which may the passing hour engage:—
 Of life we'll con the varied page,
 And hope for happy, good old age
 By our fireside.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

RECENT GERMAN LITERATURE.—Works on Hungary are multiplying to such a degree, that we might almost deem the excitement regarding that unhappy land begun, instead of ended. Among the latest and most important, we may cite "*Der Winterfeldzug, 1848-9, in Ungarn, unter dem Oberkommando des Feldmarschalls Fürsten zu Windisch-Grätz*,"—*id est*,—"The Winter Campaign in Hungary, in 1848-9, under the command of Field-Marshal Prince Windisch-Graetz; written according to official sources, and published by command of his Excellency the Field-Marshal, with maps and plans." Of which work a German reviewer remarks:—"This long-expected book takes one of the highest places in the literature of the most recent histories of battles, from its accurate account of the events described, but principally from its complete statement of the plans and intentions of the Marshal. In it the reader, generally by verbal accounts of the reports, testimonials, and the results of *reconnaisances*, is skilfully put in a position to comprehend the different situations of the royal army. This manner of setting forth the subject, in connexion with the unfortunate termination of the operations of this campaign, gives the work much of the appearance of a vindication, and raises the veil from the well-nigh unintelligible last part of the defensive manœuvres, viz., of the movements on the Theiss and by Ofen-Pesth. Insufficient powers, principally caused by the, perhaps, too greatly extended administrative regulations; the want of intelligence—the trifling results obtained from *reconnaisances*, which failed, principally from a want of light cavalry—the differences of opinion between the Field-Marshal and his generals—the consequent delays in comprehending countermanded regulations, and certain errors and misunderstandings, on the part even of the best generals, put the victorious army, almost without their own knowledge, on the defensive, and led them back to Pesth. The determination of the Field-Marshal, behind the Gran, to hinder the relief of Comorn, was wrecked, by his displacement from the post of over-commander, for which no more unfortunate time could have been chosen. The book is divided into three parts, the first of which contains the representation of the state of the attacking army, develops the plan of the campaign and its operations, to the taking of Ofen-Pesth. The second part concludes with the battle of Kápolna. The third part sets forth the concentration on the river Theiss, the observation of it, and the defensive movements against Pesth, to the recall of the Marshal from the command of the army. This last part may be mentioned as the most interesting, and is tolerably rich in authentic documents, as to the movements of the Hungarian army."

There appears to exist at the present day, in Germany, a very decided literary movement on the part of the Jews, whose object is to show the world what their nation has effected, during the

middle ages, in Poetry and Philosophy. We have more than once, of late, observed the republication of such works, and now remark the translation of the "*Divan*," of the Castilian ABU'L-HASSAN JUDA HA-LEVI, translated, with a biography and remarks, by ABRAHAM GIGER, and published by KERN, of Breslau. We learn that the attractive poems of this Hebrew philosopher of the eleventh century, who was distinguished as a man and as a poet, are here reproduced in an exquisite and accurate translation. "The noble, pure soul of the poet, is again mirrored in this outpouring of true poetry; nor does the translation less evince a noble inspiration and love of his author, in whose biography the separate poems are interwoven, according to the date of their composition, and as indications of the different epochs of the life and spiritual developments of the poet. An explanation of all the more difficult passages in philosophy and learning, is given at the end of the book, which is, of itself, remarkable for the beauty of its appearance."

"*Neues Leben*," or, "New Life," A Tale by BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Published by BASSERMANN, of Mannheim. We had intended, out of love to the *Dorfgeschichten* and *Gevattersmann*, to have briefly dismissed this work, but the following short review, from the *Leipzig Central-Blatt*, contains so much which may be of profit to a vast array of novelists and *novellettists* in our own country, that we make no apology for communicating it *en gros*:

"A bounded talent, unacquainted with its own limits, furnishes a pitiable, and, at the same time, ridiculous spectacle. This is, unfortunately, the case with the author of the *Dorfgeschichten*. He knew how to find and cull field-flowers, and, of course, thus succeeded in the saloons; and the public, accustomed to esteem every novelty according to the interest of the material, esteemed him as a poet, because he had made familiar a poetical element hitherto unknown. For this innocent error it must now dearly atone. It was not enough for Herr Auerbach to observe, to collect, and pencil simple sketches after Nature; he believed himself capable of psychologically developing, in all its depths, a *character*—to weave or unbind a plot, and to poetically touch upon, and accord, the disharmonies of our times. The product of this error is now before us in three volumes, and it would be difficult to find a more chaotic composition. An officer in the Baden revolutionary army, who has escaped from prison, becomes a village schoolmaster, partly with a view to fundamentally reforming the people, and partly to find his lost mother. He is pardoned and removed, finds his mother, learns that he is a prince's son, marries a miller-girl, and lives happily as a farmer (*Bauersmann*) and the father of a family. Much that is possible and impossible takes place in the work, but we find in it nothing like a plan or a catastrophe, and the elements of which it is composed may be described as an ex-

tremely simple love story, which, without impediment, runs on in the flattest and most commonplace manner; forming the centre around which are grouped a mass of heterogeneous figures and tales, many of which are not, indeed, without merit, but are all blended together, and spun in with a superfluous mass of political, social, pedagogic, and, alas! *philosophic* observations and tendencies. What the hero shall and will do—forsake the world, find his mother, or marry, and get in his crops—is not, by any means, evident; and still one motive displaces another, poetically considered, since the poet can only experience simple emotions. Yet, just in proportion to the weakness and want of all inner development, which we find in the ideal and suggestive figures of the book, is the excellency and accuracy of many of the portraits, as, for example, that of *the miller*, which, from its energy and excellence, would have made the fortune of another of the author's 'Village Tales.' What we find, however, most repulsive, is the pretension of the author to write a book with a (political) tendency, when no such *tendency* is to be found in it. The entire atmosphere of the book is that of 'the latest Past,' with all its 'burning questions.' All plans for bettering the world are therein discussed; men and their relations appear simultaneously; political opinions flit in wildest *charivari* through each other, as in a coffee-house; the aristocratic democracy appears out of caprice; the aristocratic constitutionalist from a feeling of right; a similar republican from a feeling of humanity; the bitten aristocrat, the Gothaist, the ragged democrat, and all the rest of the political species, as they appear in the newspapers, and—what is the result? The result is simply nothing! The poet may let such questions lie, and, as a rule, he will do well; but when he awakes them to life, when he stirs up deeds and persons, he must have courage to side with *some* party, if not from political, at least from poetical grounds. Political tendencies, let them be what they will, when taken in earnest, are far too serious a matter to be used for mere decoration. The style of the author is fully that of *Malvolio*—nothing is said without a 'fresh as the oak-leaf,' 'blue as the heavens,' *entrechat*. With him a hound is 'the incarnate joy of hunting,' and a thief who has stolen a letter, feels, after the confession of his evil deed, so much relieved, 'that he could sing, as if just coming from a fresh and wavy bath.' Such pretty things as these are, however, not to be found in the Vicar of Wakefield."

A third edition of FRIEDERICH RUCKERT's "*Weisheit der Brahmanen*," or, "Wisdom of the Brahmins," has just appeared at Leipzig. No poet of modern times has done more towards introducing the Oriental element into Continental Literature. The French are, probably, more indebted to him than they themselves are aware.

From the prolific FRANZ KUGLER, we observe a play entitled "*Doge und Dogaresa*." GEROLD, of Vienna, has published the collected works of COUNT ERNST VON FEUCHTERSLEBEN, with a preface by HEBBEL. The second volume of the collected works of ERNST VON HOUWALD, have also made their appearance. We also observe a third and considerably varied edition of the "*Neue Gedichte*," or, "New Poems," of HENRY HEINE, by HOFFMANN and CAMPE, Hamburg. The Ro-

mancero of Heine, though received with a flourish of editorial trumpets, on its first appearance, does not appear to please as well, on a reperusal. It was a *pretty* idea, and nothing more; nor does the work itself, though not devoid of great merit, deserve nearly as high a rank in literature as Wolff or Herder's collections of National Ballads. We have always been disposed to allow Heine a high rank, as wit and poet, but are really occasionally at a loss to comprehend on what the extraordinary enthusiasm, entertained toward him by certain admirers, is based.

PROF. DR. L. WIESE'S "*Deutsche Briefe über Englische Erziehung*," or, "German Letters on English Education," will be found peculiarly interesting to all who read or write on schools. The general conclusion of Prof. Wiese's is, that "English schools are especially adapted to form the character, and German the intellect. In England, the greater stress is laid upon what a man is *able to do*—in Germany, upon what he knows. But, in fully recognising the merits of English school-education, the author is still inclined to doubt, whether the imitation of them in Germany would be attended with like prosperous results. For the true strength of English education consists precisely in this, that it has sprung from the political 'states-life,' as well as from the powerful and vital morality of religious and family life, and cannot be separated therefrom. This foundation can never be laid by schools, and he who hopes to attain its results, by improving them, begins at the wrong end." In the conclusion of this work, the author shows himself familiar with the religiously-governed schools of Belgium, and expresses himself, in this particular, highly pleased with them. We trust that, for our readers, this work will require no other commendation than this. When we reflect that the happiness and order (we might add, the prosperity) of our own country, as well as the stability of our institutions, is due entirely to our deeply-settled reverence for religion and morality (since, in this particular, we are surpassed by no nation), we cannot too strongly insist upon the judicious inculcation of their principles upon the minds of the young in *our schools*. How often do we hear the remark: "Strange, that France can determine upon, or rest satisfied with, no one form of government!" Not at all strange, when we reflect that France, as a nation, generally and singly, is thoroughly, completely, and perfectly *demoralized*. The first results of an utter want of moral principles, religion, and heart, in nations as well as individuals, are invariably shown in a mutual want of confidence, and a most unbounded selfishness, which cares nothing for patriotism, philanthropy, or the public welfare, when an opportunity to better *self* at their expense occurs. In times of great national convulsions, there are but few intelligent individuals who cannot thus "*better themselves*"—if so inclined. This has been the case in France to a revolting degree, of late years, from the gang of thieves forming the Provisional Government of 1848, down to the present Jeremy Didler incumbent of the imperial-republican presidential chair. It may be urged against us, that the American character is not *utterly* devoid of an, at times, somewhat unscrupulous attention to its own interests, and that there are many, even in our own country, who

watch political events, simply for the sake of turning them to good private account. To which we would reply, that under the control of religious and moral feeling, as it at present exists in America, these defects can never attain to that colossal pitch of depravity which they have, at the present day, assumed in France, where the simple word, *expediency*, serves as a broad and ample excuse for any change of doctrine, party, principle, or religion.

Students of Oriental languages and literature, will find an interesting work in the "*Quarante Questions adressées par les Doct. Juifs au Prophète Mahomet. Le texte Turc avec un glossaire Turco-Français, publié sous les auspices de la Société Orientale d'Allemagne, par J. Th. Zenker, Vienne*," *id est*, "Forty Questions addressed by the Jewish Doctors to Mahomet. The Turkish text, with a Turkish and French glossary, published under the auspices of the Oriental Society of Germany, by J. THEODORE ZENKER." This work is highly spoken of, but we have met with a regret, that, in the transcription of this work, the harmony of the vowels has not been very carefully attended to. The work is, however, welcome, as adding another to the very small number extant printed in the Turkish character. Even in an English Turco-Armenian dictionary, purchased by us, lang syne, in Venice, the Turkish words are printed in Armenian characters! Some apology for this may, indeed, be found in the remark of the learned VIGUIER: "*L'étude du Turc, par les caractères Turcs seuls, est une voie longue, pénible, incertaine, qui conduit difficilement les étrangers au terme de leurs désirs.*" "The study of Turkish by the Turkish characters alone, is a long, painful and uncertain road, which leads, with difficulty, foreigners to the end proposed."

We observe by WILHELM PUTZ, teacher in Cologne, a work entitled "*Die Ueberreste Deutscher Dichtung, aus der Zeit vor Einführung des Christenthums. Für d. Schulgebrauch erläutert.*" "The remains of German poetry previous to the introduction of Christianity. Explained for the use of schools." It is a very creditable feature of German education, that an effort is very generally made in all institutions dedicated to instruction and learning, to render the young familiar with the earlier forms of their own language. We know that in our own city, this defect has been, of late, partially removed, by the introduction into our High School of the study of Anglo-Saxon; but how many schools, academies and universities are there in our country, whose pupils go forth ignorant, even of Spenser, and to whom Chaucer is a well-nigh sealed book?

"*Glieder einer Kette*," or, "Links of a Chain, Victor and Thora," is the somewhat singular title of a beautiful romance recently written by M^{ME} VON GÖHREN, who is said to be the authoress of those charming novels, "*A Dutch Tale*," and "*Resignation*." "These (The Links), are simple tales of the life of the world, narrated with much grace and simplicity, by a woman who has accurately observed German society. In this writer we find a less accurate form and a less elevated inspiration, than characterises many contemporary writers; but then we find in her great sensibility, refinement of analysis, and power of description." We hope, anon, to be able to chronicle new works by this fascinating writer.

RECENT ITALIAN LITERATURE.—"*Del Rinnovamento Civile d'Italia*," "On the Civil Renovation of Italy." This is the title of a work by the ABBE GIOBERTI, and recently published by BOCCA, of Turin. "Beyond the celebrity of the author, this work has several claims to public curiosity. The Abbé Gioberti, as a politician and man of letters, has, of late years, been so extensively concerned in Italian affairs, that any work from his pen could not fail to possess a very peculiar interest. Still it is difficult to invariably agree with the author of '*Del Rinnovamento*,' in his opinions as to the sufferings of his unhappy country, and the remedies which he proposes; and we find it difficult to apply to himself, or the individuals whom he criticises, or their writings or conduct, those judgments which he himself pronounces. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the half-philosophic, half-historical treatise '*On the Civil Renovation of Italy*,' is a work useful to all desirous of consulting the contemporary history, not only of the Peninsula, but of Europe."

RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.—"*Etudes Révolutionnaires. Saint Just*." Such is the title of a work by E. FLEURY, recently published by DIDIER, of Paris. "The object of the work," says the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "is clearly indicated in the first lines. *Saint Just* is one of those Revolutionary figures whom many delight, even at the present day, to idealize, and adorn with an aureole of virtue and heroism. Monsieur Fleury never refuses to Saint Just the attribute of courage, but he reduces to his true standard, the pitiless utopian, who preluded in licentious poems, those ridiculous reveries erected by him into republican institutions. The biography of Saint Just, as described by Fleury, is happily distinguished from those works of the present day, consecrated to the revolutionary epoch, and in which the passions of that fatal epoch seem still to boil and rage. It is a calm and serious study, by which we are enabled to penetrate, without effort, into the real life of the man, in despite of all the clouds with which admiration or the anger of parties has obscured him. The history of the heroes of the Revolution, when thus described, cannot fail to be read with interest, for it unites the charms of an agreeable description, to the utility of grave information."

Those interested in the history of tobacco,—and there are ever many such, witness the number of odd little opuscles and pamphlets published annually, on the subject, in different countries,—will do well to purchase a recent work, bearing the somewhat lofty title of "*Etudes Economiques sur l'Amerique*," but whose humble subject is "*Du Tabac au Paraguay*," or, "Tobacco in Paraguay," by M. A. DEMERSAY; with "*A Letter on the Introduction of Tobacco into France*," by M. F. DENIS. "It is known," remarks a French review, "how the Republic of Paraguay has been obstinately closed to all exterior relations—it is a sort of American China. MONSIEUR ALFRED DEMERSAY, lately charged with a scientific mission to South America, has succeeded in visiting this singular country, which, under different regimes, has remained so completely isolated from the world. He has just published a work specially dedicated to the culture of tobacco in Paraguay. If these researches of M. DEMERSAY should furnish any useful information to political economists, there is

still an interest of another nature, attached to the memoir of M. DENIS on the introduction of tobacco into France,—a memoir full of new facts and piquant historical curiosities. Hitherto we have attributed to the Nimoisien, NICOT, SIEUR DE VILLEMAIN, Ambassador of Charles IX. to Lisbon, the importation of tobacco. But the ingenious erudition of M. DENIS has *satisfactorily* established that the honour of having been the first to introduce into France the use of tobacco, belongs to a still more interesting personage,—we mean the *Cordelier* ANDRE THEVET, traveller, cosmographer, and “guardian of the singularities and curiosities of the king.” To an apparently trifling subject, M. DENIS has imparted the seriousness and the attraction of a literary history.

We extract the following notice of the “*Memoires d’Alexandre Dumas*,” from the *New York Albion*. Those who peruse the writings of this eminent and notorious “cullud pusson” (and who is not familiar with some of his romances), will peruse it with interest.

“Our contemporary, the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, has commenced the publication of this autobiography, of which a few numbers only have appeared in Paris. Cleverest of authors, and most consummate of coxcombs, Dumas will undoubtedly make a very readable book, although, with his own personal reminiscences and experiences will be mingled much historical information, not of the newest. His first few pages are filled with some rather dry proofs of his own legitimacy, and of the high respectability of his father’s family; but the sketches of his father’s military career in the French Revolutionary war are vivid, and at times sufficiently piquant. His affectionate son describes him as a hero of the first water. He makes a fair enough point, at page 17, where he narrates how General Dumas, being quartered at Bayonne in 1793, and occupying a house immediately opposite the place of execution, whereon the guillotine was incessantly at work, refused to appear on his balcony by way of honour to the Goddess of Liberty. The bloodthirsty mob shouted furiously for him and his staff; but they kept close, prepared to sell their lives dearly, if attacked. He was hailed as ‘Monsieur de l’Humanité!’—and the name stuck to him. ‘Question, gentlemen, (says our Alexander) my name of Davy de la Pailleterie; but there is one, the which you cannot question—which is, that I am the son of a man who was called *Horatius Cocles*, in face of the enemy, and Mr. Humanity in face of the scaffold.’ Some of our author’s brief recapitulations of well-known events are very striking. We shall probably, from time to time, refer to this publication,—periodical it may be called, for its duration is very indefinite. Popular writers—too many of them—reckon now-a-days how much they can get per sheet, and scribble on until scribbled out.”

We translate from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, the following paragraph relative to the present condition of literature and journalism in France, from its Parisian correspondence. “It is rumoured that efforts will be made to restore to Literature and Art, that share of public attention, which, of late years, has been attracted by politics. It is said that degrees of the *Legion d’Honneur* are to be awarded to artists and authors. We are also assured that the President has taken under his patronage the entry of ALFRED DE MUSSET, to

the French Academy.” With this *literary patronage* of Louis Napoleon, we may, however, contrast the fact that all of the greatest writers of France have been ignominiously banished; that GEORGES SAND, though residing quietly and inoffensively at a great distance from Paris, has been ordered out of France, and that not a single literary man of any true claims to merit, is at present connected with a single journal in that unfortunate country!

MUSICAL ITEMS.—From the well-selected foreign items of the *New York Musical Times*, we learn that JULLIEN is creating, with his monster band, a great furore at Manchester.

The serious importance attached, in France, to amusements, as a means of quieting the public mind, is shown by a recent decision, in which it was determined by the courts of Paris, that if a manager shuts his theatre in the case of a popular *emeute*, he is liable for the salaries of the artists while his theatre is closed.

M^{LE} ANAIS DURAND has made a very successful debut at Amiens. Her performances in *Les Mousquetaires*, and *Les Diamans de Couronne*, were much applauded.

MR. HULLAH’s monthly concerts, this year, will be four in number; to be held on the third Wednesdays of their respective months. The first will be given on the 21st instant. “The following entire works,” says the programme, “will be performed in the course of the season, for the first time, at these concerts:—Handel’s *cantata*, ‘Alexander’s Feast;’ Leslie’s Festival Anthem, ‘Let God arise;’ a new *cantata*, ‘Leonora,’ by Mr. Macfarren; and Mendelssohn’s ‘Ninety-fifth Psalm.’”

A new opera-buffa, by TRAVERSARI, *Gli Orignali*, has had a complete success at Vigevano.

THALBERG is at present residing in Paris, but it is rumoured that he is coming, in the spring, to America.

M. ADOLPHE ADAM has received the cross of the Conception, of Portugal.

We learn that a new society, under the name of *The Musical Institute*, is to be formed in London, for the cultivation of music. We are, however, as a rule, by no means in favour of this adding so greatly to the number of Institutes, Clubs, “Corps,” or “Choirs.” Much talent which would prove effective when brought together, loses its force when scattered here and there, in association with mediocrity, which detracts from its merit. We have met with an instance, in which, in a very small city, there existed not less than seven extensive rival musical associations, singly, of no remarkable merit, but which, in union, would have won for the members a world-wide reputation.

THE TYROL and Switzerland have hitherto enjoyed pre-eminence in sending forth annual bands of “*brothers*,” “*minstrels*,” and “*families*,” but Hungary has now entered into the field. We learn that the chief musical feature in London, at the present moment, consists of a band of Hungarians—sixteen in number—in the picturesque costume of their country, who, after travelling for some time on the Continent, have

visited England to display their remarkable abilities. "Certainly, a more interesting, and compact band of musicians, we never listened to; for, not only are their performances so perfect as to be beyond criticism, but they are so modest withal, that the listener becomes doubly charmed with all they execute. The band is composed of wind and stringed instruments, amongst whom are four tenors in F, an alto horn in C, a double bass, a violoncello (the player on which, by the way, is left-handed), and, apparently, a very sharp and peculiar clarinet. Other instruments serve to fill up the band, and the *ensemble* is such as to equally delight and astonish."

It is generally asserted that music affects the feelings as other arts do the intellect. The following extract is a beautiful analysis of this influence.

"The art of music, whose power has been acknowledged by the most profound thinkers of all ages, is of later growth than her sisters,—Poetry, Sculpture, and Painting, and its means of communicating ideas are less positive and direct; but the principles which govern its manifestations are strictly analogous; and we recognise in its very vagueness that yearning after the infinite, that feeling for ineffable loveliness, which, defying, by the electrical rapidity of its action upon the mind, the slow deductions of reason and all human powers of analysis, approaches the Divine in its bright mystery and inexplicable influence upon our sentiments and emotions."

BERLIN.—DR. RUNGENHAGEN, chiefly remembered in the musical world as having occupied the position so long and honourably held by ZELTER, the conductorship of the Sing-Academie, died lately at Berlin, at an advanced age.

ELIZA GREENFIELD, the "Black-bird," has a French rival, both in voice and complexion. At the *Varieties*, a piece called the "*Negress of the Pacha*," has been produced, in which MARIA MARTINEZ, called the "Black Malibran," made her *début*. She is said to be, except in colour, a perfect beauty, and a sensible, respectable woman. The piece in which she appeared was very successful.

SIGNOR VERDI is now in Paris. Thither, too, has come SIGNOR SARMIENTO, of the minor Italian *maestri*, with the hope of producing some of his operas. New operas by MM. CADANX, BAZIN, and GRISAR, are said to have been accepted at the Opera Comique. *La Favorita*, *Ernani*, and *Sapho*, have delighted the frequenters of the Opera, and the efforts of CRUVELLI and GUASCO have been attended with complete success. *Maria di Rohan* is soon to be produced. At the Theatre Italian, MADAME BARBIERE-NINI has been much admired in *Semiramide*. M. BELLETTI and M^{lle} IDA BERTRAND have also been well received in this opera.

At the Opera Comique, *Fra Diavolo*.

MUSARD is producing much enthusiasm by his immense orchestra and charming quadrilles.

M^{lle} VON STRANZ, who has been singing successfully at Leipzig concerts, has made her appearance on the Frankfort stage as Rosina, in "*Il Barbiere*;" and, in spite of her coming immediately after MADAME SONTAG, is said to have produced a most favourable impression.

Two composers, whose names are, as yet, new to the musical world, have recently brought forth operas: HERR STRUPPE, whose "*Sea Beggars*" has been given at Prague, and HERR UNGER, whose "*Tiberius Gracchus*" is in preparation at Weimar.

LA FRANCE MUSICALE says that M^{lle} CRUVELLI has made two serious blunders—one in attempting to sing *Somnambula*, and the other in appearing in *La Fille du Regiment*. Her forte lies in dramatic and passionate music; and she is not at home in an opera like *La Somnambula*, in which a sentiment of poetic tenderness reigns, which excludes the tragic character.

La Butte des Moulins, of BOIELDIEU, has been declared to consist of plagiarisms from Auber and Adam, Verdi, Meyerbeer, and other composers. "Thanks to the abundance of elements borrowed from all kinds, and all styles, everybody finds something in the opera to his taste, and *La Butte des Moulins* is a success."

HENRI HERZ, the pianist, who returned only last year from his long journey in the United States, South America, and lately California, gave, on the 12th instant, a brilliant concert at his own concert room, 48 *Rue de la Victoire*, Paris. The audience was quite numerous, and the toilettes of the ladies very fashionable.

The appearance of M^{me} FREZZOLINI has been (with the exception of Lablache) the great event of late in Paris. This *diva* has been, for ten or twelve years, the "lyric fairy" of Italy. The Paris correspondent of *Le Courier* (JULES LECOMTE), remarks: "She was recently in Spain, where she well sustained the weight of her vast reputation. At Paris, she hesitated to appear before the rising star of M^{lle} CRUVELLI. But MR. LUMLEY has conquered this resistance, inspired rather by modesty than expediency, by irresistible arguments. I know that, at rehearsals, M^{me} FREZZOLINI produces an incredible effect, and that this pale and languishing beauty, who seems every evening, at the *balcon* of the theatre, to be hardly able to sustain the weight of the opera glass (*jumelle*) which she levels at CRUVELLI, readily recovers there a fiery energy and a glowing tint, as she stamps upon the stage. MR. LUMLEY has had many difficulties to contend against. He has done this with the reserve of an English gentleman. He has conquered public coolness by force of advertisements. His operas have succeeded from week to week, and with each he has given the attraction of the name of an eminent *artiste*, and the second part of the season will present greater and more varied attractions."

THE FINE ARTS.—Among other foreign attractions which have been promised to Mr. Riddel's American Exhibition, are the Amazon, by KISS, which took a Grand Council Medal at the late London exhibition; a colossal statue of Washington, by MAROCHETTI, whose statue of Richard Cœur de Leon also took a Council Medal; a statue of Wesley, by CAREW, and also one of the Crucifixion, exhibited by him in the Crystal Palace; the statue of Prometheus, by MANNING; the Veiled Figure, by MONTI; a silver statue of Columbus, from the Sardinian Commissioners, and some three hundred and fifty works of art exhibited in

London last summer, scarcely less interesting or remarkable than those we have enumerated. FARINA, the great *Eau de Cologne* manufacturer, has engaged to keep a fountain of Cologne water playing, during the entire period of the exhibition, provided the amount consumed is admitted by our government free of duty, which we presume should be done, as a matter of course. He has also engaged to exhibit about one hundred and fifty of the very best paintings in Dusseldorf on the same terms. Prince Albert, the Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Joseph Paxton, have also promised to become exhibitors.

We learn from a late number of the *Art Journal*, that a "remarkable alto-relievo in plaster, an oval, of the size of seventeen feet, representing the 'Landing of the Crusaders, under the command of Louis the Saint, in Palestine, and their encounter with the Saracens,' by G. EICHLER, of Berlin, draws the attention of amateurs in a high degree, because the whole surface is coated with a metallic layer, so that it looks like a work of pure silver; and it is not known by what method this has been effected; perhaps by magnetic electricity." Should this application of silver plating to works of Art, prove practical, and not too expensive, we should welcome it as one of the most important discoveries of late years. Many of the most exquisite productions of Gothic Art, such as goblets, screens, and crucifixes, of gold and silver, have perished, because their intrinsic value proved too strong a temptation to their possessors. It is now to be hoped that all the effect of such exquisite works can be retained, without incurring the same risk of destruction.

We find in late numbers of the *Deutsches Kunstblatt*, or *German Art Journal*, an extremely interesting series of articles, entitled "*Das Aufkommen des Gothischen Stils in England*," or, "The Introduction of the Gothic Style of Architecture into England," by DR. KARL SCHNAASE. In these papers—the result of great industry and erudition—we find many particulars which will be of great interest to the student of Art. One reason why the period of the introduction (we imagine that no sensible man, at the present day, cares for the innumerable absurd theories as to the origin) of the ogive, or pointed arch, has been enveloped in obscurity, is, according to SCHNAASE, because the very introducers themselves regarded it as a matter of subordinate importance, as contrasted with other particulars by which the true Gothic style was distinguished from the antecedent Romanesque. In *Gervase de Tilbury's* "*Tractatus de combustione ac reparatione Cantuariensis ecclesie*," we have a full and authentic account of the burning of Canterbury Cathedral, and its subsequent rebuilding in the Gothic style. From this extremely interesting *Tractatus*, the keen observation of Schnaase gathers, that so early as the year 1175, the virtual lead in all matters pertaining to architectural knowledge and taste, had passed from the hands of the clergy into those of laymen. As a proof that the older church had not been in the Gothic style, he observes that Gervase speaks of it as having possessed very thick walls and small, dark windows (*murus solidus parvulis et obscuris fenestris distinctus*), and boasts, as if contrastingly, of the various Gothic attributes of the new building. As this *Tractatus* is not so much a merely architectural

work, as an account of what he considered the superior beauty of the newer edifice, it is not astonishing that he should have omitted any mention of the ogive, since it was evidently regarded by those who first employed it as superior to the round arch, only as "a means of construction," and not on account of its more picturesque appearance.

We are, however, further indebted to this account of Gervase de Tilbury, for a hint, which as not coming within the scope of his article, has not been dilated upon by SCHNAASE. It has long been a favourite theory with modern æstheticists, that while the Classic and Gothic styles received to the very extreme their development, that of the intermediate transition, or Romanesque, *was never brought to a full perfection*. Any art, to be perfect, should admit of the fullest harmony with the kindred arts, particularly with that of painting. And such was, to a remarkable degree, the case with the old Christian, or Romanesque style, in which vast mosaics and paintings covered walls, whose extent was afterwards occupied by mere colossal Gothic windows. This is the view taken by that eminent architect, HUBSCH, in his work entitled "*Architecture, and its affinities to Painting and Sculpture*." "He," remarks HUBSCH, "who first enters a Gothic cathedral, cannot fail to be struck by a thrill of wonder, when he perceives the light of the outer world, unobstructed by heavy masonry, entering through immense glass walls, and borne on a glow of many hues. Certainly this impression is elevating and varied, particularly when contrasted with that of modern churches. But I find in the colossal mosaic pictures of the old-Christian churches, or in the fresco-paintings of the old-Italian cathedrals, a far more spiritually-Christian character." In *Gervase de Tilbury*, we learn that in the new church, sculpture and architectonic ornament took the place of a vaulting which, in the old, had been indeed of wood, but covered with what he considered admirable paintings; and there is much in his *Tractatus* which induces us to believe that he had an extended knowledge of Art as it then existed. "*Ibi cælum ligneum egregia pictura decoratum, hic fornex lapide et tofo, levi decenter composita est.*"

The great inference which we would draw from this is, that if there be really no style which our architects can reproduce (apart from literal copying), without committing gross errors and absurdities—as is evinced in every attempt at the Gothic, from an ignorance of the Oriental-Gnostic symbolism upon which it is founded—why, then, let our patrons of Art, and those who criticise therein, turn their attention to the incredibly neglected field of *The Transition, or Romanesque*, which is capable of infinitely more application, without losing its purity; and is far easier in such application to our modern requirements, than the Gothic, Grecian, or Oriental architectures. A medium between the absolute simplicity of the Grecian, and the infinite ornament and detail of the Gothic, it offers to the depraved taste of the age, which is too corrupt to comprehend the purity of the one, and too ignorant to appreciate the exquisite variety of the other, a means by which it may be gradually led back to something like a comparatively correct standard of taste. To which study and style we commend those who cater for such "*fancies*."



WE sat down, reader, to write our April Editorial, and as it seemed to us we were expected to discourse somewhat upon the loveliness of Spring, after a few minutes' cogitation, we indited one or two very neat paragraphs setting forth the praises of the month,—much in the usual style of doing such things. Then we came to an abrupt pause, and were sadly at fault for a continuation of the theme. In truth, our heart was not in it, and we believe you will like us all the better, if we own right up. How could we write *con amore* of singing birds and blooming flowers, when seated comfortably in our furnace-heated office, listening to the wintry winds without, and shivering with cold at an unexpected opening of the door? We cannot do it well, so, if you please, we will repudiate, for the present, all mention of the pleasant sights and sounds incidental to a balmy April day, and talk on in easy consonance with the mood naturally induced by the less charming realities around us. Nothing of the flowery wealth of Spring have we seen, save a tremblingly-delicate snow-drop, half afraid to blossom; and the nearest approach to its balminess we have rejoiced in, has been the moderated temperature of a couple of thawing days, promising the gradual disappearance of the fields of ice and snow that have so long greeted our out-door vision.

Now don't imagine, reader, by all that we have said, that your Editor is of the Scandinavian race, having his home located in some out-of-the-way place near the Poles, and that you have been all the while deceived by the flimsy pretext of his residence in the beautiful city of Philadelphia; or, again, that he is even now exceeding editorial license in the attempt to hoax you on this first of April day; no such sorry jest is intended. Why, then, when perchance the softly-pattering April rain lulls you with its gentle music as you read, why should the symphony to our thought be the hoarse Borean blast? Whence this marked difference of condition,—if climate be the same?

The truth is, you delight in the reception of your successive numbers of "Sartain," some time closely approximating to the nominal day of publication, while we are obliged to send off our editorial sheets to the printer several weeks before that day comes round. In the present instance, what might agreeably harmonize with your experience of Nature's gala aspect, when glancing over our gossip, would, as we have intimated, be exceedingly unseasonable at the period we are writing. Even before the saucy March winds have scattered the dreariness and dampness of February, we must have done with our work for April. When you are in search of the violets of early spring, we, instead of accompanying you in spirit, and sharing in your pleasant occupation, must, perforce, remain at home, busied in preparing your midsummer repast;—an intellectual banquet for June, of no mean quality.

This impossibility of occasionally enjoying a simultaneous harmony of pursuit with you, with whom we are

in such friendly relations, is slightly vexatious; but we solace ourselves with the thought, that it is one of the penalties of greatness, and manage to smilingly endure the martyrdom. Well, April will really be here anon, with its sunshine and its showers; and we can but hope its clouds may pass lightly o'er you, and render the brightness but the dearer for a momentary obscurity.

A nook in our basket is filled, as usual, with MSS. intended for our "reserved column," and as the material now selected is principally poetical, the occasion is not inopportune for a brief explanation, on our part, as to the insertion of poems in this particular department of the Magazine. All articles in our Editorial form, are like the contributions in the earlier pages of the number, to be regarded as entirely original, unless the contrary be expressly stated;—as in the instance of the stanzas entitled "Teresa Kossuth," reprinted as a matter of courtesy, at the request of the authoress, in our February Editorial. The appearance of articles in these latter pages does not, of itself, argue our opinion as to their being superior or inferior to the other contributions in the book. Quality does not regulate the precedence of place:—but we are decided sometimes by the desire to say a few words of our own in introduction, which we are too modest to intrude in the space devoted to our correspondents; or there may be a few words of the author, explanatory of the motive in sending the composition, or of the circumstances under which it was written, that might be pleasanter to all parties to have printed; or we have this only chance of fulfilling our promise of publishing at a designated time.

The following "Song of the Swallows" is extracted from an unpublished, and, as yet, unfinished poem, by that true genius, R. H. Stoddard, the first book of which we had the good fortune to read in MS. The subject is a beautiful classical legend, and it is almost needless to add, that it has received highly artistic treatment. As far as completed, "The Search for Persephone" gave promise of a production of rare excellence, ranking in our memory with Horne's "Orion." We hope our gifted contributor will not be induced to defer, indefinitely, the finishing of this work, but allow us, at no very distant date, the pleasure of reading it entire:

SICILIAN PASTORAL.

From "The Search for Persephone."

The nests in spring were full of bluish eggs,
In summer, full of birds; now autumn comes,
The nests are empty, and the birds are gone.
The soft white clouds are flecked, the sky is bound
With belts of swallows, stretching from the west,
To where the east is girded in with haze.

Stay! swallows, stay! the land is near, and bright;
The sea is far, and dark, and perilous,

And all beyond it alien, and unknown.
 Why should ye fly so soon? why fly at all,
 When you might stay with us through all the year,
 And be in deepening summer all the time?
 Here, all the vales are full of dewy flowers,
 The orchard-plots are full of juicy fruits,
 And all the purple woods are full of balm.
 Stay! swallows, stay! the flowers and fruit and balm
 Will fade and die, when you have left the isle;
 And winds will moan the absence of your songs!
 Stay! swallows, stay! and hear the last-year's birds:
 "We flew o'er many a sea where Summer broods,
 But found no isle, no clime like sweet Sicilia!"

They will not hear, we waste our words in air;
 We might as well go chatter to the crows,
 For they would hear us, though they meant to go.

Go! swallows, go! and thank the Gods for life:
 They watch o'er everything, however small,
 And they are very gracious,—for you live!
 Go! swallows, go! and be it all your doom,
 To bear the memory of what you leave—
 For memory will cancel half the sin;
 And be it all your punishment to sing
 In tropic islands of Sicilian sweets,
 And shame the tropic birds with summer songs.

From "I. S.," at Washington, whose racy epistle of congratulation was published in the January number, we have received a sonnet, that he tells us, "whatever we may think of it, he is content with the knowledge, that it has had *one* reader, at least, who is willing to accept it unconditionally;" *the one* who inspired it, and to whom he transmitted a copy by the same mail that forwarded the communication to us:

SONNET.

To thee, tho' far removed, I fondly cling,
 And thou art cherished in this exiled heart
 More dear than if it never beat apart
 From thine,—or *mine*;—for whence could solace spring
 For all the pangs we suffer, when denied
 The pleasure of communing side by side,
 If promptings spiritual did not reveal
 That ours are *one*, which Fate cannot divide?
 And yet, the joys that each may often feel,
 In sympathy, at least, we may them share;
 And each warm throb from that true heart of thine,
 May it not thus be *telegraphed* to mine?
 And with it breathe a still and fervent prayer
 That all its fondest hopes be treasured there!

I. S.

Dr. T. H. Chivers sent us, as a free-will offering, the following stanzas, "To the Queen of My Heart," which was intended for our March number, but crowded out by the press of other matter. We shall endeavour to have them copied now, without the slightest deviation in orthography or punctuation, from the original draft. The Doctor is inclined to wage war against the whole tribe of printers and proof-readers, for the detriment he has suffered, in their "being over wise above what is written." He says that his "Chant D'Amour," in our February number, was copied in several journals, "some of which made sad havoc with it in the way of typography." Errors of this sort "are enough to break the heart of a common man, let alone that of a poet, who is of a tenderer nature." Unfortunately, we come in for a share of his indignation, for in our version of the same poem, he tells us a change in the punctuation, "carelessly overlooked, altered the meaning of a whole verse." We shall not acquaint our readers whether or not we permitted this sad mistake to occur, because we prefer their regarding us as infallible, but express our sincere regrets to the Doctor, and promise "better luck next time."

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

"I have drunk Lethe!"—JOHN WEBSTER, 1665.

I will give you Bread of Angels, sweeter far than any honey—

Whiter far, in its clear sweetness, than the snow of Leda's love—

In the South-Land, far away, beneath the skies forever sunny,

It was dropt upon the golden flowers in dew-drops from above.

Then no heart can speak so sweetly as the heart that has been broken,

As the Swan will sing the sweetest on the day that it must die;

And no word can ever charm us like the words that we hear spoken

By our friend upon his deathbed, when he knows that Heaven is nigh.

Pure as drops of dew congealed to Pearls beneath the troubled Ocean,

That the Divers value most because found deepest in the Sea;

Are the words that now well up from out my heart's divine devotion,

And here sparkle in this JEWEL set to shrine my love for thee.

Like the Mirror in the Minor of the City of the Sages,
 Which betrayed the Grecian enemy afar off on the sea;

But, when broken, left them prostrate to their wantonness for Ages,

So my heart will bow to Sorrow if once broken, love! by thee!

If thou art the only Pharos that can light my soul, at even,

When my Bark of Life is wrecking on Time's Ocean tempest-tost,

By what Beacon shall my spirit reach the peaceful Port of Heaven,

From the Valley of Dark Shadows where so many men are lost?

Many Palm trees are at Elim—many brooks of running water—

For the feeding of the hungry—for the quenching of their thirst—

But the Fountain opened freely on Mount Zion for her Daughter,

Is the sweetest ever tasted—for this latest one was first.

Hear you not the cooing Turtles in the Willows giving warning

That the Golden Time for singing on the earth will soon arrive?

When the Morning shall be Evening, for the Evening shall be Morning—

And the soul, possessing Heaven, no more for Heaven on earth shall strive.

Like the Rose that gives out odour only when we come to trample

On its petals, from my bruised heart flows the incense of my song—

Like the golden clouds of fragrance from the Altar in the Temple—

For the soul will show the sweetest under deepest sense of wrong.

I am mourning for the downfall of my Daughter of sweet Zion!

For she would not hear my counsel—ah! her heart within was dead!

Like the Holy City Salem treated Judah's Lamb-like Lion,

Till the Crown, that God had crowned her with, was taken from her head!

I will give you Bread of Angels, sweeter far than any honey—

Whiter far, in its clear sweetness, than the snow of Leda's love—

In the South-Land, far away, beneath the skies forever sunny,

It was dropt upon the golden flowers in dew-drops from above.

T. H. C.

"You had better introduce a note at the bottom of my poem, saying that 'Minor' means Lighthouse or Pharos. I forgot to do so. See that your printer does not print it 'Miner,' or 'Minir,' or in God knows what other way." As the above postscript fully answers the desired purpose, we made "a note on it." Another original scrap, too good to be lost, we copy from G. S. B.'s latest communication. If our facetious friend has any more of the same sort, he will please send them along: "Wit and worth have many trials to endure in this world; but not long ago, in a public trial in a sister city, wit was *served* well for once; better than worth, perhaps, even there. To present a girl with \$400 worth of silver, just for a *joke*, shows that the *minor* struck not only a very facetious vein, but a very rich one. But, alas! for the *judges*, who must be serious *ex-officio*, to be compelled to read 1,400 puns, is a punishment of a severity hitherto only inflicted on *criminals*. The conundrum which did not take a prize, was not sent, so we produce it here. Why were the New York wits like the Seiks on the banks of the Sutlege? Because they cruelly mangled the *English* in the Punjab (pun-job)."

OUR ENIGMAS.—The interest manifested in this feature of the Magazine is exceedingly gratifying to us, as its introduction was a pet fancy of our own, founded on our admiration of Præd's beautiful lyrical charades. A numerous corps of volunteers regularly transmit to us metrical answers, for the most part giving the correct solution, but sometimes very funnily missing it. George S. Barleigh, writing to us about the "Views from a Corner,"—which we shall continue regularly to engage,—says, "On the other leaf you will find a little enigma, which I have composed for your playful department; if it is usable, you are welcome to it. Were I a draughtsman, I would sketch appropriate illuminations." The said enigma is very ingeniously constructed, and susceptible of pictorial illustration, but it is too short to form one of our regular series, and we prefer issuing it as an extra:

MY FIRST.

In the glance of the sun, when the young birds sing,
I start in my beauty to gladden the spring;
I weep at the morning marriage, and smile
On the evening tomb, though I die the while.

MY SECOND.

I wander, I sin; but a breath can make
All my frame an effeminate nature take;
And a manly dignity, that as well
Can of mastery and lordship tell.

MY WHOLE.

I have started the world to jeering and mirth
Since, that earthly, I dared to withdraw from the earth;
Yet I stay, though cut off in my prime, far more
Enlivening and life-full than ever before.

G. S. B.

This will require some smart guessing to construe it aright. Mr. Ellsworth, will you try? And will you *not* try the next, which was not written for us, but is one of Præd's best. Miss Mitford, in her recent publication of "Recollections of a Literary Life," declares that this charade, which is quoted among other specimens of Præd's poetry, always remained a mystery to her. It is a mystery to us, and we copy it now, in the hope of extracting information from our readers as to its true meaning. What were the *two syllables* uttered by Sir Hilary?

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,—
Sooth 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

"My *first* to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My *next* with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day's be done;
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies."

Miss Mitford makes a singular revelation on a kindred subject, that is more puzzling to account for than the puzzle itself. She contends that the famous enigma on the aspirant "H," commencing with "'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell," and universally attributed to Lord Byron, was written at Deepdene, by the poetess Katharine Fanshawe.

An answer to our February enigma, though rather out of date, we are induced to find room for, because it is an unusually successful attempt for a beginner, which, from the wording of the accompanying note, we infer the writer to be.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN FEBRUARY NUMBER OF SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE.

Oh! why is the Lady Margaret sad?
Her lands are fair and wide,
And many a lord of gallant mien
Hath wooed her for his bride.
In the castle's hall a festive band
With dance and song are gay;
Thro' the old chapel's lonely aisle,
The flickering moonbeams play;
Why doth the maiden linger there,
Unmoved by pleasure's call,
Is it to *bow* the suppliant knee
For one more dear than all?
The morning opens bright and clear,
The hounds impatient wait,
To hunt the stag, a jovial train
Pass thro' the castle's gate;
But Margaret seeks her lonely bower,
Where none her grief may spy,
Save the old minstrel, who hath watched
His lady's tearful eye.
To cheer her mood, he bids each *string*
With notes triumphant sound,
From Palestine her lover comes
With victory's laurels crown'd.
Alas! fair lady, idle all
Such blissful dreams must be,
For never more that noble form
Thy longing eyes may see.
Torn from his neck, thy parting gift,
The jewelled cross and chain,
And in its place accursed hands
Hath left the *bowstring* stain.
Nor trusty blade, nor valiant heart,
Could ward Sir Florice' doom:
The dungeon cell—the Moslem cord—
A dark, uncoffined tomb.

F. S. G.

Our Rebuses have also received a reasonable share of attention. By the way, we are glad, in this connexion, to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Ellsworth, for all the designs of these ingenious riddles that we have published in the present volume. His artistic skill in such delineations is quite equal to his talent in the corresponding branch of literary composition. The following replies will serve as sufficient expoundment of our series of Proverbial Problems, which was only commenced in the December number. They were furnished us by "Nobody," but we have "Somebody" to thank, for all that:

ANSWER TO REBUS IN DECEMBER NUMBER OF "SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE."

Ay, sit you down, and mend your gown—
My pouting lass, take warning;
The adage old, you've oft been told,
Had well been worth the learning:
*A stitch in time—mind ye the rhyme—
Saves nine of after darning.*

ANSWER TO REBUS IN JANUARY NUMBER.

More galling grew the British yoke,
Heavier the taxes day by day;
Our Yankee sires refused to pay,
And stern their earnest protest spoke,—
And Britain learned to dread the sequel,
When far and wide throughout the nation,
There rang the glorious declaration—
All men are born free and equal.

ANSWER TO FEBRUARY REBUS.

Sure it might save a long repentance,
Early to learn the wise deduction
Imaged in this pictured sentence,—
Pride ever goes before destruction.

ANSWER TO MARCH REBUS.

Fields tickled well in spring, 'tis said,
When the year has gained its prime,
And autumn's wealth around is spread,
Will laugh in the harvest time.

"NOBODY."

OUR EMBELLISHMENTS.

THE MAGIC LAKE is the first in order of the embellishments in the April number, and was designed expressly for this work, and used in illustration of Mr. Hirst's beautiful poetic story of "The Pilgrim of Love." One of the articles in the body of the Magazine being devoted to this artist, it is needless to repeat here anything more in relation to him personally. The engraving furnishes a tolerable idea of the general style of composition and effect in Mr. Hamilton's pictures.

OLIVER CROMWELL BEFORE THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.—This plate, by Serz, of this city, is after a fine picture by Schorn, an eminent German painter, and it may be regarded as a fair specimen of the modern school of painting in that country. Cromwell is here represented as less bluff and burly than we are accustomed to think of him; but then the portrait we know him by was painted later in life, after he became Protector. This subject is sufficiently illustrated in the article in this number of the Magazine, by Mr. Kingsbury.

THE MULETEERS ON THE MOUNTAIN PASS is an admirable engraving, by Croome, of Philadelphia. The original picture was exhibited in the collection of the Louvre, at Paris, in 1850-51, and enhanced the already high reputation of the artist, M. Eugene Giraud. Mr. Klapp's story in this number is so well done, that it would be hard to tell whether the story was written for the picture, or the picture painted for the story.

THE LESSON is a spirited engraving on wood, by W. J. Linton, and represents one of the most attractive of the pictures exhibited in the Gallery of the Old Water Colour Painters' Society, in London, in the spring of 1846. To indicate its merits, it is only sufficient to remind the reader that it is from the pencil of Frank Stone, the author of the numerous pictures rendered familiar to the American public, during the last few years, by the series of large framing prints, so finely engraved by Bellin and Simmons.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY. By CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED. New York: G. P. PUTNAM. 2 Vols. 12mo. 875 pp. From C. G. HENDERSON.

The author commences by telling us the three reasons

that have induced him to write this book, which may be briefly stated thus:—First, very little is accurately known, in this country, about the English Universities. Secondly, much of what we do know comes through the medium of popular novels, &c., and is not written by university men. Thirdly, and principally, because he conceives there are points in an English education that may be studied with profit, and from which we may draw valuable hints.

So much for the purpose, which has resulted in the compilation of a work of some 900 pages, issued in two remarkably neat duodecimo volumes, but which, to the taste of a vast majority of Mr. Bristed's readers, would have been pronounced more readable if compressed in one-fourth the space.

Elegant and correct diction is the first excellence of the book; a sort of self-glorification, not arising from conceit, but rather from the delight of his heart in recollection of what was, perhaps, the pleasantest part of his life, makes the first defect. The second chapter is entitled, "Some preliminaries, rather egotistical, but very necessary;" this were quite pardonable if the egotism stopped with the preliminaries, but unfortunately we have many particulars throughout very egotistical, and by no means necessary. His own position in class, the amount of "cram" accomplished, and of copy "got up," his frequent disappointments, and occasional successes, are very frankly and fully stated. Indeed, the minuteness and diffusiveness of petty details regarding the Cantabian service, before the close of the first volume, becomes excessively tedious.

From the reading of this work, one would be led to suppose that the attainment of mathematical or classical honours in an English University was the only object worthy of a gentleman's ambition, as if the mastery of "conic sections," and "Greek Anapæsts," were the real problem of our destiny. Three hundred pages of the second volume are occupied by the appendix, and consists merely of collegiate exercises, which we are happy to think are not likely to be appreciated beyond the circle of our learned Professors; to the generality of readers it will be Greek indeed.

"Life is real, life is earnest," and it seems worse than folly to have so many of its best years wasted in poring over the literature of the buried past. Let us see,—Mr. Bristed entered Yale College at the age of fifteen, remained there a student some five years, then sojourned for an indefinite period at New Haven, and afterwards toiled through five more years at Cambridge, thus finishing his education (so called) at the mature age of twenty-six,—a melancholy statement. It is well that so few of our young men can afford the three or four thousand dollars per annum absolutely necessary to the support of a Fellow Commoner, and well is it that fewer still have the taste to wade through so much pedantic drudgery. We do not need this aristocracy of scholarship; there is too much real work to be done yet in our young Republic—problems better than Euclid's, worth the solving, presented by the advent of every destitute emigrant upon our shores, by every cry for want, that is still heard even in our land of plenty.

The physical exercise practised by the "Cantabs" presents us with the pleasantest part of their system. The "constitutional" walk of six or eight miles a day, habitually observed without regard to weather, will go far towards repairing the ravages of dissipation or too severe study. One of the most attractive chapters in the book contains a graphic description of a boat-race on the Cam, a classic stream that just escapes being wide enough to allow two boats to work their way peacefully side by side. Of indoor amusements, a taste for wine and ale drinking forms a very decided feature; a taste in which Mr. Bristed has quite an un-New-Englandish sympathy. But we do not feel called upon to lecture on temperance—or even to insist on its strict observance by an intended clergyman, were it only for example's sake—and therefore will not interfere with this particular predi-

lection. The following characteristic sketch makes us acquainted with one of Mr. Bristed's social accomplishments, on which he rather prides himself,—the knowing how to make a sherry cobbler.

"It was a very early weakness of mine to be curious in good dishes and drinks, and I was just now dabbling in the science with all the zest of a man who has been for twenty months obliged to weigh and ponder over every morsel he eats and drop he drinks, and is at last beginning to be able to live a little like other people. At this very time the anti-American part of *Martin Chuzzlewit* was in course of publication, in which occurs, it will be remembered, a description of sherry cobbler. This description struck F.'s fancy amazingly. After meditating upon it for some time, he broke out one day, when six of us were discussing in his rooms the luxuries of the season—strawberries, and raspberries, and various other sorts of berries, which in England flourish altogether, and the whole summer through—and imbibing the eternal port and sherry—one fine summer afternoon I say, while we were thus occupied, he broke out with,—

"Bristed, did you ever drink sherry cobbler."

"I confessed that I had.

"Can you make it?"

"This was a question that took longer to answer. Though it was many years since I had last been engaged in the process (on which occasion a young lady from the neighbouring nation of South Carolina had particularly insisted on my putting in *enough sherry*), I probably recollected enough of the theory to put it into practice again; but there was a difficulty in procuring some of the requisite materials—ice for instance. Here they looked astonished, ice, as it is commonly understood in England, that is *ice-cream*, being a very common article of consumption at Cambridge. But simple ice, sufficiently clear to be put into a beverage, was at that time unknown in England; they have become familiar with it since, thanks to Lake Wenham. However, the original mover of the matter thought he had sufficient influence with the confectioners, or, failing that, chemical knowledge enough of his own to obtain the rare luxury by artificial means; and two others of the party undertook to procure the necessary description of straws. So I invited the company to meet in my rooms three days from that time, and *try sherry cobbler*.

"It was not necessary to put a private laboratory at work for freezing the ice. The crack confectioner of the place undertook to supply it, though somewhat puzzled by the order, coupled as it was with one for soda-water glasses, or tumblers of the largest size; and equally puzzled were the milliners' girls at the application of our foraging party for straws. But all these preliminary difficulties being happily overcome, the six assembled on the appointed day, in my *summer room* (I was luxurious enough to have two) to test the transatlantic beverage. I was conscious of ten curious eyes watching my every movement, as I proceeded to concoct the cobbler. Having at length arranged it to suit my taste, I took an experimental suck, put in another straw, and handed the glass over to our authority, who, grave as a judge, proceeded to the trial. The eyes of the party were now directed to him with an anxiety in which I alone did not participate, the few drops imbibed having satisfied me that the national beverage was able to take care of itself. F.—laid hold of the straw and applied his lips to it for a few seconds without manifesting any emotion in his features. Then he paused a moment, took a longer draught, and rolled up his eyes, making a great display of the whites—a trick he had learned during his excursion into the Methodist Church—then removing his lips reluctantly from the straw, he uttered his oracular decision, '*It will do.*' Forthwith every man seized a knife and a lemon, and the manufacture of cobbler went on. I do not undertake to say that these were the first made in England, but they certainly were the first made at either University: it did not take long to naturalize them at Cambridge. As the beverage is a much weaker one than the Cantabs had been in the habit of drinking, besides that it requires to be imbibed more slowly than unmixed wine, I may congratulate myself on having done something to promote the cause of sobriety, as well as of table aesthetics. But republics are not the only communities that show themselves ungrateful to their benefactors. In less than three years the origin of the drink was forgotten. Before I left the University, an Eton Freshman at a wine party, asked me *if we drank sherry cobbler in America!*"

Of the several points of superiority observable in the English system of collegiate education, Mr. Bristed is too partial a judge to win much weight for his opinions. We will allow him, however, to give his own statement of the contrast apparent in the laws and regulations at home and abroad.

"Studying in a vacation! Even so; for you may almost take it as a general rule that college regulations and customs in England are just the reverse of what they are in America. In America, you rise and 'recite' to your instructor, who is seated; in England, you sit and construe to him as he stands at his desk. In America, you go sixteen times a week to chapel, or woe be to you; but then you may stay out of your room all night for a week together and nobody will know or care. In England, you have about seven chapels to keep, and may choose your own time of day, morning or evening, to keep them; but you cannot get out of college after ten at night, and if being out, you stay till after twelve, you are very likely to hear of it next morning. In America, you may go about in any dress that does not outrage decency, and it is not uncommon for youths to attend chapel and 'recitation-room' in their ragged dressing-gowns, with perhaps the pretext of a cloak; in England, you must scrupulously observe the academical garb while within the college walls, and not be too often seen wearing white great coats or other eccentric garments under it. In America, the manufacture of coffee in your room will subject you to suspicion, and should that bugbear, the tutor, find a bottle of wine on your premises, he sets you down for a hardened reprobate; in England, you may take your bottle or two or six with as many friends as you please, and unless you disturb the whole court by your exuberant revelry, you need fear no annoyance from your tutor; nay, expand your supper into a stately dinner and he will come himself (public tutor or private) like a brick, as he is, and consume his share of the generous potables, yea, take a hand in your rubber afterwards. In America, you may not marry, but your tutor can; in England, you may marry and he can't. In America, you never think of opening a book in vacation; in England, the vacations are the very times when you read most. Indeed, since the vacations occupy more than half the year, he who keeps them idle, will not do much work during his college course."

Here we have a scrap on the "other side of the question" that seems worth transcribing, and in this connexion may remark, that the chapter in the second volume, "On the State of Morals and Religion in Cambridge," in its confessions of the unblushing profligacy and drunkenness, too common to be noticeable in student life there, were quite sufficient to overbalance, by our disgust, all the influence of the many commendatory phrases it has been the purpose of these volumes to express.

"I may say here that English young gentlemen at a public meeting are more ungentlemanly than *any* class of our people (for a meeting of Irish or other foreigners in New York is not to be considered an American meeting); they never look upon the occasion in a serious light, but seem to consider it the most natural one for a lark. Two of the members got into a dispute on the floor of the house, which was afterwards continued out of doors. The whole affair at length would make a very pretty bit of Trollopiana; but when gentlemen by birth and education do not behave as such, it is not pleasant to dwell on their disgrace, even for the pleasure of retaliating on Mr. Dickens."

ESSAYS ON LIFE, SLEEP, PAIN, ETC. By SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON, M.D., Professor of Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the Medical College of the State of South Carolina. Philadelphia: BLANCHARD & LEA. 12mo. 301 pp.

The attention of the reader is here invited to the discussion of subjects of the highest importance, and which, as the author observes, it is the custom to consider rather of technical than of universal interest,—an error principally attributable to the general mode of treatment, and not belonging to the real nature of the theme. In view of this difficulty, these Lectures on Life, Sleep, Pain, Hygiene, and Death, were written, in a style especially intended to suit the taste and comprehension of intelligent minds beyond the professional circle. The information is of a kind much needed, and as now presented should be popularly acceptable.

The Professor's language is rendered attractive by clearness and grace of expression; his speculations are distinguished by boldness and originality of tone, and if not always convinced of the soundness of his views, the impressive earnestness with which they are advocated entitles them to the most respectful consideration. We are

not desirous of entering into a critical examination of the several points wherein he differs from high authorities, but shall proceed to extract one or two suggestive passages of particular interest. In his lecture on Hygiene, rightly regarded as the great science of prevention, we find the following sensible remarks:—

"I have left myself very little time or space to treat of Municipal or Public Hygiene,—the most neglected, yet, as it seems to me, the most truly important of all the departments of political economy. Men have devoted time enough, ineffectually, in continuous efforts to *relieve* suffering and *punish* crime. I do not deny that these are proper objects of attention; but surely, if we can by any method *prevent* crime and suffering, this should be our paramount purpose; and I fully believe that the physical destitution of the poor is the chief cause of intemperance, vice, and disease, among them. I fully believe that, if one-half the amount expended in hospitals and almshouses, prisons and penitentiaries, were appropriated with judgment to the care of the physical well-being of the wretched class with which these institutions are filled, the remaining moiety would be far more than sufficient for the necessities that now, with the most unsatisfactory results, consume the whole. Extreme poverty, one of the saddest and bitterest of curses inflicted by an angry Heaven—extreme poverty, the double cause and consequence of disease, is the most prolific parent of crime."

A writer in Blackwood recently professes mystification as to the meaning of the "solidarity" of the human race. Our author reveals a consciousness of its real import that may, perhaps, tend to the enlightenment of some of his readers.

"It would be Utopian to imagine that any effort can altogether preclude, among men constituted as they are, the infliction of this curse of poverty upon the improvident and imbecile. But it is possible to diminish the number of its victims, and to evade the diffusion of its malignant influence beyond the circle of its inevitable presence. Policy, as loudly as humanity, demands that this should be earnestly attempted. The rich man, in his luxurious cabin, may be infected by the ship fever of the miserable emigrant in his crowded steerage. Pent up within the thronged area of a great city, he will likewise suffer from typhus, generated in the lanes and alleys, hovels and cellars, among which he must reside, or whose pestilential breath he must inhale in passing. The citizen who will not provide for the enforced purification of the streets and houses about him may soon become the victim of the miasms eliminated there; although his own proud palace may seem, by its admirable architecture and its comfortable appointments, elevated far above the sources of such miasms. We are linked inseparably together, the rich and the poor, the lofty and the low. Our voyage across the great ocean of existence must be made in one common bark, wafted by the same favourable breezes, tossed by the same rough billows, and wrecked in the same rude tempest. 'Nothing human can be foreign from us,' whether we regard the affairs of our race with the genial sentiment of the Roman dramatist, or look upon them with the cold and calculating eye of the selfish voluptuary."

In the concluding chapter, on "Death," the Doctor expresses an unusually intense appreciation of the evil of "pain."

"In the admirable liturgy of the churches of England and of Rome, there is a fervent prayer for protection against 'battle, murder, and sudden death.' From death un contemplated, unarranged, unprepared for, may Heaven in mercy deliver us! But if ever ready, as we should be, for the inevitable event, the most kindly mode of infliction must surely be that which is most prompt and brief. To die unconsciously, as in sleep, or by apoplexy, or lightning, or overwhelming violence, as in the catastrophe of the Princeton, this is the true Euthanasia."

A portion of this discourse is devoted to the interesting question, as to the actual pain experienced in the hour of dissolution. Whether, as has been urged, we may discredit the evidence of our own senses, as to the suffering experienced; whether, in truth, as Hufeland asserts, "the moribund can have no sensation of dying:"—all of which we seem assured is, that "the more we die the less we feel the pain of dying." And granting the agony real that is so frequently manifested by the struggles of expiring mortality, whether the attendant physician shall in any case have the right to abbreviate

that suffering by the use of anesthetics, even though hastening entire prostration of the system.

That the closing hour of life was intended to be but as the falling into a quiet sleep, a painless transition, it were not presumptuous to suppose, if we did, or could, live in strict accordance with the laws of nature; but if for years, through wilfulness or ignorance, those laws have been violated, the penalty cannot be escaped at last.

"A common case presents itself from time to time to every practitioner, in which all hope is avowedly extinct, and yet, in consonance with uniform custom, stimulants are assiduously prescribed to prolong existence in the midst of convulsive and delirious throes, not to be looked on without dismay. In some such contingencies, where the ultimate result was palpably certain, I have seen them abandoned as useless and worse, in order that nature, irritated and excited, lashed into factitious and transitory energy, might sink into repose; and have felt a melancholy satisfaction in witnessing the tranquillity, so soft and gentle, that soon ensued; the stormy agitation subsiding into a calm and peaceful decay."

"I hold fully, with Pascal, that, according to the principles of Christianity, which in this entirely oppose the false notions of paganism, a man 'does not possess power over his own life.' I acknowledge and maintain that the obligation to perform unceasingly, and to the last and utmost of our ability, all the duties which appertain to our condition, renders absolutely incompatible the right supposed by some to belong to every one to dispose of himself at his own will. But I would present the question for the serious consideration of the profession, whether there does not, now and then, though very rarely, occur an exceptional case, in which they might, upon full and frank consultation, be justified before God and man in relieving, by the efficient use of anesthetics, at whatever risk, the ineffable and incurable anguish of a fellow-creature labouring under disease of organic destructiveness, or inevitably mortal; such, for example, as we are doomed to witness in hydrophobia, and even more clearly in some instances of cancerous and fungoid degeneration, and in the sphacelation of organs necessary to life, or parts so connected as to be indispensable, yet not allowing either of removal or restoration?"

The effect upon the mind, when hovering near the valley of the shadow of death, like that upon the body, is more determined by the character of the disease than of the sufferer; and we are wisely and eloquently warned of the fallacy of our judgment formed on the apparent tranquillity or terror then demonstrated.

"We cannot too often repeat that the religious prejudice which argues unfavourably of the previous conduct and present character from the closing scene of an agitating and painful illness, or from the last words, uttered amidst bodily anguish and intellectual confusion, is cruel and unreasonable, and ought to be loudly denounced. We can well enough understand why an English Elizabeth, Virgin Queen, as history labels her, could not lie still for a moment, agitated as she must have been by a storm of remorseful recollections, nor restrain her shrieks of horror long enough even to listen to a prayer. But how often does it happen that 'the wicked has no bands in his death;' and the awful example of deep despair in the Stainless One, who cried out in his agony that he was forsaken of God, should serve to deter us from the daily repeated and shocking rashness of the decisions against which I am now appealing."

MEMORIES OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS; or, London from the Tower to the Crystal Palace. BY F. SAUNDERS. New York: G. P. PUTNAM. 16mo., 315 pp. From A. HART.

The name of London brings with it a confusion of historic and poetic associations. From the time we are old enough to read the marvellous story of Whittington and his Cat, we entertain a restless curiosity to explore the thousand wondrous places of interest situated in the Great Metropolis. A curiosity strengthening with our strength, and not unfrequently leading, when circumstances permit, to a European tour, and when circumstances forbid inducing the lesser gratification of an eager perusal of every new work that appears about "England and the English." To both classes of travellers—the fortunate ones who actually cross the Atlantic in an ocean steamer, and they who must be content to make the voy-

age, while cosily resting in their own Yankee homes—this complete and elegant manual of Mr. Saunders' deserves favourable reception. From the Tower to the Crystal Palace—through every nook and corner the home or haunt of genius—London has been ransacked, in the endeavour to set forth briefly and suggestively its "various memorabilia." To the intelligent tourist, especially, are these "Memories" valuable; for with far higher literary merit than works of the class so denominated, it is, in reality, the best "guide-book" we have ever seen.

The volume is got up in handsome style, and is embellished with a large number of engravings, representing the different points of interest described.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS. 16mo., 350 pp.

This work is to be completed in four volumes, the first of which we have received. The Editor needed an apology for undertaking anew a task already partially accomplished by the pens of Currie, Cunningham, Lockhart, and other distinguished writers among his countrymen; and the best possible apology is offered, in the superiority of arrangement and fulness of detail that is furnished us in the present compilation. In connexion with many additional biographical particulars, clearing up confused passages in the life of the poet, we have the poems chronologically arranged and interwoven, with the narrative of the peculiar circumstances or cause of emotion that led to their production. Mr. Chambers is enthusiastic in his admiration of the genius of Burns, but is not afraid of acknowledging his moral infirmities. He has endeavoured to tell the truth with tenderness, not concealing the occasional aberrations of the bard, when swayed by the impulses of passion, and doing full justice to his many admirable traits of character.

SONGS FOR THE HEART AND HEARTHSTONE. By MRS. R. S. NICHOLS. Philadelphia: THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & Co. Cincinnati: J. F. DESILVER. 8vo., 320 pp.

A very charming volume, in regard to its poetical contents, artistic embellishments, and admirable typography. The writings of the accomplished authoress have become very generally known, by her contributions, during the last eight or ten years, to different American magazines and journals. The delicate sentiment, felicitous expression, and warmth of feeling that distinguish her effusions have been widely appreciated, especially in the West, where her poetry is enthusiastically admired. An edition of Mrs. Nichols' earlier poems having been entirely exhausted, the publishers have been encouraged to issue this new and elegant collection, embracing her finest productions. This volume is embellished with several line engravings, after designs by Hicks and Warren. The one entitled "Life's Promise" is remarkably beautiful, possessing the peculiar effect that rendered the works of Richard Westall so extensively popular, but without that artist's mannerism. There is also a portrait of the talented authoress, engraved in stipple, by Mr. Anderson, which is pronounced an excellent likeness by Mrs. Nichols' friends. The book is inscribed to Nicholas Longworth, a gentleman of Cincinnati, whose liberal patronage of American artists earned for him, years ago, the highest regard of the profession. When the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia was established in 1835, one of their first acts was to elect Mr. Longworth an honorary member, as a testimony of their esteem for his services in Art. At that period he is said to have possessed the finest collection of American pictures, not only in the country west of the mountains, but even in our Atlantic cities.

A RHYMING, SPELLING, AND PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. To which is prefixed

a copious introduction to the various uses of the work, with critical and practical observations on Orthography, Syllabication, Pronunciation, and Rhyme, and, for the purpose of poetry, is added an index of allowable Rhymes, with authorities for their usage from our best poets. By J. WALKER. A new and revised edition. Philadelphia: LINDSAY & BLAKISTON. 8mo., 706 pp.

The copying of the title page of this valuable work seems to us the most efficient notice we can give of its publication. In our community, where every third person is contributor to a magazine or newspaper, or author of a book, the advantages presented by this excellent dictionary must be highly appreciated. To give our readers a clearer understanding of the various uses of the volume, we copy the following note of its arrangement and purpose:

"1st. The whole language is arranged according to its terminations.

"2d. Every word is explained and divided into syllables exactly as pronounced.

"3d. Multitudes of words, liable to a double pronunciation, are fixed in their true sound by a rhyme.

"4th. Many of the most difficult words are rendered easy to be pronounced, by being classed according to their endings.

"5th. Numerous classes of words are ascertained in their pronunciation, by distinguishing them into perfect and allowable rhymes."

This edition is got up in very handsome style, with careful and elegant typography. The book was wanted, and must meet with an extensive demand.

SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. A NOVEL. By LADY BULWER LYTTON. Philadelphia: A. HART, 126 Chestnut Street.

Once having passed the prefatory pages that form a stormy prelude to her story, we find this novel itself, in several respects, the most favourable specimen of Lady Bulwer's authorship that has yet appeared. The title is a misnomer, but for this the lady is not accountable, as she specially explains in that same vixenish introduction: "I must farther assure them (the public) that I had no voice even in the christening of my present work, which I had called, up to the point to which it was written, 'Molière's Tragedy, His Life and Times,' but I was told that the exquisite taste and penetration of the circulating libraries must be consulted *avant tout!* So, as usual, author and book were immolated at the stake of a trashy title; and, as what cannot be cured must be endured, it is now launched as 'The School for Husbands.'" However, the selection made by her ladyship was scarcely more indicative of the character of the work. The English folks that are introduced, are tame and uninteresting—of them are the youthful lovers of the story—but the French people are far more cleverly managed. Molière, Fontaine, Boileau, Chapelle, Madame De Sevigne, and other celebrities of the gay court of Louis XIV., before the *grand monarque* became soberized by Madame Maintenon, play their several parts with considerable effect. The meetings of these choice wits of the day, afforded fine opportunities for brilliant dialogue; and it is in this development of their peculiarities of thought and expression, that the chief attraction of the volume consists.

The preface, a long one, will be extensively read and enjoyed by all who delight in coarse personalities; but it is by no means calculated to win sympathy or esteem for the writer. It is filled with abuse of her husband, and of the whole tribe of London publishers and journalists, excepting only that "*rara avis*, the honest publisher," who consented to issue this production. A paragraphic specimen of this unfeminine tirade may suffice:

"For the epithet of Xantippe, which the *exécuteur de Hautes Œuvres* in the '*Morning Post*' has so gallantly and amiably bestowed upon me, as I cannot even accept a present to which I feel I have no right, I must beg leave to return it to him, with many thanks, for, if I remember

rightly, Xantippe was married to a Socrates, which I am certainly not."

HOMŒOPATHY; An Examination of its Doctrines and Evidences. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. 16mo., 146 pp. From HENDERSON & Co.

The learned dissertation now presented to the public, was awarded a prize of fifty dollars by the Trustees of the Fiske Fund, at the meeting of the Rhode Island Medical Society, in June, 1851. As it is specially and conscientiously devoted to the History and *Refutation* of Homœopathy, the reader is at once advised of the side of the question advocated, and need not be unwarily led into commencing its perusal. The Doctor employs a large amount of ridicule, and smaller amount of sober argument to confound the disciples of Hahnemann; but in spite of his fun and logic—both clever enough in their way,—we shall continue to take an occasional lilliputian pill of *nux vom.* and *aconite* with undiminished faith in their curative powers; and when we do send for an Allopathic practitioner, it shall assuredly not be one so radically committed against the administration of small doses.

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY FOR TRAVELLERS AND THE FIRESIDE. Nos. 2 and 3.

The second volume of this excellent publication commences the humorous series of the Library, with a collection of "Whimsicalities" by the inimitable Hood; it is embellished with a number of characteristic cuts, and comprises some of the most laughter-provoking papers of their gifted author. Deliciously comic—yet is there no fear that you will only laugh at Thomas Hood's jesting; there is a deeper philosophy in his mirthfulness, than is apparent at a glance; heart-truths of saddest meaning lurking amid his most ludicrous creations. Some of these whimsicalities might, at a pinch, serve the purpose of a sermon.

The third number of the Library belongs to the promised "Original and Copyright Series." It is entitled "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England." A very clever production, principally intended for farmers and farmers' families, but having much more attraction to the general reader than, perhaps, the title indicates. Indeed, much of the practical or technical information collected, has been omitted or postponed, in consequence of the present mode of publishing, and may be issued hereafter, if the first portion is received with sufficient favour to warrant it.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. By CHAS. LEVER. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.

Maurice Tiernay has been already published serially, in the columns of Harper's Magazine. It is one of Lever's best novels, free from the affectations of "Horace Templeton" and the tediousness of "The Nevilles of Garretstown," reminding us, in its dashing adventure and happy wit, of "Charles O'Malley," and in its spirited descriptions and deeper interest of the story of our special favourite among the romances of this author, "Tom Burke of Ours:"—has more, however, of the character of the latter, and, we presume, will attain equal popularity.

HOME AND ITS INFLUENCE. A domestic story. New York: BUNCE & BROTHER. From T. B. PETERSON.

A very readable novel, written by Adele Sydney, the daughter of an English nobleman. It is a first production, we believe, and gives promise of considerable talent. The story, as the name indicates, is of domestic life. It is of unexceptionable tendency, and is written in pleasant, unaffected style; the characters not unskillfully delineated. The fault most apparent, on a cursory glance, is of construction. The changeful fortunes of the heroine, who is an authoress and a beauty, will be considered

interesting, but the influencing motive prompting her strange sacrifice, in the commencement of the narration, is insufficient, and to our view, indicates more of weakness than of strength. We don't sympathize heartily with young ladies who are capable of forever clouding the happiness of a true-hearted lover, merely from a caprice of pride. We don't believe in a woman condemning her affianced husband to a lonely hearth, lest he should marry beneath him, not in point of intellect or conduct, but in purity of pedigree. There is a lack of common sense, a transcendental heroism about it, that we are not gifted to appreciate sympathetically.

SKETCHES IN FRANCE. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON.

A volume far better worth the reading than any of Dumas' later productions. Comparatively free from the more exceptionable features of his melo-dramatic novels, it is both entertaining and instructive; giving us pleasant acquaintanceship with the manners and customs of the South of France; abounding in sprightly wit and interesting anecdote, combined with a sufficiency of romance and legendary lore to satisfy the most inveterate novel reader. This edition is embellished with several engravings on wood.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Among the contents of this Review for January we particularly notice an article on "Highland Destitution and Irish Emigration," and an attractive paper of lighter character, on "Physiognomy." "Junius" is a worn-out theme, not of general interest. "The French Autocrat" has the merit of not being imbued with a high respect for Louis Napoleon, but is not distinguished for profundity of argument. Neither is the article on "Farini's History of the Roman States" particularly edifying to American readers. (Received from W. B. Zieber.)

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.—The February number is embellished with a portrait of Hon. N. K. Hall, engraved by F. Halpin. The articles this month are principally of a political character. "Some Shakspearian and Spenserian MSS.," and "Napoleon, an Ode, from the French of Casimir Delavigne," by William Dowe, are of the exceptions. The latter, like all of Mr. Dowe's translations, is executed with much spirit. It is a pleasure to read the production of a good author, so admirably done into English.

ELECTIC MAGAZINE.—The articles in the February number of the Eclectic embrace a wide range of subject. The leading paper gives us a brief portraiture of the eminent Puritan divine, John Owen. Then we have a dash of "Romance in Real Life," and that charming sketch of "Thorwaldsen's First Love," from the Athenæum, the "Pleasures of Literature," from the British Quarterly, the "Queen's Opera," by Carlyle, and a number of other selections, from the best English sources, of equal merit. An engraving of Tancred and Clorinde, from a well known scene in Tasso's Jerusalem, forms the embellishment of the number.

NORTON'S LITERARY GAZETTE.—A quarto of twenty pages, bearing the above title, is published monthly by C. B. Norton, New York. It contains a variety of items interesting to the general reader, but of more particular importance to editors, authors, publishers, and other sort of folks engaged in the manufacture of books. It has the most complete list of American and Foreign new publications, criticisms, announcements of forthcoming works, advertisements of the trade in the principal cities of the United States, &c. In every respect it is admirably conducted, and merits the success it has received.

OBITUARY.—Our readers will please accept an apology in place of our usual "obituary notices"—which have been crowded out by the press of other matter.

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